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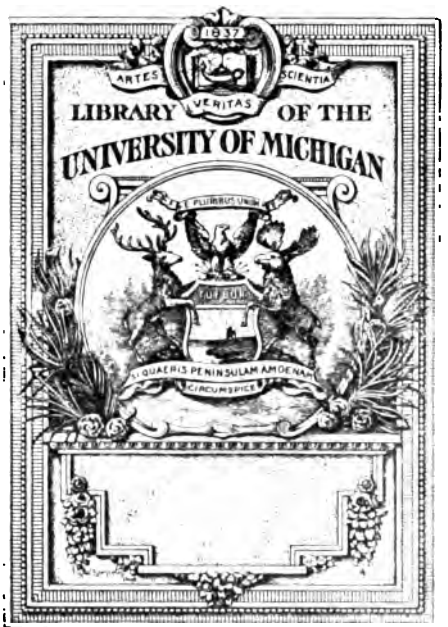
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THE WHOLE

FAMILIAR COLLOQUIES

OF

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS,

OF ROTTERDAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN

BY NATHAN BAILEY,

Author of "The Universal Etymological English Dictionary."

LONDON:
HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1877.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

PUBLISHED in 1733, and the performance of an eminent philologist, this Translation of the famous *Familiar Colloquies* still remains the only one which embraces the whole work, although small portions have been rendered into English by various writers both of the present and preceding centuries. The present Edition is printed almost exactly as it came from the Translator, and thus necessarily the phraseology bears in various respects features of another period than the present, but this drawback may be compensated for to some extent in the closeness of the rendering.

Regarding the book itself, it is unnecessary here to make any comment. Its very great popularity everywhere that the Latin language has been spoken or read, is sufficient evidence of the great interest attaching to the work. Either as descriptive of manners and opinions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or as a guide to the student of Colloquial Latin, there are few works that may be compared with it.

PREFACE.

MALICIOUS detraction, attended with the Furies, does at this day so rage throughout the whole world, that it is unsafe to publish any book except it be defended by a guard. Although what, indeed, can be secure enough from the sting of a false accuser, who, like the adder at the voice of the charmer, stops his ear from hearing any one clearing himself, though it be ever so justly? The first part of this work, which is mine and not mine, was published by reason of the rashness of a certain man; which, when I perceived it was received by the students with great applause, I made use of the affection of the common people for the furtherance of studies. And so physicians themselves do not always administer the most wholesome things to their patients, but permit them to take some things because they have a very strong desire for them. So, in like manner, I thought meet to allure tender youth with enticements of this sort, who are more easily attracted with those things that are pleasant than those that are serious or the most exact. Therefore I have again corrected that which was published, and besides have added such things as may conduce to the forming of good manners, as it were insinuating into the minds of young persons, whom Aristotle accounted not to be fit auditors of moral philosophy—viz., such as is delivered in serious precepts. And if any one shall cry out that it is an unseemly thing for an old man to sport himself thus childishly, I care not how childishly it be, so it be but profitably. And if the ancient teachers of children are commended who allured them with wafers, that they might be willing to learn their first rudiments, I think it ought not to be charged as a fault upon me, that by the like regard I allure youths either to the elegancy of the Latin tongue or to piety. And besides, it is a good part of prudence to know the foolish affections of the common people and their absurd opinions. I judge it to be much better to instruct those out of this little book, than by experience, the mistress of fools. The rules of grammar are crabbed things to many persons. Aristotle's *Moral Philosophy* is not fit for children. Scotus's *Divinity* is less fit, nor is it, indeed, of any great use to men to procure them understanding. And it is a matter of great moment early to disseminate a taste of the best things into the tender minds of children; and I cannot tell that anything is learned with better success than what is learned by playing; and this is in truth a very harmless sort of fraud to trick a person into his own profit. Physicians are commended for cheating their patients after this manner; and yet if I had done nothing else in this matter but trifled, they might seem to have borne with me, because besides the elegancy of the language, I have inserted some things that may prepare the mind for religion. They accuse me falsely; and as though the principles of the Christian religion were here seriously set down, they examine every syllable exactly. How

unjustly they do this will appear more evidently when I shall have shewn the great profitableness of some Colloquies: to emit so many sentences intermixed with jests; so many pleasant stories, and the natures of so many things worthy to be taken notice of.

In the Colloquy concerning Visiting of Holy Places, the superstitious and immoderate affection of some is restrained, who think it to be the chiefest piety to have visited Jerusalem; and thither do old bishops run over so great tracts of land and sea, leaving their charge, which they should rather have taken care of. Thither also do princes run, leaving their families and their dominions. Thither do husbands run, leaving their wives and children at home, whose manners and chastity it were necessary to have been guarded by them. Thither do young men and women run, with the hazard of their manners and integrity. And some go the second time, ay, do nothing else all their life-long; and in the meantime the pretence of religion is made the excuse for their superstition, inconstancy, folly, and rashness; and he that deserts his family contrary to the doctrine of St. Paul bears away the bell for sanctimony, and thinks himself completely religious. Paul (1 Tim. v. 8) boldly says, "But if any provide not for his own, and especially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." And yet Paul in this place seems to speak of widows that neglect their children and grandchildren, and that under pretence of religion, while they give themselves up to the service of the church. What would he say of husbands who leave their tender children and young wives, and that in a poor condition, to take a journey to Jerusalem? I will produce but one example out of many, and not so long ago but that the grandchildren are still living, whom the great damage they sustained does not suffer to forget what was done.

A certain great man took a resolution to pay a visit to Jerusalem before he died, with a religious intent, indeed, but not well advised. Having set in order the affairs of his possessions, he committed the care and custody of his lady, who was big with child, of his towns and castles, to an archbishop as to a father. As soon as the news arrived that the man was dead in his pilgrimage, the archbishop, instead of acting the part of a father, played the robber, seized all the dead man's possessions, and besieged a strong, well-defended castle, into which the lady, great with child, had fled; and having taken it by storm, lest any one should survive who might revenge the heinous fact, the lady great with child, together with her infant, was run through and died. Would it not have been a pious deed to have dissuaded this man from so dangerous and unnecessary a journey? How many examples of this kind there are to be found, I leave others to judge. In the meantime, to say nothing of the charges, which, though I grant they be not entirely lost, yet there is no wise man but will confess that they might have been laid out to far better purpose. But then, as to the religion of making such visits, St. Jerome commends Hilarion in that, though he was a native of Palestine and dwelt in Palestine, yet he never went to see Jerusalem, though it was so near, but once, lest he might seem to despise holy places. If Hilarion was deservedly commended because, being so near, he forbore going to visit Jerusalem, lest he should seem to shut up God in a narrow compass, and went thither but once, and that by reason of the nearness of the place, lest he might give offence

to any, what shall we say of those who go to Jerusalem through so many dangers, and at so great expense, out of England and Scotland, and especially leaving their nearest and dearest relations at home, of whom, according to the doctrine of the apostle, they ought to have a continual care? St. Jerome proclaims aloud, that it is no great matter to have been at Jerusalem, but it is a great thing to have lived well. And yet it is probable that in Jerome's time there were more evident footsteps of ancient monuments to be seen than now. As to the dispute concerning vows, I leave that to others. This Colloquy only treats that none should rashly take such vows upon them. That this is true, these words of mine plainly shew: Especially I having a wife at home, as yet in the flower of her age, children, and a family which depended upon me, and were maintained by my daily labour; and other words that follow. Therefore I will say nothing of vows that are made, only this, that if I were pope I would not unwillingly discharge those that had bound themselves from them. In undertaking them, as I grant that it is possible for some one to go to Jerusalem with an advantage to piety, so I should make no scruple from many circumstances of things to advise that they would lay out the expenses, time, and pains to other purposes, which would more immediately conduce to true piety. I judge these to be pious things, and for that reason, considering either the inconstancy, or ignorance, or superstition of many, I have thought it proper to give youth warning of that thing; and I do not see whom this admonition ought to offend, unless perhaps such persons to whom gain is preferable to godliness. Nor do I there condemn the pope's indulgences or pardons, but that most vain trifler who put all his hope in men's pardons, without the least thought of amending his life. If any one shall seriously consider with me how great a destruction of piety arises among men, partly by their vices, who prostitute the pope's indulgences, and partly by the fault of them who take them otherwise than they ought to do, he will confess that it is worth the while to admonish young men of this matter. But some may say, by this means the commissioners lose their gain. Hear me, O honest man! if they are good men they will rejoice that the simple are thus admonished; but if they are such as prefer gain before godliness, fare them well.

In the Colloquy concerning Hunting after Benefices, I blame those who frequently run to Rome and hunt after benefices, oftentimes with the corrupting their manners and loss of their money; and for that reason I carry on my discourse, that a priest should delight himself in reading good authors instead of a concubine.

In the Soldier's Confession I tax the villanies of soldiers and their wicked confessions, that young men may detest such manners.

In the Schoolmaster's Admonitions I teach a boy shamefacedness and manners becoming his age.

In the Youth's Piety, do I not furnish a childish mind with godly precepts for the study of piety? As for that which some have snarled at concerning confession, it is a mere calumny, to which I have answered long ago. I teach that confession is to be performed just as it was ordained for us by Christ; but whether it be so done I have neither a mind to disprove nor affirm, because I am not thoroughly satisfied of it myself, nor am I able to prove it to others. And whereas I advise to

deliberate about choosing a kind of life, and to make choice of a priest to whom you may commit your secrets, I judged it to be necessary for young men; nor do I see any reason why I should repent of it. But if so, there will be fewer monks and priests. It may be so; but then, perhaps, they will be better, and whosoever is a monk indeed will prove it so. And besides, they who endeavour to make men be of their own persuasion, either for the sake of their own gain or superstition, do very well deserve to be defamed by the writings of all men, that they may be brought to repentance.

In the Profane Banquet, I condemn not the ordinances of the church concerning fasts and choice of meats; but I point out the superstition of some men, who lay more stress on these things than they ought to do, and neglect those things that are more conducive to piety. And I condemn the cruelty of them who require strictly these things of those persons from whom the meaning of the church does not exact them; and also the preposterous holiness of those persons who condemn their neighbour for such things. Here, if any one shall consider how great a mischief among men accrues hence to godliness, he will confess that scarce any other admonition is more necessary. But in another place I shall give a fuller answer to this matter.

In the Religious Banquet, although I make them all laymen, and all married men, yet I sufficiently shew what sort of feast that of all Christians ought to be. With which pattern, if some monks and priests compare their feasts, they will perceive how far short they fall of that perfection in which they ought to exceed laymen.

In the Canonization, I shew what honour is due to men of excellency, who have well deserved by their studies of the liberal arts.

They are foolish who think that the Colloquy between the Maid and her Sweetheart is lascivious, whereas nothing can be imagined more chaste, if wedlock be an honest thing, and it be honest to be a wooer. And I could wish that all wooers were such as I suppose one in this Colloquy to be, and that marriages were contracted with no other discourses. What can you do with those of a sour disposition, and averse to all pleasant discourse, who think all that is friendly and merry is unchaste? This young maid refuses to give her sweetheart a kiss at his departure, that she may preserve her virginity for him entire. But what do not maids now-a-days grant to their sweethearts? Besides, they do not perceive how many philosophical sayings are intermixed with jests concerning marriages so hastily made up; concerning the choice of bodies, but much more of minds; concerning the firmness of matrimony; concerning not contracting marriages without the consent of parents, and of keeping them chastely; of the religious education of children: and in the last place, the young maid prays, that Christ by his favour would make their marriage happy. Is it not fit that young men and maids should know those things? And persons who think that this lesson is hurtful to children, by reason of the wantonness of it, suffer Plautus and the jests of Poggius to be read to them. Oh excellent judgment!

In the Virgin that is Averse to Marriage, I abhor those that by their allurements draw young men and maids into monasteries, contrary to the minds of their parents: making a handle either of their

simplicity or superstition, persuading them there is no hope of salvation out of a monastery. I should not have given this counsel, if the world were not full of such fishermen, and a great many excellent wits were not unhappily smothered and buried alive by these fellows, which otherwise, if they had judiciously taken upon them a course of life suitable to their inclinations, might have been choice vessels of the Lord. But if at any time I shall be constrained to speak my mind upon this subject, I will both so paint out these kidnappers, and the heinousness of the evil itself, that every one shall own that I have not given this advice without a cause; although I have done it civilly too, lest I should give occasion of offence to ill men.

In the next Colloquy, I do not bring in a virgin that has changed her course of life after she has professed herself, but before she has completely entered upon the profession she returns to her parents, who are very loving to her.

In the Colloquy blaming Marriage, how many philosophical sayings are there relating to concealing the faults of husbands; relating to the hearty good-will of married persons, not to be broken off; relating to the making up breaches, and reforming the manners of husbands; of the pliable manner of wives towards their husbands? What else do Plutarch, Aristotle, and Xenophon teach? but that here the persons add a kind of life to the discourse.

In the Colloquy of the Soldier and Carthusian, I at once do lively describe both the madness of young men who run into the army, and the life of a pious Carthusian, which, without delight in his studies, cannot but be melancholy and unpleasant.

In the Colloquy concerning Untruthfulness, I set forth the dispositions of some persons who are born to lying, than which kind of persons there is nothing more abominable: I wish they were more rare.

In the Colloquy of the Young Man and the Harlot, do I not make baudy-houses chaste? And what could be imagined more effectual, either to implant the care of chastity in the minds of young men, or to reclaim young maids who are set to sale for gain, from a course of life that is as wretched as it is beastly? There is one word only that has offended some persons, because the immodest girl, soothing the young man, calls him her cocky; whereas this is a very common expression among us with honest matrons. He that cannot away with this, instead of my cocky, let him read my delight, or anything else that he pleases.

In the Poetical Banquet, I shew what kind of feasts students ought to keep, viz., a frugal, but a jocose and merry one, seasoned with learned stories, without contentions, backbiting, and obscene discourse.

In the Inquiry concerning Faith, I set forth the sum of the Catholic religion, and that too something more lively and clearly than it is taught by some divines of great fame; among which I reckon Gerson, whom, in the meantime, I mention by name for honour's sake. And besides, I bring in the person of a Lutheran, that there may be a more easy agreement betwixt them, in that they agree in the chief articles of the orthodox religion, although I have not added the remaining part of the inquiry, because of the malice of the times.

In the Old Men's Discourse, how many things are there that are shewn as it were in a looking-glass, which either should be avoided in life, or may render it comfortable. It is better for young persons to learn these things by pleasant colloquies than by experience. Socrates brought philosophy down even from heaven to earth, and I have made it a diversion, brought it into familiar conversation, and to the table; for even the divertisements of Christians ought to savour of philosophy.

In the Rich Beggars, how many things are there by which country parsons that are ignorant and illiterate, and no way deserving the name of pastors, may be enabled to amend their lives? and besides, to take away the glorying in garments, and to restrain the madness of those who hate a monk's attire, as if a garment were evil of itself? And by the way there is a pattern set down what sort of persons those monks ought to be, who walk to and fro through the villages, for there are not many such as I here describe.

In the Learned Woman, I refresh the memory of the old example of Paula, Eustochius, and Marcella, who added the study of learning to the integrity of manners. And I incite monks and abbots, who are haters of sacred studies, and give themselves up to luxury, idleness, hunting, and gaming, to other kind of studies more becoming them, by the example of a young married woman.

In the Apparition I detect the wiles of impostors, who are wont to impose upon well-meaning credulous people, by feigning apparitions of devils, and souls, and voices from heaven. And what a great deal of mischief have these juggling tricks done to Christian piety? And because an ignorant and simple age is in an especial manner liable to be imposed upon by these deceptions, I thought it proper to set forth the manner of the imposture to the life by a facetious example. Pope Celestine himself was imposed upon by such tricks, and a young man of Berne deluded by monks; and even at this very day, many are thus imposed upon by devised oracles.

Nor are the least part of human miseries owing to Alchemy, by which even learned and wise men are imposed upon, it being so pleasing a disease, if once any one be seized with it. To this magic is also akin, being the same in name, but flattering them with the surname of natural. I charge horse-coursers with the same cheating tricks, and in the Beggars' Dialogue; and again in the Fabulous Feast. If boys should, from these Colloquies, learn nothing else but to speak Latin, of how much greater commendations are my labours worthy, who by that way of play and divertisement effect that, than theirs who enforced upon youth the Mammothrepti, Brachylogi, Catholicontæ, and the methods of signifying.

In the Lying-in Woman, besides the knowledge of natural things, there are a great many good morals concerning the care of mothers towards their children—first, while they are infants, and again after they are grown up.

In the Religious Pilgrimage, I reprehend those who have tumultuously cast all images out of churches, and also those that are mad upon going on pilgrimage under pretence of religion, from whence also now-a-days societies are formed. They who have been at Jerusalem arrogate to themselves the title of knights, and call themselves brothers,

and on Palm-Sunday devoutly perform a ridiculous action, and drag an ass by a rope, making themselves at most as mere asses as the wooden ass they drag along. They also that have gone on pilgrimage to Compostella have imitated them in this. Let these practices be allowed, let them be allowed to gratify the humours of men; but it is an insufferable thing that they should make it a part of piety. Those persons also are remarked upon who shew uncertain relics for certain ones, and attribute more to them than ought to be, and basely make a gain of them.

In the Ichthyophagia, or Fish-eating, I treat of human constitutions which some wholly reject, deviating much from right reason: and on the other hand, some in a manner prefer them before divine laws: and some again abuse institutions both human and divine to gain and tyranny. I therefore endeavour to temper both parties to moderation, by inquiring from whence human constitutions have had their original, and by what steps they have advanced till this time; on what persons, and how far they are obligatory; to what ends they are useful, how far they differ from divine; shewing by the way the preposterous judgments of men of which the world is now full, and from whence this uproar in the world proceeded. And I have treated of these things more at large for this reason, that I might give occasion to the learned to write more accurately of them; for those that have written of them hitherto have not given satisfaction to the curious. It was not so much to the purpose to write against whoring, drunkenness, and adultery, because none are deceived by these things; but true piety is endangered by the other, which either are not perceived or do allure by a deceitful show of sanctity.

In the Funeral, inasmuch as death commonly tries the hope of a Christian, I have represented a different kind of death in two private persons, as it were by a lively image, representing the different departure of those that put their trust in fictions and of those who have placed the hope of their salvation in the Lord's mercy; by the way reproving the foolish ambition of rich men, who extend their pride and luxury even beyond their death, which death at least ought to take away; also reprehending the error of those who abuse the folly of those men to their own profit, when it is their business in an especial manner to correct it. For who is he that shall presume to admonish with freedom men of power and wealth, if monks, who profess themselves dead to the world, soothe their vices? If there are not any such as I have described, yet I have produced an example that ought to be avoided; but if more accursed things than I have set forth are reported to be commonly practised, then those that are just ought to acknowledge my civility, and amend that in which they are to blame; and if they are blameless themselves, let them either reform or restrain those who do offend. I have reviled no order, unless he shall be accounted to defame all Christendom that by way of admonition shall say anything against the corrupt manners of Christians. Those that are so concerned for the honour of the order, ought to be hindered from finding fault with me, especially by those who by their actions do openly disgrace the order. And since they own, cherish, and defend such as are brother-companions, with what face can they pretend that the honour of the order is lessened by one that faithfully admonishes? although what reason is there

which dictates that this or that fraternity should be so respected, that the common profit of Christians should be neglected?

In the Colloquy of the Difference of Names and Things, I find fault with the preposterous judgment of some.

In the Unequal Feast, I shew what is agreeable to civility.

In Charon I shew my abhorrence of war among Christians.

In the Assembly of Grammarians I deride the study of a certain Carthusian, very learned in his own opinion, who, whereas it was his custom foolishly to rail against the Greek tongue, hath now put a Greek title to his book; but ridiculously calling them Anticomaritæ, whom he should have called Antemarians, or Antidicomarians.

In the Cyclops I reprove such as have the gospel in their mouth, when nothing like the gospel appears in their lives.

In the Unequal Marriage I set forth the folly of people in common, when in matching their daughters they have regard to the wealth, but disregard the pox of the bridegroom, which is worse than any leprosy. And that now-a-days is so common a practice that nobody wonders at it, although nothing can be more cruel against their children.

In the False Knight I describe a sort of men who, under the cloak of nobility, think they may do anything, which is a very great plague to Germany.

In the Parliament of Women I was about to reprehend some of the vices of women, but civilly, that nobody might expect anything like what is in Juvenal. But while I was about this, the knight without a horse presented itself, according to the old saying, Talk of the devil and he appears. The rest are in a manner all composed for diversion, and that not dishonest, which is not to defame the orders, but to instruct them. Wherefore it would be more to the advantage of all the orders, both privately and publicly, if they all would lay aside the rage of reviling, and would with candour of mind embrace whatsoever is offered with an honest intention for the public good. One has one gift and another has another; some are taken with one thing and some with another, and there are a thousand ways by which men are attracted to piety. The study of Juvencus is commended, who published the *History of the Sacred Gospels in Verse.* And Arator is not without his praises, who did the same by the Acts of the Apostles. Hilary blew the trumpet against heretics, Augustine argues sharply, Jerome argues by way of dialogue, Prudentius maintains the combat in a various kind of verse, Thomas and Scotus fight with the auxiliaries of logic and philosophy. Their studies have the same tendency, but the method of each is different. That diversity is not to be blamed that tends to the same end. Peter the Spaniard is read to boys, that they may be the better prepared to read Aristotle; for he hath set them a good step forwards that hath given them a relish. But this book, if it be first read by youth, will introduce them to many useful parts of science—to poetry, rhetoric, physics, and ethics; and lastly, to those things that appertain to Christian piety. I have taken upon me to sustain the person of a fool, in blazoning my own merit; but I have been induced to it partly by the malice of some who reproach everything, and partly for the advantage of Christian youth, the benefit of whom all ought with their utmost endeavour to further.

Though matters stand thus, and are manifestly so to all persons of

understanding, yet there is a stupid generation of men whom the French call *deputati;* and for this reason, as I suppose, because they are but diminutively polite who speak thus of my Colloquies, They are a work to be shunned, especially by monks, whom they term the religious, and by young men, because the fasts and abstinences of the church are therein set light by, and the intercession of the blessed Virgin Mary drolled upon; and that virginity is not comparable to a marriage state, and because all are dissuaded from entering upon religion, and because in it the hard and difficult questions of divinity are propounded to weak grammarians, contrary to the orders sworn to by the masters of arts. Candid reader, you are not unacquainted with the Athenian eloquence. I shall first give an answer to the last of these objections. As to what the masters of art propound to their pupils I know not. The matters treated of in my Colloquies concerning the creed, the mass, fasting, vows, and confession, contain nothing of theological difficulty; but they are of that kind that every one ought to be acquainted with. And besides, seeing the Epistles of St. Paul are read to boys, what danger is there in giving them a taste of theological disputations? And further, whereas they know that the intricate questions of greatest difficulty (I do not say of vain subtlety) concerning the divine persons are very early propounded to young students in sophistry, why are they not willing that boys should learn that which concerns common life? And now, if this be their opinion, it is no matter what is said in the person of such or such a one; then they must suppose that there are many things in the writings of the evangelists, and of the apostles, which, according to this rule, are downright blasphemy. In many places I approve of fasting, and nowhere condemn it. He that shall assert the contrary, I will declare him to be an impudent liar. But, say they, in the Childish Piety there are these words [I have nothing to do with fasting]. Suppose these words were spoken in the person of a soldier, or a drunkard, does Erasmus of necessity condemn fasting? I think not. Now they are spoken by a youth not yet arrived at that age from which the law requires the observation of fasts; and yet that youth prepares himself for fasting rightly; for he proceeds thus, But yet, if I find occasion, I dine and sup sparingly, that I may be more lively for spiritual exercises on holy-days. And how I condemn abstinency, these words in the Profane Feast declare: In a great many circumstances it is not the thing but the mind that distinguishes us from Jews; they held their hands from certain meats, as unclean things that would pollute the mind; but we, understanding that to the pure all things are pure, yet take away food from the wanton flesh as we do hay from a pampered horse, that it may be more ready to hearken to the spirit. We sometimes chastise the immoderate use of pleasant things by the pain of abstinence. And a little after he gives a reason why the church has forbidden the eating of certain meats. To the question, To whom does the injunction do good? says he, To all; for poor folks may eat cockles or frogs, or gnaw upon onions or leeks. The middle sort of people will make some abatement in their usual provision; and though the rich do make it an occasion of their living deliciously, they ought to impute that to their gluttony, and not blame the constitution of the church. And again I speak thus, I know doctors do very much find fault with the

eating of fish; but our ancestors thought otherwise, and it is our duty to obey them. And presently, in the same place, I teach, But the offence of the weak ought to be avoided.

It is as false that the favour of the blessed Virgin and other saints are drolled upon in my Colloquies, but I deride those who beg those things of the saints which they dare not ask of a good man; or pray to certain saints with this notion, as if this or that saint either could or would sooner grant this or that thing than another saint or Christ himself would do. Yea, and in the Child's Piety the lad speaks thus, I salute Jesus again in three words, and all the saints, either men or women, but the Virgin Mary by name, and especially that I account most peculiarly my own. And afterwards he mentions by name what saint he salutes daily. And is it any strange thing that a suitor to a young maid should commend a married life, and says, That chaste wedlock does not come far short of virginity? Especially when St. Austin himself prefers the polygamy of the patriarchs before our single life.

As to what they object concerning the entering into a religious life, my words declare how plainly vain it is in the virgin hating marriage; for the maid speaks thus, Are you then in the main against the institution of a monastic life? The young man answers, No, by no means; but as I will not persuade anybody against it, that is already engaged in this sort of life, to endeavour to get out of it, so I would most undoubtedly caution all young women, especially those of generous tempers, not to precipitate themselves unadvisedly into that state, from whence there is no getting out afterwards. This is the conclusion of that Colloquy, however they had disputed before. Pray, does this dissuade from entering upon a religious life? The entering into it is not condemned, but the unadvised rashness of it. Therefore, they maliciously wrest my words in order to reproach me. But, at the same time, they do not animadvert how many things young students thence learn that oppugn the opinions of the Lutherans.

In the Childish Piety the way of hearing the mass well and profitably is taught, and the true and effectual way of confession is shewn. Young students are there instructed that those things that are used by Christians, though they are not found in the scriptures, must nevertheless be observed, lest we give occasion of offence to any person.

In the Profane Feast they are instructed that they ought rather to obey the institutions of popes than the prescriptions of physicians, only they are given to understand that in case of necessity the force of a human law ceases, and the intention of the lawgiver. There a certain person approves of liberality towards the colleges of monks, if men give for real use, and not to support luxury, and especially if given to those that observe the discipline of religion.

In the Colloquy concerning Eating of Fish, this is said concerning human institutions,—Well, let them fight that love fighting; I think we ought with reverence to receive the laws of our superiors, and religiously observe them as coming from God; nor is it either safe or religious either to conceive in mind or sow among others any sinister suspicion concerning them; and if there is any superstition in them that does not compel us to impiety, it is better to bear it than seditiously to resist.

Young students may learn many such things out of my Colloquies, against which these men make such a murmuring. But, say they, it does not become a divine to jest; but let them grant me to do this, at least among boys, which they themselves take the liberty to do among men in their *Vesperiæ*, as they call them, a foolish thing by a foolish name.

As for those foolish calumnies that some Spaniards have cast upon me, I have shewn that they are mere dreams of men that are neither sober nor well understanding the Latin tongue; nor has that less of learning in it, where one has said that it is an heretical expression that in the creed the Father is called simply the Author of all things; for he, being deceived by his ignorance of the Latin tongue, thinks that author signifies nothing else but creator or framer. But if he shall consult those that are well skilled in the Latin tongue, if he shall read Hilary and other ancient authors, he will find that authority is taken for that which the schoolmen call the most perfect cause of the beginning, and therefore they attribute it peculiarly to the Father, and by the name of Author often mean the Father, when they compare the persons among themselves. Whether the Father can rightly be called the cause of the Son does not concern me, seeing I have never used the word Son; unless that this is most true, that we cannot speak of God but in improper words, nor are the Fountain, or Beginning, or Original more proper words than the Cause.

Now, reader, consider with me what sort of persons sometimes they are, who by their notions bring men to the stake. There is nothing more base than to find fault with that thou dost not understand. But that vice of vilifying everything, what does it produce but bitterness and discord? Therefore let us candidly interpret other men's works, and not esteem our own as oracles, nor look upon the judgments of those men as oracles who do not understand what they read. Where there is hatred in judging, judgment is blind. May that Spirit which is the Pacifier of all, who uses his instruments various ways, make us all agree and consent in sound doctrine, and holy manners, that we may all come to the fellowship of the new Jerusalem that knows no discords. Amen.

In the Year 1526, at Basil.

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FAMILIAR COLLOQUIES.

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

AT THE FIRST MEETING.—A certain person teaches, and not without reason, that we should salute freely. For a courteous and kind salutation oftentimes engages friendship, and reconciles persons at variance, and does undoubtedly nourish and increase a mutual benevolence. There are, indeed, some persons that are such churls, and of so clownish a disposition, that if you salute them, they will scarcely salute you again. But this vice is in some persons rather the effect of their education, than their natural disposition.

It is a piece of civility to salute those that come in your way; either such as come to us, or those that we go to speak with. And in like manner such as are about any sort of work, either at supper, or that yawn, or hiccup, or sneeze, or cough. But it is the part of a man that is civil even to an extreme, to salute one that belches or breaks wind backward. But he is uncivilly civil that salutes one that is making water or easing nature.

God save you, father; God save you, little mother; God save you, brother; God save you, my worthy master; God save you heartily, uncle; God save you, sweet cousin.

It is courteous to make use of a title of relation or affinity, unless when it carries something of a reflection along with it; then indeed it is better not to use such titles, though proper, but rather some that are more engaging, as when we call a mother-in-law, mother; a son-in-law, son; a father-in-law, father; a sister's husband, brother; a brother's wife, sister. And the same we should do in titles, either of age or office. For it will be more acceptable to salute an ancient man by the name of father or venerable sir, than by the surname of age; although in ancient times they used to make use of ὦ γέρον as an honourable title. God save you, lieutenant; God save you, captain; but not, God save you, hosier or shoemaker. God save you, youth, or young man. Old men salute young men that are strangers to them by the name of sons, and young men again salute them by the name of fathers or sirs.

A MORE AFFECTIONATE SALUTATION, BETWEEN LOVERS.—God save you, my little Cornelia, my life, my light, my delight, my sweetheart, my only pleasure, my little heart, my hope, my comfort, my glory.

EITHER FOR THE SAKE OF HONOUR, OR OTHERWISE.—*Sal.* O master, God bless you. *Ans.* Oh! good sir, I wish you the same. *Sal.* God bless you, most accomplished and most famous sir. God bless you again and again, thou glory of learning. God save you heartily, my very good friend. God save you, my Mecœnas. *Ans.* God save you,

my singular patron. God save you, most approv
the only ornament of this age. God bless you, t

Sal. God bless you all together. God bles
God bless you, my brave boys. *Sal.* God save
God bless you, destroyer of wine. *Ans.* God
unmerciful devourer of cakes. *Sal.* God ble
dent of all virtue. *Ans.* God bless you in li
universal honesty. *Sal.* God save you, little
years of age. *Ans.* God save you, girl, eig
Much good may it do you with your bald pa
good may it do you with your slit nose. As y
be saluted again. If you say that which is il
which is worse.

Sal. God save you again and again. *Ans.*
and ever. *Sal.* God save you more than a thou
truth, I had rather be well once for all. *Sal.*
as you can desire. *Ans.* And you as much as
wish you well. *Ans.* But what if I will not b
rather be sick, than to enjoy the health that yo

God bless your holiness, your greatness,
majesty, your beatitude, your high mightiness,
used by the vulgar, than approved by the learne

In the Third Person.—Sapidus wishes
Sapidus salutes his Beatus, wishing him much h

Another Form.—*Sal.* God bless you, Crito
good sir. *Ans.* And I wish you better. Peace
is indeed a Christian salutation, borrowed from th
to be rejected. And of the like kind is, A happy
master. *Ans.* In truth I had rather have than c
Remember you are at Basel, and not at Athens; h
to speak Latin when you are not at Rome?

Forms of Well-wishing.—And to wish well i

To a Woman with Child.—God send you
that you may make your husband father of a fi
Virgin Mother make you a happy mother. I wi
abdomen may assuage happily. Heaven grant th
carry, whatsoever it is, may have as easy an out-
in-going. God give you a good time.

To Guests.—Happy be this feast. Much go
company. I wish all happiness to you all. Go
banquet.

To One that Sneezes.—May it be lucky
God keep you. May it be for your health. God

To One that is about to begin any Busin
happy and prosperous for the public good. Ma
about be an universal good. God prosper what y
bless your labours. God bless your endeavours.
assistance you may happily finish what you have
in heaven prosper what is under your hand. M
begun end happily. May what you are set about
are about a good work, I wish you a good end of it,
Heaven may favour your pious undertaking. Ch

o your enterprise. May what you have undertaken prosper. I heartily beg of Almighty God that this design may be as successful as it is houourable. May the affair so happily begun more happily end.

I wish you a good journey to Italy, and a better return. I wish you a happy voyage, and a more happy return. I pray God that this journey being happily performed, we may in a short time have the opportunity of congratulating you upon your happy return. May it be your good fortune to make a good voyage thither and back again. May your journey be pleasant, but your return more pleasant. I wish this journey may succeed according to your heart's desire. I wish this journey may be as pleasant to you, as the want of your good company in the meantime will be troublesome to us. May you set sail with promising presages. I wish this journey may succeed according to both our wishes. I wish this bargain may be for the good and advantage of us both. I wish this may be a happy match to us all. The blessed Jesus God keep thee. Kind Heaven return you safe. God keep thee who art one-half of my life. I wish you a safe return.

I wish that this New-Year may begin happily, go on more happily, and end most happily to you, and that you may have many of them, and every year happier than other. *Ans.* And I again wish you many happy ages, that you may not wish well to me gratis. I wish you a glorious day to-day. May this sunrising be a happy one to you. *Ans.* I wish you the same. May this be a happy and a prosperous morning to both of us. Father, I wish you a good night. I wish you good repose to-night. May you sleep sweetly. God give you good rest. May you sleep without dreaming. God send you may either sleep sweetly or dream pleasantly. A good night to you. *Ans.* Since you always love to be on the getting hand, I wish you a thousand happinesses to one you wish me.

FAREWELL AT PARTING.—Fare ye all well. Farewell. Take care of your health. Take a great care of your health. I bid you goodbye. Time calls me away, fare ye well. I wish you as well as may be. Farewell mightily, or if you had rather have it so, lustily. Fare you well as you are worthy. Fare you as well as you deserve. Farewell for these two days. If you send me away, farewell till to-morrow. Would you have anything with me? Have you anything else to say to me? *Ans.* Nothing but to wish you well. Take care to preserve your health. Take care of your health. Look well to your health. See that at next meeting we see you merry and hearty. I charge you make much of yourself. See that you have a sound mind in a healthful body. Take care you be universally well both in body and mind. *Ans.* I will promise you I will do my endeavour. *Sal.* Fare you well also; and I again wish you prosperous health.

SALUTING BY ANOTHER.—*Sal.* Remember my hearty love to Frobenius. Be sure to remember my love to little Erasmus. Remember me to Gertrude's mother with all imaginable respect; tell them I wish them all well. Remember me to my old companions. Remember me to my friends. Give my love to my wife. Remember me to your brother in your letter. Remember my love to my kinsman. Have you any service to command by me to your friends? *Ans.* Tell them that I wish them all heartily well. Have you any recommendations to send by

me to your friends? *Ans.* Much health to them all, but especially to my father. Are there any persons to whom you would command me any service? To all that ask how I do. The health you have brought from my friends to me, carry back again with much interest. Carry my hearty service to all them that have sent their service to me. Pray do so much as be my representative in saluting my friends. I would have written to my son-in-law, but you will serve me instead of a letter to him.

Soho, soho, whither are you going so fast? *Ans.* Straight to Louvain. Stay a little, I have something to send by you. *Ans.* But it is inconvenient for a footman to carry a fardel. What is it? *Ans.* That you recommend me to Goclenius, Rutgerus, John Campensis, and all the society of trilinguists. *Ans.* If you put nothing into my snap-sack but healths, I shall carry them with ease. *Sal.* And that you may not do that for nothing, I pray that health may be your companion both going and coming back.

How we ought to Congratulate one that is Returned from a Journey.—*Sal.* We are glad you are come well home. It is a pleasure that you are come home safe. It is a pleasure to us that you are come well home. We congratulate your happy return. We give God thanks that you are come safe home to us. The more uneasy we were at the want of you, the more glad we are to see you again. We congratulate you, and ourselves, too, that you are come home to us alive and well. Your return is the more pleasant by how much it was less expected. *Ans.* I am glad, too, that as I am well myself I find you so. I am very glad to find you in good health. I should not have thought myself welcome home if I had not found you well; but now I think myself safe, in that I see you safe and in good health.

FORMS OF INQUIRY.

George, Livinus.

A Form of asking Questions at the First Meeting.—*Ge.* Out of what hen-coop or cave came you? *Liv.* Why do you ask me such a question? *Ge.* Because you have been so poorly fed; you are so thin a person may see through you, and as dry as a kecks. Whence came you from? *Liv.* From Montacute College. *Ge.* Then sure you are come laden with letters for us. *Liv.* Not so, but with lice come I am. *Ge.* Well, then, you had company enough. *Liv.* In truth it is not safe for a traveller now-a-days to go without company. *Ge.* I know well enough a louse is a scholar's companion. Well, but do you bring any news from Paris? *Liv.* Ay, I do, and that in the first place that I know you will not believe. At Paris a *bete* is wise, and an oak preaches. *Ge.* What is that you tell me? *Liv.* That which you hear. *Ge.* What is it I hear? *Liv.* That which I tell you. *Ge.* Oh monstrous! sure mushrooms and stones must be the hearers where there are such preachers. *Liv.* Well, but it is even so as I tell you; nor do I speak only by hearsay, but what I know to be true. *Ge.* Sure men must needs be very wise there where *betes* and oaks are so. *Liv.* You are in the right of it.

Inquiring concerning Health.—*Ge.* Are you well? *Liv.* Look

in my face. *Ge.* Why do you not rather bid me cast your water? Do you take me for a doctor? I do not ask you if you are in health, for your face bespeaks you so to be; but I ask you how you like your own condition? *Liv.* I am very well in my body, but sick in my mind. *Ge.* He is not well indeed that is sick in that part. *Liv.* This is my case, I am well in my body, but sick in my pocket. *Ge.* Your mother will easily cure that distemper. How have you done for this long time? *Liv.* Sometimes better, and sometimes worse, as human affairs commonly go.

Ge. Are you very well in health? Are your affairs in a good condition? Are your circumstances as you would have them? Have you always had your health well? *Liv.* Very well, I thank God. By God's goodness I have always had my health very well. I have always been very well hitherto. I have been in very good, favourable, secure, happy, prosperous, successful, perfect health, like a prince, like a champion, fit for anything. *Ge.* God send you may always enjoy the same. I am glad to hear it. You give me a pleasure in saying so. It is very pleasant to me to hear that. I am glad at my heart to hear this from you. This is no bad news to me. I am exceeding glad to hear you say so. I wish you may be so always. I wish you may enjoy the same health as long as you live. In congratulating you, I joy myself, thanks to Heaven for it. *Liv.* Indeed I am very well if you are so. *Ge.* Well, but have you met with no trouble all this while? *Liv.* None but the want of your good company. *Ge.* Well, but how do you do though? *Liv.* Well enough, finely, bravely, very well as may be; very well indeed, happily, commodiously, no way amiss. I enjoy rather what health I wish, than what I deserved. Princely, herculean, champion-like. *Ge.* I was expecting when you would say bull-like too.

On Being Ill.—*Ge.* Are you in good health? *Li.* I wish I were. Not altogether so well as I would be. Indeed I am so so. Pretty well. I am as well as I can be, since I cannot be so well as I would be. As I use to be. So as it pleases God. Truly not very well. Never worse in all my life. As I am wont to be. I am as they use to be who have to do with the doctor. *Ge.* How do you do? *Li.* Not as I would do. Why truly not well, ill, very ill, in an unhappy, unprosperous, unfavourable, bad, adverse, unlucky, feeble, dubious, indifferent state of health, not at all as I would, a tolerable, such as I would not wish even to my enemies.

Ge. You tell me a melancholy story. Heavens forbid it. God forbid. No more of that I pray. I wish what you say were not true. But you must be of good cheer, you must pluck up a good heart. A good heart is a good help in bad circumstances. You must bear up your mind with the hope of better fortune. What distemper is it? What sort of disease is it? What distemper is it that afflicts you? What distemper are you troubled with? *Li.* I cannot tell, and in that my condition is the more dangerous. *Ge.* That is true, for when the disease is known it is half cured. Have you had the advice of any doctor? *Li.* Ay, of a great many. *Ge.* What do they say to your case? *Li.* What the lawyers of Demiphon (in the play) said to him. One says one thing, another he says another, and the third he will consider it. But they all agree in this, that I am in a sad condition.

Ge. How long have you been taken with this illness? How long have you been ill of this distemper? How long has this illness seized you? *Li.* About twenty days more or less, almost a month. It is now near three months. It seems an age to me since I was first taken ill. *Ge.* But I think you ought to take care that the distemper do not grow upon you. *Li.* It has grown too much upon me already. *Ge.* Is it a dropsy? *Li.* They say it is not. *Ge.* Is it a dysentery? *Li.* I think not. *Ge.* Is it a fever? *Li.* I believe it is a kind of a fever, but a new one, as ever and anon new ones spring up that were unknown before. *Ge.* There were more old ones than enough before. *Li.* Thus it pleases Nature to deal with us, which is a little too severe. *Ge.* How often does the fit come? *Li.* How often do you say? Every day, nay, every hour, indeed. *Ge.* Oh wonderful! It is a sad affliction. How did you get this distemper? How do you think you came by it? *Li.* By reason of want. *Ge.* Why, you don't use to be so superstitious as to starve yourself with fasting. *Li.* It is not bigotry but penury. *Ge.* What do you mean by penury? *Li.* I mean I could get no victuals. I believe it came by a cold. I fancy I got the distemper by eating rotten eggs, by drinking too much water in my wine. This crudity in my stomach came by eating green apples.

Ge. But consider whether you have not contracted this distemper by long and late studying, by hard drinking, or immoderate use of venery? Why don't you send for a doctor? *Li.* I am afraid he should do me more harm than good. I am afraid he should poison me instead of curing me. *Ge.* You ought to choose one that you can confide in. *Li.* If I must die, I had rather die once for all, than to be tormented with so many slops. *Ge.* Well, then, be your own doctor. If you cannot trust to a doctor, pray God be your physician. There have been some that have recovered their health by putting on a Dominican or a Franciscan friar's cowl. *Li.* And perhaps it had been the same thing if they had put on a whoremaster's cloak. These things have no effect upon those that have no faith in them. *Ge.* Why, then, believe that you may recover. Some have been cured by making vows to a saint. *Li.* But I have no dealings with saints. *Ge.* Then pray to Christ that you may have faith, and that He would be pleased to bestow the blessing of health upon you. *Li.* I cannot tell whether it would be a blessing or not. *Ge.* Why, is it not a blessing to be freed from a distemper? *Li.* Sometimes it is better to die. I ask nothing of Him, but only that He would give me what would be best for me. *Ge.* Take something to purge you. *Li.* I am laxative enough already. *Ge.* Take something to make you go to stool. You must take a purge. *Li.* I ought to take something that is binding rather, for I am too laxative.

INQUIRING OF A PERSON UPON HIS RETURN.—*Ge.* Have you had a good and prosperous journey? *Li.* Pretty good; but that there is such robbing everywhere. *Ge.* This is the effect of war. *Li.* It is so, but it is a wicked one. *Ge.* Did you come on foot or on horseback? *Li.* Part of the way on foot, part in a coach, part on horseback, and part by sea. *Ge.* How go matters in France? *Li.* All is in confusion, there is nothing but war talked of. What mischiefs they may bring upon their enemies I know not; but this I am sure of, the French themselves are afflicted with inexpressible calamities.

Ge. Whence come all these tumultuary wars? *Li.* Whence should they come, but from the ambition of monarchs. *Ge.* But it would be more their prudence to appease these storms of human affairs. *Li.* Appease them! ay, so they do, as the south wind does the sea. They fancy themselves to be gods, and that the world was made for their sakes. *Ge.* Nay, rather a prince was made for the good of the commonwealth, and not the commonwealth for the sake of the prince. *Li.* Nay, there are clergymen too, who blow up the coals, and sound an alarm to these tumults. *Ge.* I would have them set in the front of the battle. *Li.* Ay, ay, but they take care to keep out of harm's way.

Ge. But let us leave these public affairs to Providence. How go your own matters? *Li.* Very well, happily, indifferently well, tolerably. *Ge.* How goes it with your own business? As you would have it. *Li.* Nay, better than I could have wished for, better than I deserve, beyond what I could have hoped for. *Ge.* Are all things according to your mind? Is all well? Has everything succeeded? *Li.* It cannot be worse. It is impossible it should be worse than it is. *Ge.* What, then, have you not got what you sought for? Have you not caught the game you hunted? *Li.* Hunt! ay, I did hunt indeed, but with very ill success. *Ge.* But is there no hope then? *Li.* Hope enough, but nothing else. *Ge.* Did the bishop give you no hopes? *Li.* Yes, whole cartloads, and whole shiploads of hope; but nothing else. *Ge.* Has he sent you nothing yet? *Li.* He promised me largely, but he has never sent me a farthing. *Ge.* Then you must live in hopes. *Li.* Ay, but that will not fill the belly; they that feed upon hope, may be said to hang, but not to live. *Ge.* But however, then, you were the lighter for travelling, not having your pockets loaded. *Li.* I confess that, nay, and safer too; for an empty pocket is the best defence in the world against thieves; but for all that, I had rather have the burden, and the danger too. *Ge.* You was not robbed of anything by the way, I hope? *Li.* Robbed! What can you rob a man of that has nothing? There was more reason for other folks to be afraid of me than I of them, having never a penny in my pocket. I might sing and be starved all the way I went. Have you anything more to say?

Ge. Where are you going now? *Li.* Straight home, to see how all do there, whom I have not seen this long time. *Ge.* I wish you may find all well at home. *Li.* I pray God I may. Has anything new happened at our house since I went away? *Ge.* Nothing, but only you will find your family bigger than it was; for your Catula has brought you a little Catulus since you have been gone. Your hen has laid you an egg. *Li.* That is good news; I like your news, and I will promise to give you a gospel for it. *Ge.* What gospel? The gospel according to St. Matthew? *Li.* No, but according to Homer. Here, take it. *Ge.* Keep your gospel to yourself, I have stones enough at home. *Li.* Do not slight my present, it is the eagle's stone; it is good for women with child; it is good to bring on their labour. *Ge.* Say you so? Then it is a very acceptable present to me, and I will endeavour to make you amends. *Li.* The amends is made already by your kind acceptance. *Ge.* Nay, nothing in the world could come more seasonably, for my wife's belly is up to her mouth almost. *Li.*

Then I will make this bargain with you; that if she has a boy, you shall let me be the godfather. *Ge.* Well I will promise you that, and that you shall name it too. *Li.* I wish it may be for both our good. *Ge.* Nay, for all our good.

Maurice, Cyprian.

Ma. You are come back fatter than you used to be. You are returned taller. *Cy.* But in truth I had rather it had been wiser, or more learned. *Ma.* You had no beard when you went away; but you have brought a little one back with you. You are grown somewhat oldish since you went away. What makes you look so pale, so lean, so wrinkled? *Cy.* As is my fortune, so is the habit of my body. *Ma.* Has it been but bad then? *Cy.* She is never otherwise to me, but never worse in my life than now. *Ma.* I am sorry for that. I am sorry for your misfortune. But pray, what is this mischance? *Cy.* I have lost all my money. *Ma.* What, in the sea? *Cy.* No, on shore, before I went aboard. *Ma.* Where? *Cy.* Upon the English coast. *Ma.* It is well you escaped with your life; it is better to lose your money than that; the loss of one's good name is worse than the loss of money. *Cy.* My life and reputation are safe; but my money is lost. *Ma.* The loss of life never can be repaired; the loss of reputation very hardly; but the loss of money may easily be made up one way or another. But how came it about? *Cy.* I cannot tell, unless it was my destiny. So it pleased God. As the devil would have it. *Ma.* Now you see that learning and virtue are the safest riches; for as they cannot be taken from a man, so neither are they burdensome to him that carries them. *Cy.* Indeed you philosophise very well; but in the meantime I am in perplexity.

Claudius, Balbus.

Cl. I am glad to see you come well home, Balbus. *Ba.* And I to see you alive, Claudius. *Cl.* You are welcome home into your own country again. *Ba.* You should rather congratulate me as a fugitive from France. *Cl.* Why so? *Ba.* Because they are all up in arms there. *Cl.* But what have scholars to do with arms? *Ba.* But there they do not spare even scholars. *Cl.* It is well you are got off safe. *Ba.* But I did not get off without danger neither. *Cl.* You are come back quite another man than you went away. *Ba.* How so? *Cl.* Why, of a Dutchman you are become a Frenchman. *Ba.* Why, was I a capon when I went away? *Cl.* Your dress shews that you are turned from a Dutchman into a Frenchman. *Ba.* I had rather suffer this metamorphosis, than to be turned into a hen. But as a cowl does not make a monk, so neither does a garment a Frenchman.

Cl. Have you learned to speak French? *Ba.* Indifferently well. *Cl.* How did you learn it? *Ba.* Of teachers that were no dumb ones, I assure you. *Cl.* From whom? *Ba.* Of little women, more full of tongue than turtle doves. *Cl.* It is easy to learn to speak in such a school. Do you pronounce the French well? *Ba.* Yes, that I do, and I pronounce Latin after the French mode. *Cl.* Then you will never write good verses. *Ba.* Why so? *Cl.* Because you will make false quantities. *Ba.* The quality is enough for me.

Cl. Is Paris clear of the plague? *Ba.* Not quite, but it is not continual; sometimes it abates, and anon it returns again; sometimes it slackens, and then rages again. *Cl.* Is not war itself plague enough? *Ba.* It is so, unless God thought otherwise. *Cl.* Sure bread must be very dear there. *Ba.* There is a great scarcity of it. There is a great want of everything but wicked soldiers. Good men are wonderfully cheap there. *Cl.* What is in the mind of the French to go to war with the Germans? *Ba.* They have a mind to imitate the beetle, that will not give place to the eagle. Every one thinks himself an Hercules in war. *Cl.* I will not detain you any longer; at some other time we will divert ourselves more largely, when we can both spare time. At present I have a little business that calls me to another place.

FAMILY DISCOURSE.

Peter, Midas, a Boy, Jodocus.

Pe. Soho, soho, boy! does nobody come to the door? *Mi.* I think this fellow will beat the door down. Sure he must needs be some intimate acquaintance or other. Oh, old friend Peter, what hast brought? *Pe.* Myself. *Mi.* In truth then you have brought that which is not much worth. *Pe.* But I am sure I cost my father a great deal. *Mi.* I believe so, more than you can be sold for again. *Pe.* But is Jodocus at home? *Mi.* I cannot tell, but I will go see. *Pe.* Go in first, and ask him if he pleases to be at home now. *Mi.* Go yourself, and be your own errand boy. *Pe.* Soho! Jodocus, are you at home? *Jo.* No, I am not. *Pe.* Oh! you impudent fellow! don't I hear you speak? *Jo.* Nay, you are more impudent, for I took your maid's word for it lately, that you were not at home, and you won't believe me myself. *Pe.* You are in the right of it, you have served me in my own kind. *Jo.* As I sleep not for everybody, so I am not at home to everybody, but for time to come shall always be at home to you.

Pe. Methinks you live the life of a snail. *Jo.* Why so? *Pe.* Because you keep always at home and never stir abroad, just like a lame cobbler always in his stall. You sit at home till your breech grows to your seat. *Jo.* At home I have something to do, but I have no business abroad, and if I had, the weather we have had for several days past would have kept me from going abroad. *Pe.* But now it is fair and would tempt anybody to walk out; see how charmingly pleasant it is. *Jo.* If you have a mind to walk I will not be against it. *Pe.* In truth, I think we ought to take the opportunity of this fine weather. *Jo.* But we ought to get a merry companion or two to go along with us. *Pe.* So we will; but tell me who you would have then. *Jo.* What if we should get Hugh? *Pe.* There is no great difference between Hugo and Nugo. *Jo.* Come on, then, I like it mighty well. *Pe.* What if we should call Alardus? *Jo.* He is no dumb man, I will assure you; what he wants in hearing he will make up in talking. *Pe.* If you will, we will get Nævius along with us, too. *Jo.* If we have but him, we shall never want merry stories. I like the company mainly, the next thing is to pitch upon a pleasant place. *Pe.* I will

shew you a place where you shall neither want the shade of a grove, nor the pleasant verdure of meadows, nor the purling streams of fountains; you will say it is a place worthy of the muses themselves. *Jo.* You promise nobly. *Pe.* You are too intent upon your books; you sit too close to your books; you make yourself lean with immoderate study. *Jo.* I had rather grow lean with study than with love. *Pe.* We don't live to study, but we therefore study that we may live pleasantly. *Jo.* Indeed, I could live and die in my study. *Pe.* I approve well enough of studying hard, but not to study myself to death. Has this walk pleased you? *Jo.* It has been a charmingly pleasant one.

Giles, Leonard.

Gi. Where is our Leonard going? *Le.* I was coming to you. *Gi.* That you do but seldom. *Le.* Why so? *Gi.* Because you have not been to see me this twelve months. *Le.* I had rather err on that hand to be wanted, than to be tiresome. *Gi.* I am never tired with the company of a good friend; nay, the oftener you come the more welcome you are. *Le.* But, by the way, how goes matters at your house? *Gi.* Why, truly, not many things as I would have them. *Le.* I don't wonder at that, but is your wife brought to bed yet? *Gi.* Ay, a great while ago, and had two at a birth too. *Le.* How, two at once? *Gi.* 'Tis as I tell you, and more than that, she is with child again. *Le.* That is the way to increase your family. *Gi.* Ay, but I wish fortune would increase my money as much as my wife does my family.

Le. Have you disposed of your daughter yet? *Gi.* No, not yet. *Le.* I would have you consider if it be not hazardous to keep such a great maid as she at home; you should look out for a husband for her. *Gi.* There is no need of that, for she has sweethearts enough already. *Le.* But why, then, don't you single out one for her, him that you like the best of them? *Gi.* They are all so good that I cannot tell which to choose. But my daughter will not hear of marrying. *Le.* How say you! If I am not mistaken, she has been marriageable for some time. She has been fit for a husband a great while, ripe for wedlock, ready for a husband this great while. *Gi.* Why not, she is above seventeen, she is above two-and-twenty, she is in her nineteenth year, she is above eighteen years old. *Le.* But why is she averse to marriage? *Gi.* She says she has a mind to be married to Christ. *Le.* In truth, He has a great many brides. But is she married to an evil genius that lives chastely with a husband? *Gi.* I don't think so. *Le.* How came that whimsey into her head? *Gi.* I cannot tell, but there is no persuading her out of it by all that can be said to her. *Le.* You should take care that there be no tricksters that inveigle or draw her away. *Gi.* I know these kidnappers well enough, and I drive this kind of cattle as far from my house as I can. *Le.* But what do you intend to do then? Do you intend to let her have her humour? *Gi.* No; I will prevent it if possible. I will try every method to alter her mind; but if she persists in it, I will not force her against her will, lest I should be found to fight against God, or rather to fight against the monks. *Le.* Indeed, you speak very religiously; but take care to try her constancy thoroughly, lest she

should afterwards repent it when it is too late. *Gi.* I will do my utmost endeavours.

Le. What employment do your sons follow? *Gi.* The eldest has been married this good while, and will be a father in a little time; I have sent the youngest away to Paris, for he did nothing but play while he was here. *Le.* Why did you send him thither? *Gi.* That he might come back a greater fool than he went. *Le.* Don't talk so. *Gi.* The middlemost has lately entered into holy orders. *Le.* I wish them all well.

Mopsus, Dromo.

Mo. How is it? What are you doing, Dromo? *Dr.* I am sitting still. *Mo.* I see that; but how do matters go with you? *Dr.* As they use to do with unfortunate persons. *Mo.* God forbid that that should be your case. But what are you doing? *Dr.* I am idling, as you see; doing just nothing at all. *Mo.* It is better to be idle than doing of nothing; it may be I interrupt you, being employed in some matters of consequence? *Dr.* No, really, entirely at leisure; I just began to be tired of being alone, and was wishing for a merry companion. *Mo.* It may be I hinder, interrupt, disturb you, being about some business? *Dr.* No; you divert me, being tired with being idle. *Mo.* Pray, pardon me if I have interrupted you unseasonably. *Dr.* Nay, you come very seasonably; you are come in the nick of time; I was just now wishing for you; I am extreme glad of your company.

Mo. It may be you are about some serious business, that I would by no means interrupt or hinder? *Dr.* Nay, rather it is according to the old proverb, Talk of the devil and he will appear; for we were just now speaking of you. *Mo.* In short, I believe you were, for my ear tingled mightily as I came along. *Dr.* Which ear was it? *Mo.* My left, from which I guess there was no good said of me. *Dr.* Nay, I will assure you there was nothing but good said. *Mo.* Then, the old proverb is not true. But what good news have you? *Dr.* They say you are become a huntsman. *Mo.* Nay, more than that, I have gotten the game now in my nets that I have been hunting after. *Dr.* What game is it? *Mo.* A pretty girl, that I am to marry in a day or two; and I entreat you to honour me with your good company at my wedding. *Dr.* Pray, who is your bride? *Mo.* Alice, the daughter of Chremes. *Dr.* You are a rare fellow to choose a beauty for one! Can you fancy that black-a-top, snub-nosed, sparrow-mouthed, paunch-bellied creature? *Mo.* Prithee, hold thy tongue; I marry her to please myself, and not you. Pray, is it not enough that I like her? The less she pleases you, the more she will please me.

Syrus, Geta.

Sy. I wish you much happiness. *Ge.* And I wish you double what you wish me. *Sy.* What are you doing? *Ge.* I am talking. *Sy.* What, by yourself? *Ge.* As you see. *Sy.* It may be you are talking to yourself, and then you ought to see to it that you talk to an honest man. *Ge.* Nay, I am conversing with a very facetious companion. *Sy.* With whom? *Ge.* With Apuleius. *Sy.* That, I think you are always doing, but the muses love intermission; you study continually. *Ge.* I am never tired with study. *Sy.* It may

be so, but yet you ought to set bounds; though study ought not to be omitted, yet it ought sometimes to be intermitted; studies are not to be quite thrown aside, yet they ought for a while to be laid aside; there is nothing pleasant that wants variety; the seldomer pleasures are made use of the pleasanter they are. You do nothing else but study. You are always studying. You are continually at your books. You read incessantly. You study night and day. You never are but a studying. You are continually at your study. You are always intent upon your books. You know no end of, nor set no bound to study. You give yourself no rest from your studies. You allow yourself no intermission in, nor ever give over studying. *Ge.* Very well! This is like you. You banter me as you use to do. You make a game of me. You joke upon me. You satirise me. You treat me with a sneer. I see how you jeer me well enough. You only jest with me. I am your laughing-stock. I am laughed at by you. You make yourself merry with me. You make a mere game and sport of me. Why don't you put me on asses' ears too? My books, that are all over dusty and mouldy, shew how hard a studier I am. *Sy.* Let me die if I don't speak my mind. Let me perish if I don't speak as I think. Let me not live if I dissemble. I speak what I think. I speak the truth. I speak seriously. I speak from my heart. I speak nothing but what I think.

Ge. Why don't you come to see me? What is the matter you have not come to see me all this while? What is the matter you visit me so seldom? What has happened to you that you never have come to me for so long time? Why are you so seldom a visitor? What is the meaning that you never come near one for so long time? What has hindered you that you have come to see me no oftener? What has prevented you that you have never let me have the opportunity of seeing you for this long time?

Sy. I could not by reason of business. I had not leisure. I would have come, but I could not for my business. Business would not permit me hitherto to come to see you. These floods of business that I have been plunged in would not permit me to pay my respects to you. I have been so busy I could not come. I have been harassed with so many vexatious matters that I could not get an opportunity. I have been so taken up with a troublesome business that I could never have so much command of myself. You must impute it to my business, and not to me. It was not for want of will, but opportunity. I could not get time till now. I have had no time till now. I never have had any leisure till this time. I have been so ill I could not come. I could not come, the weather has been so bad. *Ge.* Indeed I accept of your excuse, but upon this condition, that you don't make use of it often. If sickness has been the occasion of your absence, your excuse is juster than I wish it had been. I will excuse you upon this condition, that you make amends for your omission by kindness, if you make up your past neglect by your future frequent visits. *Sy.* You don't esteem these common formalities; our friendship is more firm than to need to be supported by such vulgar ceremonies. He visits often enough that loves constantly. *Ge.* A mischief take those encumbrances that have deprived us of your company. I cannot tell what to wish for bad enough to those affairs that have envied us the

company of so good a friend. A mischief take that fever that hath tormented us so long with the want of you. I wish that fever may perish, so thou thyself wert but safe.

James, Sapidus.

COMMANDING AND PROMISING.—*Ja.* I pray you take a special care of this matter. I earnestly entreat you to take care of this affair. If you have any respect for me, pray manage this affair diligently. Pray be very careful in this affair. Pray take a great deal of care about this business for my sake. If you are indeed the man I always took you to be, let me see in this concern what esteem you have for me. *Sa.* Say no more, I will dispatch this affair for you, and that very shortly too. I cannot indeed warrant you what the event shall be, but this I promise you, that neither fidelity nor industry shall be wanting in me. I will take more care of it than if it were my own affair. Though, indeed, that which is my friend's I account as my own. I will so manage the affair, that whatever is wanting, care and diligence shall not be wanting. Take you no care about the matter, I will do it for you. Do you be easy, I will take the management of it upon myself. I am glad to have an opportunity put into my hand of shewing you my respect. I do not promise you in words, but I will in reality perform whatsoever is to be expected from a real friend, and one that heartily wishes you well. I will not bring you into a fool's paradise. I will do that which shall give you occasion to say you trusted the affair to a friend.

SUCCESS.—*Sa.* The matter succeeded better than I could have expected. Fortune has favoured both our wishes. If fortune had been your wife she could not have been more observant to you. Your affair went on bravely with wind and tide. Fortune has outdone our very wishes. You must needs be a favourite of fortune, to whom all things fall out just as you would have them. I have obtained more than I could presume to wish for. This journey has been performed, from beginning to end, with all the fortunate circumstances imaginable. The whole affair has fallen out according to our wish. This chance fell out happily for us. I think we have been lucky to admiration, that what has been so imprudently enterprised has so happily succeeded.

A GIVING ONE THANKS.—*Ja.* Indeed I thank you, and shall thank you heartily as long as I live for that good service you have done me. I can scarce give you the thanks you deserve, and shall never be able to make you amends. I see how much I am obliged to you for your kindness to me. Indeed I don't wonder at it, for it is no new thing, and in that I am the more obliged to you. My Sapidus, I do, and it is my duty to love you heartily for your kindness to me. Inasmuch as in this affair you have not acted the part of a courtier, I do, and always shall thank you. I respect you, and thank you that you made my affair your care. You have obliged me very much by that kindness of yours. It is a great obligation upon me that you have managed my concern with fidelity.

Of all your kindnesses, which are indeed a great many, you have shewed me, none has obliged me more than this. I cannot possibly make you a return according to your merit. Too much ceremony

between you and I is unnecessary, but that which is in my power I will do. I will be thankful as long as I live. I confess myself highly obliged to you for your good service. For this kindness I owe you more than I am able to pay. By this good office you have attached me to you so firmly that I can never be able to disengage myself. You have laid me under so many and great obligations that I shall never be able to get out of your debt. No slave was ever so engaged in duty to his master as you have engaged me by this office. You have by this good turn brought me more into your debt than ever I shall be able to pay. I am obliged to you upon many accounts, but upon none more than upon this. Thanks are due for common kindness, but this is beyond the power of thanks to retaliate.

THE ANSWER.—*Sa.* Forbear these compliments; the friendship between you and I is greater than that we should thank one another for any service done. I have not bestowed this kindness upon you, but only made a return of it to you. I think the amends is sufficiently made, if my most sedulous endeavours are acceptable to you. There is no reason you should thank me for repaying this small kindness for those uncommon kindnesses I have so often received from you. Indeed, I merit no praise, but should have been the most ungrateful man in the world if I had been wanting to my friend. Whatsoever I have, and whatsoever I can do, you may call as much your own as anything that you have the best title to. I look upon it as a favour that you take my service kindly. You pay so great an acknowledgment to me for so small a kindness, as though I did not owe you much greater. He serves himself that serves his friend. He that serves a friend does not give away his service, but puts it out to interest. If you approve of my service, pray make frequent use of it; then I shall think my service is acceptable, if as often as you have occasion for it you would not request but command it.

RASH VOWS.

Arnoldus, Cornelius.

Ar. O Cornelius, well met heartily; you have been lost this hundred years. *Co.* What, my old companion Arnoldus, the man I longed to see most of any man in the world? God save you. *Ar.* We all gave thee over for lost. But, prithee, where hast thou been rambling all this while? *Co.* In the other world. *Ar.* Why, truly a person would think so by thy slovenly dress, lean carcase, and ghastly phyz. *Co.* Well, but I am just come from Jerusalem, not from the Stygian shades. *Ar.* What wind blew thee thither? *Co.* What wind blows a great many other folks thither? *Ar.* Why, folly, or else I am mistaken. *Co.* However, I am not the only fool in the world. *Ar.* What did you hunt after there? *Co.* Why, misery. *Ar.* You might have found that nearer home. But did you meet with anything worth seeing there? *Co.* Why, truly, to speak ingenuously, little or nothing. They shew us some certain monuments of antiquity, which I look upon to be most of them counterfeits, and mere contrivances to bubble the simple and credulous. I don't think they know precisely the place that Jerusalem anciently stood in.

Ar. What did you see, then? *Co.* A great deal of barbarity everywhere. *Ar.* But I hope you are come back more holy than you went. *Co.* No, indeed, rather ten times worse. *Ar.* Well, but then you are richer? *Co.* Nay, rather poorer than Job. *Ar.* But don't you repent you have taken so long a journey to so little purpose? *Co.* No, nor I am not ashamed neither, I have so many companions of my folly to keep me in countenance; and as for repentance, it is too late now. *Ar.* What, do you get no good, then, by so dangerous a voyage? *Co.* Yes, a great deal. *Ar.* What is it? *Co.* Why, I shall live more pleasantly for it for time to come. *Ar.* What, because you will have the pleasure of telling old stories when the danger is over? *Co.* That is something indeed, but that is not all. *Ar.* Is there any other advantage in it besides that? *Co.* Yes, there is. *Ar.* What is it? pray tell me. *Co.* Why, I can divert myself and company, as oft as I have a mind to it, in romancing upon my adventures over a pot of ale or a good dinner. *Ar.* Why, truly that is something, as you say. *Co.* And besides, I shall take as much pleasure myself when I hear others romancing about things they never heard nor saw; nay, and that they do with that assurance, that when they are telling the most ridiculous and impossible things in nature, they persuade themselves they are speaking truth all the while.

Ar. This is a wonderful pleasure. Well, then, you have not lost all your cost and labour, as the saying is. *Co.* Nay, I think this is something better still than what they do, who, for the sake of a little advance money, list themselves for soldiers in the army, which is the nursery of all impiety. *Ar.* But it is an ungentleman-like thing to take delight in telling lies. *Co.* But it is a little more like a gentleman than either to delight others, or be delighted in slandering other persons, or lavishing away a man's time or substance in gaming. *Ar.* Indeed I must be of your mind in that. *Co.* But then there is another advantage. *Ar.* What is that? *Co.* If there shall be any friend that I love very well, who shall happen to be tainted with this frenzy, I will advise him to stay at home; as your mariners that have been cast away advise them that are going to sea, to steer clear of the place where they miscarried. *Ar.* I wish you had been my monitor in time. *Co.* What, man! have you been infected with this disease too? *Ar.* Yes, I have been at Rome and Compostella. *Co.* Good God! how I am pleased that you have been as great a fool as I! What Pallas put that into your head? *Ar.* No Pallas, but Moria rather, especially when I left at home a handsome young wife, several children, and a family who had nothing in the world to depend upon for a maintenance but my daily labour. *Co.* Sure it must be some important reason that drew you away from all these engaging relations. Prithee, tell me what it was. *Ar.* I am ashamed to tell it. *Co.* You need not be ashamed to tell me, who, you know, have been sick of the same distemper.

Ar. There was a knot of neighbours of us drinking together, and when the wine began to work in our noddles, one said he had a mind to make a visit to St. James, and another to St. Peter; presently there was one or two that promised to go with them, till at last it was concluded upon to go all together; and I, that I might not seem a

disagreeable companion, rather than break good company, promised to go too. The next question was, whether we should go to Rome or Compostella? Upon the debate it was determined that we should all, God willing, set out the next day for both places. *Co.* A grave decree fitter to be written in wine than engraved in brass. *Ar.* Presently a bumper was put about to our good journey, which, when every man had taken off in his turn, the vote passed into an act, and became inviolable. *Co.* A new religion! But did you all come safe back? *Ar.* All but three, one died by the way, and gave us in charge to give his humble service to Peter and James; another died at Rome, who bid us remember him to his wife and children; and the third we left at Florence dangerously ill, and I believe he is in heaven before now. *Co.* Was he so good a man, then? *Ar.* The veriest droll in nature. *Co.* Why do you think he is in heaven, then? *Ar.* Because he had a whole satchelful of large indulgences. *Co.* I understand you, but it is a long way to heaven, and a very dangerous one too, as I am told, by reason of the little thieves that infest the middle region of the air. *Ar.* That is true, but he was well fortified with bulls. *Co.* What language were they written in? *Ar.* In Latin. *Co.* And will they secure him? *Ar.* Yes, unless he should happen upon some spirit that does not understand Latin; in that case he must go back to Rome, and get a new passport. *Co.* Do they sell bulls there to dead men too? *Ar.* Yes; but by the way, let me advise you to have a care what you say, for now there are a great many spies abroad. I don't speak slightingly of indulgences themselves, but I laugh at the folly of my fuddling companion, who though he was the greatest trifler that ever was born, yet chose rather to venture the whole stress of his salvation upon a skin of parchment than upon the amendment of his life. But when shall we have that merry bout you spoke of just now? *Co.* When opportunity offers we will set a time for a small collation, and invite some of our comrades; there we will tell lies, who can lie fastest, and divert one another with lies till we have our bellies full. *Ar.* Come on, a match.

BENEFICE-HUNTING.

Pamphagus, Cocles.

Pam. Either my sight fails me, or this is my old pot-companion Cocles. *Co.* No, no, your eyes don't deceive you at all, you see a companion that is yours heartily. *Pa.* Nobody ever thought to have seen you again, you have been gone so many years, and nobody knew what was become of you. But whence come you from? Prithee, tell me. *Co.* From the Antipodes. *Pa.* Nay, but I believe you are come from the Fortunate Islands. *Co.* I am glad you know your old companion, I was afraid I should come home as Ulysses did. *Pa.* Why, pray? After what manner did he come home? *Co.* His own wife did not know him; only his dog, being grown very old, acknowledged his master, by wagging his tail. *Pa.* How many years was he from home? *Co.* Twenty. *Pa.* You have been absent more than twenty years, and yet I knew your face again. But who tells that story of Ulysses? *Co.* Homer. *Pa.* He? They say he is the father of all

fabulous stories. It may be his wife had gotten herself a gallant in the meantime, and therefore did not know her own Ulysses. *Co.* No, nothing of that; she was one of the chastest women in the world. But Pallas had made Ulysses look old, that he might not be known. *Pa.* How came he to be known at last? *Co.* By a little wart that he had upon one of his toes. His nurse, who was now a very old woman, took notice of that as she was washing his feet.

Pa. A curious old hag. Well, then, do you wonder that I know you that has so remarkable a nose? *Co.* I am not at all sorry for this nose. *Pa.* No, nor have you any occasion to be sorry for having a thing that is fit for so many uses. *Co.* For what uses? *Pa.* First of all, it will serve instead of an extinguisher to put out candles. *Co.* Go on. *Pa.* Again, if you want to draw anything out of a deep pit, it will serve instead of an elephant's trunk. *Co.* Oh wonderful! *Pa.* If your hands be employed it will serve instead of a pin. *Co.* Is it good for anything else? *Pa.* If you have no bellows it will serve to blow the fire. *Co.* This is very pretty; have you any more of it? *Pa.* If the light offends you when you are writing, it will serve for an umbrella. *Co.* Ha, ha, ha! Have you anything more to say? *Pa.* In a sea fight it will serve for a grappling-hook. *Co.* What will it serve for in a land fight? *Pa.* Instead of a shield. *Co.* And what else? *Pa.* It will serve for a wedge to cleave wood withal. *Co.* Well said. *Pa.* If you act the part of a herald, it will be for a trumpet; if you sound an alarm, a horn; if you dig, a spade; if you reap, a sickle; if you go to sea, an anchor; in the kitchen it will serve for a flesh-hook; and in fishing, a fish-hook.

Co. I am a happy fellow indeed, I did not know I carried about me a piece of household-stuff that would serve for so many uses. But in the meantime, in what corner of the earth have you hid yourself all this while? *Pa.* In Rome. *Co.* But is it possible that in so public a place nobody should know you were alive? *Pa.* Good men are nowhere in the world so much *incognito* as there, so that in the brightest day you shall scarce see one in a thronged market. *Co.* Well, but then you are come home laden with benefices. *Pa.* Indeed I hunted after them diligently, but I had no success; for the way of fishing there is according to the proverb, with a golden hook. *Co.* That is a foolish way of fishing. *Pa.* No matter for that, some folks find it a very good way. *Co.* Are they not the greatest fools in nature that change gold for lead? *Pa.* But don't you know that there are veins of gold in holy lead? *Co.* What, then, are you come back nothing but a Pamphagus? *Pa.* No. *Co.* What then, pray? *Pa.* A ravenous wolf. *Co.* But they make a better voyage of it that return laden with budgets full of benefices. Why had you rather have a benefice than a wife? *Pa.* Because I love to live at ease. I love to live a pleasant life. *Co.* But in my opinion they live the most pleasant life that have at home a pretty girl, that they may embrace as often as they have a mind to it. *Pa.* And you may add this to it, sometimes when they have no mind to it. I love a continual pleasure; he that marries a wife is happy for a month, but he that gets a fat benefice lives merrily all his life.

Co. But solitude is so melancholy a life, that Adam in Paradise could not have lived happily unless God had given him an Eve.

Pa. He will never need to want an Eve that has gotten a good benefice. *Co.* But that pleasure cannot really be called pleasure that carries an ill name and bad conscience with it. *Pa.* You say true, and therefore I design to divert the tediousness of solitude by a conversation with books. *Co.* They are the pleasantest companions in the world. But do you intend to return to your fishing again? *Pa.* Yes, I would if I could get a fresh bait. *Co.* Would you have a golden one or a silver one? *Pa.* Either of them. *Co.* Be of good cheer, your father will supply you. *Pa.* He will part with nothing; and especially he will not trust me again, when he comes to understand I have spent what I had to no purpose. *Co.* That is the chance of the dice. *Pa.* But he don't like those dice. *Co.* If he shall absolutely deny you, I will shew you where you may have as much as you please. *Pa.* You tell me good news indeed; come shew it me, my heart leaps for joy. *Co.* It is here hard by. *Pa.* Why, have you gotten a treasure? *Co.* If I had I would have it for myself, not for you. *Pa.* If I could but get together one hundred ducats I should be in hopes again. *Co.* I will shew you where you may have 100,000. *Pa.* Prithee, put me out of my pain then, and do not teaze me to death. Tell me where I may have it. *Co.* From the Asse Budæi; there you may find a great many ten thousands, whether you would have it gold or silver. *Pa.* Go and be hanged with your banter; I will pay you what I owe you out of that bank. *Co.* Ay, so you shall, but it shall be what I lend you out of it. *Pa.* I know your waggish tricks well enough. *Co.* I am not to be compared to you for that.

Pa. Nay, you are the veriest wag in nature; you are nothing but waggery; you make a jest of a serious matter; in this affair it is a far easier matter to tease me than it is to please me; the matter is of too great a consequence to be made a jest of; if you were in my case you would not be so gamesome; you make a mere game of me; you game and banter me; you joke upon me in a thing that is not a joking matter. *Co.* I don't jeer you, I speak what I think; indeed I do not laugh, I speak my mind, I speak seriously, I speak from my heart; I speak sincerely, I speak the truth. *Pa.* So may your cap stand always upon your head, as you speak sincerely. But do I stand loitering here, and make no haste home to see how all things go there? *Co.* You will find a great many things new. *Pa.* I believe I shall; but I wish I may find all things as I would have them. *Co.* We may all wish so if we will, but never anybody found it so yet. *Pa.* Our rambles will do us both this good, that we shall like home the better for time to come. *Co.* I cannot tell that, for I have seen some that have played the same game over and over again; if once this infection seizes a person he seldom gets rid of it.

THE SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

Hanno, Thrasymachus.

Hanno. How comes it about that you who went away a Mercury, come back a Vulcan? *Thr.* What do you talk to me of your Mercuries and your Vulcans for? *Ha.* Because you seemed to be

ready to fly when you went away, but you are come limping home. *Thr.* I am come back like a soldier then. *Ha.* You a soldier, that would outrun a stag if an enemy were at your heels. *Thr.* The hope of booty made me valiant. *Ha.* Well, have you brought home a good deal of plunder then? *Thr.* Empty pockets. *Ha.* Then you were the lighter for travelling. *Thr.* But I was heavy laden with sin. *Ha.* That is heavy luggage indeed, if the apostle says right, who calls sin lead. *Thr.* I have seen and had a hand in more villanies this campaign than in the whole course of my life before.

Ha. How do you like a soldier's life? *Thr.* There is no course of life in the world more wicked or more wretched. *Ha.* What then must be in the minds of those people that for the sake of a little money, and some out of curiosity, make as much haste to a battle as to a banquet? *Thr.* In truth, I can think no other but they are possessed; for if the devil were not in them they would never anticipate their fate. *Ha.* So one would think; for if you would put them upon any honest business, they will scarce stir a foot in it for any money. But tell me, how went the battle? who got the better of it? *Thr.* There was such a hallooing, hurly-burly, noise of guns, trumpets, and drums, neighing of horses, and shouting of men, that I was so far from knowing what others were a doing, that I scarcely knew where I was myself. *Ha.* How comes it about then that others, after a fight is over, do paint you out every circumstance so to the life, and tell you what such an officer said, and what the other did, as though they had been nothing but lookers on all the time, and had been everywhere at the same time? *Thr.* It is my opinion that they lie confoundedly. I can tell you what was done in my own tent, but as to what was done in the battle, I know nothing at all of that. *Ha.* Don't you know how you came to be lame neither? *Thr.* Scarce that, upon my honour, but I suppose my knee was hurt by a stone, or a horse-heel, or so. *Ha.* Well, but I can tell you. *Thr.* You tell me! Why, has anybody told you? *Ha.* No, but I guess. *Thr.* Tell me, then. *Ha.* When you were running away in a fright, you fell down and hit it against a stone. *Thr.* Let me die if you have not hit the nail on the head. *Ha.* Go, get you home and tell your wife of your exploits. *Thr.* She will read me a juniper-lecture for coming home in such a pickle. *Ha.* But what restitution will you make for what you have stolen? *Thr.* That is made already. *Ha.* To whom? *Thr.* Why, to whores, sutlers, and gamesters. *Ha.* That is like a soldier for all the world; it is but just that what is got over the devil's back should be spent under his belly. *Ha.* But I hope you have kept your fingers all this while from sacrilege? *Thr.* There is nothing sacred in hostility; there we neither spare private houses nor churches. *Ha.* How will you make satisfaction? *Thr.* They say there is no satisfaction to be made for what is done in war, for all things are lawful there. *Ha.* You mean by the law of arms, I suppose? *Thr.* You are right. *Ha.* But that law is the highest injustice. It was not the love of your country, but the love of booty that made you a soldier. *Thr.* I confess so, and I believe very few go into the army with any better design. *Ha.* It is indeed some excuse to be mad with the greater part of mankind. *Thr.* I have heard a parson say in his pulpit that war was lawful. *Ha.* Pulpits indeed are the oracles of truth. But war may be lawful for a prince, and yet not so for you. *Thr.* I have heard

that every man must live by his trade. *Ha.* A very honourable trade indeed, to burn houses, rob churches, ravish nuns, plunder the poor, and murder the innocent! *Thr.* Butchers are hired to kill beasts; and why is our trade found fault with, who are hired to kill men?

Ha. But were you never thoughtful what should become of your soul if you happened to be killed in the battle? *Thr.* Not very much; I was very well satisfied in my mind, having once for all commended myself to St. Barbara. *Ha.* And did she take you under her protection? *Thr.* I fancied so, for methought she gave me a little nod. *Ha.* What time was it? In the morning. *Thr.* No, no; it was after supper. *Ha.* And by that time I suppose the trees seemed to walk too? *Thr.* How this man guesses everything! But St. Christopher was the saint I most depended on, whose picture I had always in my eye. *Ha.* What, in your tent? *Thr.* We had drawn him with charcoal upon our sail-cloth. *Thr.* Then, to be sure that Christopher the collier was a sure card to trust to. But, without jesting, I do not see how you can expect to be forgiven all these villanies, unless you go to Rome. *Thr.* Yes, I can; I know a shorter way than that. *Ha.* What way is that? *Thr.* I will go to the Dominicans, and there I can do my business with the commissaries for a trifle. *Ha.* What, for sacrilege? *Thr.* Ay; if I had robbed Christ himself, and cut off His head afterwards, they have pardons would reach it, and commissions large enough to compound for it. *Ha.* That is well indeed, if God should ratify your composition. *Thr.* Nay, I am rather afraid the devil should not ratify it; God is of a forgiving nature.

Ha. What priest will you get you? *Thr.* One that I know has but little modesty or honesty. *Ha.* Like to like. And when that is over, you will go straight away to the communion, like a good Christian, will you not? *Thr.* Why should I not? For after I have once discharged the jakes of my sins into his cowl, and unburdened myself of my luggage, let him look to it that absolved me. *Ha.* But how can you be sure that he does absolve you? *Thr.* I know that well enough. *Ha.* How do you know it? *Thr.* Because he lays his hand upon my head and mutters over something, I don't know what. *Ha.* What if he should give you all your sins again when he lays his hand upon your head, and these should be the words he mutters to himself?—I absolve thee from all thy good deeds, of which I find few or none in thee; I restore thee to thy wonted manners, and leave thee just as I found thee. *Thr.* Let him look to what he says; it is enough for me that I believe I am absolved. *Ha.* But you run a great hazard by that belief, for perhaps that will not be satisfaction to God, to whom thou art indebted. *Thr.* Who in mischief put you in my way to disturb my conscience, which was very quiet before? *Ha.* Nay, I think it is a very happy encounter to meet a friend that gives good advice. *Thr.* I cannot tell how good it is, but I am sure it is not very pleasant.

THE COMMANDS OF A MASTER.

Rabanus, Syrus.

CALLING UP THE SLEEPER.—*Ra.* Soho, soho, rascal, I am hoarse a bawling to you, and you lie snoring still; you will sleep for ever I think in my conscience; either get up presently or I will rouse you with a good cudgel. When will you have slept out your yesterday's debauch? Are you not ashamed, you sleepy sot, to lie a-bed till this time of day? Good servants rise as soon as it is day, and take care to get everything in order before their master rises. How loth this drone is to leave his warm nest! He is a whole hour scratching, and stretching, and yawning. *Sy.* It is scarce day yet. *Ra.* I believe not to you; it is midnight yet to your eyes. *Sy.* What do you want me to do?

Ra. Make the fire burn, brush my cap and cloak, clean my shoes and galoshes, take my stockings and turn them inside out, and brush them well, first within and then without, burn a little perfume to sweeten the air, light a candle, give me a clean shirt, air it well before a clear fire. *Sy.* It shall be done, sir. *Ra.* But make haste then; all this ought to have been done before now. *Sy.* I do make haste, sir. *Ra.* I see what haste you make, you are never the forwarder, you go a snail's gallop. *Sy.* Sir, I cannot do two things at once. *Ra.* You scoundrel, do you speak sentences too? Take away the chamber-pot, lay the bed-clothes to rights, draw back the curtains, sweep the house, sweep the chamber-floor, fetch me some water to wash my hands. What are you a sliving about, you drone? You are a year a lighting a candle. *Sy.* I can't find a spark of fire. *Ra.* It is so you raked it up last night? *Sy.* I have no bellows. *Ra.* How the knave thwarts me, as if he that has you can want bellows. *Sy.* What an imperious master have I gotten! Ten of the nimblest fellows in the world are scarce sufficient to perform his orders. *Ra.* What is that you say, you slowback? *Sy.* Nothing at all, sir. *Ra.* No, sirrah, did I not hear you mutter? *Sy.* I was saying my prayers. *Ra.* I believe so, but it was the Lord's Prayer backwards then. Pray, what was that you were chattering about imperiousness? *Sy.* I was wishing you might be an emperor.

Ra. And I wish you may be made a man of a stump of a tree. Wait upon me to church, and then run home and make the bed, and put everything in its place; let the house be set to rights from top to bottom, rub the chamber-pot, put these foul things out of sight, perhaps I may have some gentry come to pay me a visit; if I find anything out of order I will thrash you soundly. *Sy.* I know your good humour well enough in that matter. *Ra.* Then it behoves you to look about you, if you are wise. *Sy.* But all this while here is not one word about dinner. *Ra.* Out, you villain, one may see what your mind runs on. I do not dine at home, therefore come to me a little before ten o'clock, that you may wait upon me where I am to go to dinner. *Sy.* You have taken care of yourself, but there is not a bit of bread for me to put into my head. *Ra.* If you have nothing to eat, you have something to hunger after. *Sy.* But fasting won't

fill the belly. *Ra.* There is bread for you. *Sy.* There is so, but it is as black as my hat, and as coarse as the bran itself. *Ra.* You dainty chapped fellow, you ought to be fed with hay, if you had such commons as you deserve. What, I warrant you, Mr. Ass, you must be fed with plumcakes, must you? If you cannot eat dry bread, take a leek to eat with it, or an onion, if you like that better.

SENDING ABOUT VARIOUS BUSINESSES. — *Ra.* You must go to market. *Sy.* What, so far! *Ra.* It is not a stone's-throw off, but it seems two miles to such an idle fellow as you; but, however, I will save you as much labour as I can; you shall dispatch several businesses in one errand; count them upon your fingers, that you may not forget any of them: first of all step to the salesman, and bring my watered camblet doublet, if it be done; then go and inquire for Cornelius the waggoner (he is commonly at the sign of the Roebuck, he uses that house), ask him if he has any letters for me, and what day he sets out on his journey; then go to the woollen draper, and tell him from me not to be uneasy that I have not sent him the money at the time appointed, for he shall have it in a very little time. *Sy.* When? To-morrow come never? *Ra.* Do you grin, you pimp? Yes, before the first of March: and as you come back, turn on the left hand and go to the bookseller, and inquire of him if there be any new books come out of Germany—learn what they are, and the price of them; then desire Goclenius to do me the honour to come to supper with me —tell him I must sup by myself if he don't. *Sy.* What do you invite guests to? You have not victuals enough in the house to give a mouse a meal. *Ra.* And when you have done all these, go to the market and buy a shoulder of mutton, and get it nicely roasted: do you hear this? *Sy.* I hear more than I like to hear. *Ra.* But take you care you remember them all. *Sy.* I shall scarce be able to remember half of them. *Ra.* What, do you stand loitering here, you idle knave? You might have been back before now. *Sy.* What one person in the world can do all these? Truly I must wait upon him out, and attend upon him home; I am his swabber, his chamberlain, his footman, his clerk, his butler, his bookkeeper, his brawl, his errand-boy, and last of all, he does not think I have business enough upon my hands unless I am his cook too.

RIDING.—*Ra.* Bring me my boots, I am to ride out. *Sy.* Here they are, sir. *Ra.* You have looked after them bravely; they are all over mouldy with lying by; I believe they have not been cleaned nor greased these twelve months; they are so dry, they chap again; wipe them with a wet cloth, and liquor them well before the fire, and chafe them till they grow soft. *Sy.* It shall be done, sir. *Ra.* Where are my spurs? *Sy.* Here they are. *Ra.* Ay, here they are indeed, but all eaten up with rust. Where is my bridle and saddle? *Sy.* They are just by. *Ra.* See that nothing is wanting or broken, or ready to break, that nothing may be a hindrance to us when we are upon our journey. Run to the saddler's and get him to mend that rein; when you come back, look upon the horses' feet, and shoes, and see if there be any nails wanting or loose. How lean and rough these horses are! How often do you rub them down, or comb them in a year? *Sy.* I am sure I do it every day. *Ra.* That may be seen; I believe they have not had a bit of victuals

for three days together. *Sy.* Indeed they have, sir. *Ra.* You say so, but the horses would tell me another tale if they could but speak, though indeed their leanness speaks loud enough. *Sy.* Indeed I take all the care in the world of them. *Ra.* How comes it about then that they do not look as well as you do? *Sy.* Because I do not eat hay. *Ra.* You have this to do still; make ready my portmanteau quickly. *Sy.* It shall be done.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S ADMONITIONS.

Schoolmaster and Boy.

Sch. You seem not to have been bred at court, but in a cow-stall; you behave yourself so clownishly. A gentleman ought to behave himself like a gentleman. As often or whenever any one that is your superior speaks to you, stand straight, pull off your hat, and look neither doggedly, surlily, saucily, malapertly, nor unsettledly, but with a staid, modest, pleasant air in your countenance, and a bashful look fixed upon the person who speaks to you; your feet set close one by the other; your hands without action: don't stand titter totter, first standing upon one foot, and then upon another, nor playing with your fingers, biting your lip, scratching your head, or picking your ears. Let your clothes be put on tight and neat, that your whole dress, air, motion and habit, may bespeak a modest and bashful temper. *Bo.* What if I shall try, sir? *Ma.* Do so. *Bo.* Is this right? *Ma.* Not quite. *Bo.* Must I do so? *Ma.* That is pretty well. *Bo.* Must I stand so?

Ma. Ay, that is very well, remember that posture; don't be a prittle prattle, nor prate apace, nor be minding anything but what is said to you. If you are to make an answer, do it in few words, and to the purpose, every now and then prefacing with some title of respect, and sometimes use a title of honour, and now and then make a bow, especially when you have done speaking. Nor do you go away without asking leave, or being bid to go. Now come let me see how you can practise this. How long have you been from home? *Bo.* Almost six months. *Ma.* You should have said, sir. *Bo.* Almost six months, sir. *Ma.* Don't you long to see your mother? *Bo.* Yes, sometimes. *Ma.* Have you a mind to go to see her? *Bo.* Yes, with your leave, sir.

Ma. Now you should have made a bow; that is very well, remember to do so; when you speak, don't speak fast, stammer, or speak in your throat, but use yourself to pronounce your words distinctly and clearly. If you pass by any ancient person, a magistrate, a minister, or doctor, or any person of figure, be sure to pull off your hat and make your reverence: do the same when you pass by any sacred place, or the image of the cross. When you are at a feast, behave yourself cheerfully, but always so as to remember what becomes your age. Serve yourself last; and if any nice bit be offered you, refuse it modestly; but if they press it upon you, take it, and thank the person, and cutting off a bit of it, offer the rest either to him that gave it you, or to him that sits next to you. If anybody

drinks to you merrily, thank him, and drink moderately. If you do not care to drink, however, kiss the cup. Look pleasantly upon him that speaks to you; and be sure not to speak till you are spoken to. If anything that is obscene be said, don't laugh at it, but keep your countenance, as though you did not understand it; do not reflect on anybody, nor take place of anybody, nor boast of anything of your own, nor undervalue anything of another person's. Be courteous to your companions that are your inferiors; traduce nobody; do not be a blab with your tongue, and by this means you will get a good character, and gain friends without envy. If the entertainment shall be long, desire to be excused, bid much good may it do the guests, and withdraw from the table. See that you remember these things. *Bo.* I will do my endeavour, sir. Is there anything else you would have me do? *Ma.* Now go to your books. *Bo.* Yes, sir.

VARIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

Nicholas, Jerome, Cocles, the Master.

Nic. I have had a great mind a good while, and this fine weather is a great invitation, to go to play. *Hi.* These indeed invite you, but the master don't. *Nic.* We must get some spokesman that may extort a holiday from him. *Hi.* You did very well to say extort, for you may sooner wrest Hercules' club out of his hands than get a play-day from him; but time was when nobody loved play better than he did. *Nic.* That is true, but he has forgot a great while ago since he was a boy himself; he is as ready and free at whipping as anybody, but as sparing and backward at this as anybody in the world. *Hi.* We must pick out a messenger that is not very bashful, that won't be presently dashed out of countenance by his surly words. *Nic.* Let who will go, for me I had rather go without play than ask him for it. *Hi.* There is nobody fitter for this business than Cocles. *Nic.* Nobody in the world, he has a good bold face of his own, and tongue enough; and besides, he knows his humour too. *Hi.* Go, Cocles, you will highly oblige us all. *Coc.* Well, I will try; but if I do not succeed, do not lay the fault on your spokesman. *Hi.* You promise well for it; I am out in my opinion if you don't get leave. Go on, intreater, and return an obtainer. *Coc.* I will go; may Mercury send me good luck of my errand.

God save you, sir. *Ma.* What does this idle pack want? *Coc.* Your servant, reverend master. *Ma.* This is a treacherous civility! I am well enough already. Tell me what it is you came for. *Coc.* Your whole school beg a play-day. *Ma.* You do nothing else but play, even without leave. *Coc.* Your wisdom knows that moderate play quickens the wit, as you have taught us out of "Quintilian." *Ma.* Very well, how well you can remember what is to your purpose? They that labour hard had need of some relaxation: but you that study idly, and play laboriously, had more need of a curb than a snaffle. *Coc.* If anything has been wanting in times past, we will labour to make it up by future diligence. *Ma.* Oh rare makers up! Who will be sureties for the performing this promise? *Coc.* I will venture my head

upon it. *Ma.* Nay, rather venture your tail. I know there is but little dependence upon your word; but, however, I will try this time what credit may be given to you; if you deceive me now, you shall never obtain anything from me again. Let them play; but let them keep together in the field; don't let them go a tippling or worse exercises, and see they come home betimes, before sunset. *Coc.* We will, sir.

I have gotten leave, but with much ado. *Jer.* O brave lad! we all love you dearly. *Coc.* But we must be sure not to transgress our orders, for if we do, it will be all laid upon my back; I have engaged for you all, and if ye do, I will never be your spokesman again. *Jer.* We will take care. But what play do you like best? *Coc.* We will talk of that when we come into the fields.

Nicholas and Jerome.

PLAYING AT BALL.—*Nic.* No play is better to exercise all parts of the body than stoolball; but that is fitter for winter than summer. *Jer.* There is no time of the year with us but what is fit to play in. *Nic.* We shall sweat less if we play at tennis. *Jer.* Let us let nets alone to fishermen; it is prettier to catch it in our hands. *Nic.* Well, come on, I don't much matter; but how much shall we play for? *Jer.* For a fill-up, and then we shall not lose much money. *Nic.* But I had rather spare my corpus than my money. *Jer.* And I value my corpus more than my money. We must play for something, or we shall never play our best. *Nic.* You say true. *Jer.* Which hand soever shall get the first three games, shall pay the sixth part of a groat to the other, but upon condition that what is won shall be spent among all the company alike.

Nic. Well, I like the proposal; come, done, let us choose hands; but we are all so equally matched that it is no great matter who and who is together. *Jer.* You play a great deal better than I. *Nic.* But for all that, you have the better luck. *Jer.* Has fortune anything to do at this play? *Nic.* She has to do everywhere. *Jer.* Well, come, let us toss up. O boys, very well indeed, I have got the partners I would have. *Nic.* And we like our partners very well. *Jer.* Come on, now for it, he that will win must look to his game, let every one stand to his place bravely. Do you stand behind me ready to catch the ball if it goes beyond me; do you mind there, and beat it back when it comes from our adversaries. *Nic.* I will warrant ye I will hit it if it comes near me. *Jer.* Go on and prosper, throw up the ball upon the house. He that throws and does not speak first, shall lose his cast. *Nic.* Well, take it then. *Jer.* Do you toss it; if you throw it beyond the bounds, or short, or over the house, it shall go for nothing, and we will not be cheated: and truly you throw nastily. As you toss it, I will give it you again; I will give you a Roland for an Oliver; but it is better to play fairly and honestly. *Nic.* It is best at diversion to beat by fair play.

Jer. It is so, and in war too; these arts have each their respective laws. There are some arts that are very unfair ones. *Nic.* I believe so too, and more than seven too. Mark the bounds with a shell, or brickbat, or with your hat, if you will. *Jer.* I would rather do it with yours. *Nic.* Take the ball again. *Jer.* Throw it; score it up.

Nic. We have two good wide goals. *Jer.* Pretty wide, but they are not out of reach. *Nic.* They may be reached if nobody hinders it. *Jer.* Oh brave, I have gone beyond the first goal. We are fifteen. Play stoutly; we had got this too, if you had stood in your place. Well, now we are equal. *Nic.* But you shall not be so long. Well, we are thirty; we are forty-five. *Jer.* What, sesterces? *Nic.* No. *Jer.* What, then? *Nic.* Numbers. *Jer.* What signifies numbers if you have nothing to pay? *Nic.* We have gotten this game. *Jer.* You are a little too hasty; you reckon your chickens before they are hatched. I have seen those lose the game that have had so many for love. War and play is a mere lottery. We have got thirty, now we are equal again. *Nic.* This is the game stroke. Oh brave! we have got the better of you. *Jer.* Well, but you shall not have it long; did I not say so? We are equally fortunate; fortune inclines first to one side, and then to the other, as if she could not tell which to give the victory to. *Nic.* Fortune, be but on our side, and we will help thee to a husband. Oh rare! she has answered our desire, we have got this game, set it up, that we may not forget. *Jer.* It is almost night, and we have played enough, we had better leave off; too much of one thing is good for nothing, let us reckon our winnings. *Nic.* We have won three groats, and you have won two; then there is one to be spent. *Jer.* But who must pay for the balls? *Nic.* All alike, every one his part; for there is so little won, we cannot take anything from that.

Adolphus, Bernardus, the Arbitrators.

Bowl Playing.—*Adol.* You have been often bragging what a mighty gamester you were at bowls. Come now, I have a mind to try what a one you are. *Ber.* I will answer you, if you have a mind to that sport. Now you will find according to the proverb; you have met with your match. *Adol.* Well, and you shall find I am a match for you too. *Ber.* Shall we play single hands or double hands? *Adol.* I had rather play single, that another may not come in with me for a share of the victory. *Ber.* And I had rather have it so too, that the victory may be entirely my own. *Adol.* They shall look on, and be judges. *Ber.* I take you up; but what shall he that beats get, or he that is beaten lose. *Ber.* What if he that beats shall have a piece of his ear cut off. Nay, rather let one of his stones be cut out. It is a mean thing to play for money; you are a German, and I a Frenchman: we will both play for the honour of his country. If I shall beat you, you shall cry out thrice, Let France flourish; if I shall be beat (which I hope I shall not), I will in the same words celebrate your Germany. *Adol.* Well, a match.

Ber. Now for good luck; since two great nations are at stake in this game, let the bowls be both alike. *Adol.* Do you see that stone that lies by the port there? *Ber.* Yes, I do. *Adol.* That shall be the Jack. *Ber.* Very well, let it be so; but I say let the bowls be alike. *Adol.* They are as like as two peas. Take which you please, it is all one to me. *Ber.* Bowl away. *Adol.* Heyday, you whirl your bowl as if your arm was a sling. *Ber.* You have bit your lip, and whirled your bowl long enough: come, bowl away. A strong bowl indeed, but I am best. *Adol.* If it had not been for that mis-

chievous bit of a brickbat there that lay in my way, I had beat you off. *Ber.* Stand fair. *Adol.* I will not cheat: I intend to beat you by art, and not to cheat you, since we contend for the prize of honour: rub, rub: a great cast in troth. *Adol.* Nay, do not laugh before you have won. *Ber.* We are equal yet. This is who shall. He that hits the Jack is up. *Adol.* I have beat you, sing. *Ber.* Stay, you should have said how many you would make up, for my hand is not come in yet. *Adol.* Judgment, gentlemen. *Arb.* Three. *Ber.* Very well.

Adol. Well, what do you say now? Are you beat or no? *Ber.* You have had better luck than I, but yet I will not vail to you, as to strength and art; I will stand to what the company says. *Arb.* The German has beat, and the victory is the more glorious, that he has beat so good a gamester. *Adol.* Now, cock, crow. *Ber.* I am hoarse. *Adol.* That is no new thing to cocks; but if you cannot crow like an old cock, crow like a cockeril. *Ber.* Let Germany flourish thrice. *Adol.* You ought to have said so thrice. *Ber.* I am dry; let us drink somewhere, I will make an end of the song there. *Adol.* I will not stand upon that, if the company likes it. *Arb.* That will be the best, the cock will crow clearer when his throat is gargled.

Gasper, Erasmus.

THE PLAY OF STRIKING A BALL THROUGH AN IRON RING.— *Gas.* Come, let us begin, Marcolphus shall come in in the loser's place. *Er.* But what shall we play for? *Gas.* He that is beat shall make and repeat extempore a distich in praise of him that beat him. *Er.* With all my heart. *Gas.* Shall we toss up who shall go first? *Er.* Do you go first if you will, I had rather go last. *Gas.* You have the better of me, because you know the ground. *Er.* You are upon your own ground. *Gas.* Indeed I am better acquainted with the ground than I am with my books; but that is but a small commendation. *Er.* You that are so good a gamester ought to give me odds. *Gas.* Nay, you should rather give me odds; but there is no great honour in getting a victory when odds is taken. He only can properly be said to get the game that gets it by his own art; we are as well matched as can be; yours is a better ball than mine. *Er.* Play fair, without cheating and cozening. *Gas.* You shall say you have had to do with a fair gamester. *Er.* But I would first know the orders of the bowling-alley. *Gas.* We make four up; whoever bowls beyond this line it goes for nothing; if you can go beyond those other bounds, do it fairly and welcome. Whoever hits a bowl out of his place loses his cast. *Er.* I understand these things.

Gas. I have shut you out. *Er.* But I will give you a remove. *Gas.* If you do that I will give you the game. *Er.* Will you, upon your word? *Gas.* Yes, upon my word; you have no other way for it, but to bank your bowl so as to make it rebound on mine. *Er.* I will try. Well, what say you now, friend? Are you beaten away? (Have I not struck you away?) *Gas.* I am, I confess it; I wish you were but as wise as you are lucky; you can scarce do so once in a hundred times. *Er.* I will lay you, if you will, that I do it once in three times. But come, pay me what I have won. *Gas.* What is that? *Er.* Why, a distich. *Gas.* Well, I will pay it now. *Er.* And an

extempore one too. Why do you bite your nails? *Gas.* I have it. *Er.* Recite it out. *Gas.* As loud as you will.

Young standers-by, clap ye the conqueror brave,
Who me has beat is the more learned knave.

Have you not a distich now? *Er.* I have, and I will give you as good as you bring.

Vincent, Laurence.

LEAPING.—*Vi.* Have you a mind to jump with me? *Lau.* That play is not good presently after dinner. *Vi.* Why so? *Lau.* Because that a fulness of belly makes the body heavy. *Vi.* Not very much to those that live upon scholars' commons, for these oftentimes are ready for a supper before they have done dinner. *Lau.* What sort of leaping is it that you like best? *Vi.* Let us first begin with that which is the plainest, as that of grasshoppers; or leap-frog, if you like that better, both feet at once, and close to one another; and when we have played enough at this, then we will try other sorts. *Lau.* I will play at any sort where there is no danger of breaking one's legs; I have no mind to make work for the surgeon. *Vi.* What if we should play at hopping? *Lau.* That the ghosts play; I am not for that. *Vi.* It is the cleverest way to leap with a pole. *Lau.* Running is a more noble exercise; for Æneas in Virgil proposed this exercise. *Vi.* Very true, and he also proposed the fighting with whirly-bats too, and I do not like that sport. *Lau.* Mark the course, let this be the starting-place, and yonder oak the goal. *Vi.* I wish Æneas was here, that he might propose what should be the conqueror's prize. *Lau.* Glory is a reward sufficient for victory. *Vi.* You should rather give a reward to him that is beat, to comfort him. *Lau.* Then let the victor's reward be to go into the town crowned with a bur. *Vi.* Well, it is done, provided you will go before playing upon a pipe.

Lau. It is very hot. *Vi.* That is not strange when it is mid-summer. *Lau.* Swimming is better. *Vi.* I don't love to live like a frog; I am a land animal, not an amphibious one. *Lau.* But in old times this was looked upon to be one of the most noble exercises. *Vi.* Nay, and a very useful one too. *Lau.* For what? *Vi.* If men are forced to fly in battle, they are in the best condition that can run and swim best. *Lau.* The art you speak of is not to be set light by; it is as praiseworthy sometimes to run away nimbly as it is to fight stoutly. *Vi.* I cannot swim at all, and it is dangerous to converse with an unaccustomed element. *Lau.* You ought to learn then, for nobody was born an artist. *Vi.* But I have heard of a great many of these artists that have swum in, but never swam out again. *Lau.* First try with corks. *Vi.* I cannot trust more to a cork than to my feet; if you have a mind to swim, I had rather be a spectator than an actor.

THE YOUTH'S PIETY.

Erasmus, Gasper.

Er. Whence came you from? Out of some alehouse? *Ga.* No, indeed. *Er.* What, from a bowling-green? *Ga.* No, nor from

thence neither. *Er.* What, from the tavern, then? *Ga.* No. *Er.* Well, since I cannot guess, tell me. *Ga.* From St. Mary's Church. *Er.* What business had you there? *Ga.* I saluted some persons. *Er.* Who? *Ga.* Christ, and some of the saints. *Er.* You have more religion than is common to one of your age. *Ga.* Religion is becoming to every age. *Er.* If I had a mind to be religious, I would become a monk. *Ga.* And so would I too, if a monk's hood carried in it as much piety as it does warmth. *Er.* There is an old saying, a young saint and an old devil. *Ga.* But I believe that old saying came from old Satan: I can hardly think an old man to be truly religious that has not been so in his young days. Nothing is learned to greater advantage than what we learn in our youngest years.

Er. What is that which is called religion? *Ga.* It is the pure worship of God, and observation of His commandments. *Er.* What are they? *Ga.* It is too long to relate all; but I will tell you in short, it consists in four things. *Er.* What are they? *Ga.* In the first place, that we have a true and pious apprehension of God himself and the holy Scriptures; and that we not only stand in awe of Him as a Lord, but that we love Him with all our heart, as a most beneficent father; 2nd, That we take the greatest care to keep ourselves blameless—that is, that we do no injury to any one; 3rd, That we exercise charity, *i.e.*, to deserve well of all persons (as much as in us lies); 4th, That we practise patience, *i.e.*, to bear patiently injuries that are offered us when we cannot prevent them, not revenging them, nor requiting evil for evil. *Er.* You hold forth finely; but do you practise what you teach? *Ga.* I endeavour it manfully. *Er.* How can you do it like a man, when you are but a boy? *Ga.* I meditate according to my ability, and call myself to an account every day, and correct myself for what I have done amiss. That was unhandsomely done, this saucily said, this was incautiously acted; in that it were better to have held my peace, that was neglected. *Er.* When do you come to this reckoning? *Ga.* Most commonly at night; or at any time that I am most at leisure.

Er. But tell me, in what studies do you spend the day? *Ga.* I will hide nothing from so intimate a companion. In the morning, as soon as I am awake (and that is commonly about six o'clock, or sometimes at five), I sign myself with my finger in the forehead and breast with the sign of the cross. *Er.* What, then? *Ga.* I begin the day in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. *Er.* Indeed that is very piously done. *Ga.* By and by I put up a short ejaculation to Christ. *Er.* What dost thou say to Him? *Ga.* I give Him thanks that He has been pleased to bless me that night; and I pray Him that He would in like manner prosper me the whole of that day, so as may be for His glory and my soul's good; and that He who is the true Light that never sets, the eternal Sun that enlivens, nourishes, and exhilarates all things, would vouchsafe to enliven my soul, that I may not fall into sin; but by His guidance, may attain everlasting life. *Er.* A very good beginning of the day indeed. *Ga.* And then, having bid my parents good morrow, to whom next to God I owe the greatest reverence, when it is time I go to school; but so that I may pass by some church, if I can conveniently. *Er.* What do you do there? *Ga.* I salute Jesus again in three words, and all the saints, either men

or women; but the Virgin Mary by name, and especially that I account most peculiarly my own.

Er. Indeed, you seem to have read that sentence of Cato, *Saluta libenter*, to good purpose; was it not enough to have saluted Christ in the morning, without saluting Him again presently? Are you not afraid lest you should be troublesome by your over officiousness? *Ga.* Christ loves to be often called upon. *Er.* But it seems to be ridiculous to speak to one you don't see. *Ga.* No more do I see that part of me that speaks to Him. *Er.* What part is that? *Ga.* My mind. *Er.* But it seems to be labour lost to salute one that does not salute you again. *Ga.* He frequently salutes again by His secret inspiration; and he answers sufficiently that gives what is asked of him. *Er.* What is it you ask of Him? for I perceive your salutations are petitionary, like those of beggars. *Ga.* Indeed you are very right; for I pray that He who, when He was a boy of about twelve years of age, sitting in the temple, taught the doctors themselves, and to whom the heavenly Father, by a voice from heaven, gave authority to teach mankind, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him;" and who is the eternal wisdom of the most high Father, would vouchsafe to enlighten my understanding to receive wholesome learning, that I may use it to His glory.

Er. Who are those saints that you call peculiarly yours? *Ga.* Of the apostles, St. Paul; of the martyrs, St. Cyprian; of the doctors, Jerome; of the virgins, St. Agnes. *Er.* How came these to be yours more than the rest? Was it by choice or by chance? *Ga.* They fell to me by lot. *Er.* But you only salute them, I suppose; do you beg anything of them? *Ga.* I pray that by their suffrages they would recommend me to Christ, and procure that by His assistance it may in time come to pass that I be made one of their company. *Er.* Indeed, what you ask for is no ordinary thing. But what do you do, then? *Ga.* I go to school, and do what is to be done there with my utmost endeavour; I so implore Christ's assistance, as if my study without it would signify nothing; and I study as if He offered no help but to him that labours industriously; and I do my utmost not to deserve to be beaten, nor to offend my master either in word or deed, nor any of my companions. *Er.* You are a good boy to mind these things. *Ga.* When school is done I make haste home, and if I can I take a church in my way, and in three words I salute Jesus again; and I pay my respects to my parents; and if I have any time, I repeat, either by myself or with one of my school-fellows, what was dictated in school.

Er. Indeed you are a very good husband of time. *Ga.* No wonder I am of that, which is the most precious thing in the world, and when past is irrecoverable. *Er.* And Hesiod teaches that good husbandry ought to be in the middle; it is too soon in the beginning, and too late in the end. *Ga.* Hesiod spoke right enough concerning wine, but of time no good husbandry is unseasonable. If you let a hogshead of wine alone it will not empty itself; but time is always flying, sleeping or waking. *Er.* I confess so; but what do you do after that? *Ga.* When my parents sit down to dinner I say grace, and then wait at table till I am bid to take my own dinner; and having returned thanks, if I have any time left I divert myself with

my companions with some lawful recreation till the time comes to go to school again. *Er.* Do you salute Jesus again? *Ga.* Yes, if I have an opportunity; but if it so happen that I have not an opportunity, or it be not seasonable, as I pass by the church I salute Him mentally; and then I do what is to be done at school with all my might; and when I go home again I do what I did before dinner. After supper I divert myself with some pleasant stories; and afterwards bidding my parents and the family good night, I go to bed betimes, and there, kneeling down by the bedside, as I have said, I say over those things I have been learning that day at school; if I have committed any great fault, I implore Christ's clemency, that He would pardon me, and I promise amendment: and if I have committed no fault, I thank Him for His goodness in preserving me from all vice, and then I commend myself to Him with all my soul, that He would preserve me from the attempts of my evil genius and filthy dreams. When this is done, and I am got into bed, I cross my forehead and breast, and compose myself to rest. *Er.* In what posture do you compose yourself? *Ga.* I don't lie upon my face or my back, but first leaning upon my right side, I fold my arms across, so that they may defend my breast, as it were with the figure of a cross, with my right hand upon my left shoulder, and my left upon my right, and so I sleep sweetly, either till I awake of myself or am called up. *Er.* You are a little saint that can do thus. *Ga.* You are a little fool for saying so. *Er.* I praise your method, and I would I could practise it. *Ga.* Give your mind to it and you will do it; for when once you have accustomed yourself to it for a few months, these things will be pleasant and become natural.

Er. But I want to hear concerning divine service. *Ga.* I don't neglect that, especially upon holy days. *Er.* How do you manage yourself on holy days? *Ga.* In the first place, I examine myself if my mind be polluted by any stain of sin. *Er.* And if you find it is, what do you then? Do you refrain from the altar? *Ga.* Not by my bodily presence, but I withdraw myself, as to my mind, and standing as it were afar off, as though not daring to lift up my eyes to God the Father, whom I have offended, I strike upon my breast, crying out with the publican in the gospel, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." And then, if I know I have offended any man, I take care to make him satisfaction, if I can, presently; but if I cannot do that, I resolve in my mind to reconcile my neighbour as soon as possible. If anybody has offended me, I forbear revenge, and endeavour to bring it about that he that has offended me may be made sensible of his fault and be sorry for it; but if there be no hope of that, I leave all vengeance to God. *Er.* That is a hard task. *Ga.* Is it hard to forgive a small offence to your brother, whose mutual forgiveness thou wilt stand in frequent need of, when Christ has at once forgiven us all our offences, and is every day forgiving us? Nay, this seems to me not be liberality to our neighbour, but putting interest to God; just as though one fellow-servant should agree with another to forgive him three groats that his lord might forgive him ten talents.

Er. You, indeed, argue very rationally, if what you say be true. *Ga.* Can you desire anything truer than the Gospel? *Er.* That is unreasonable; but there are some who cannot believe themselves to be

Christians unless they hear mass, as they call it, every day. *Ga.* Indeed I don't condemn the practice in those that have time enough, and spend whole days in profane exercises; but I only disapprove of those who superstitiously fancy that that day must needs be unfortunate to them that they have not began with the mass; and presently after divine service is over they go either to trading, gaming, or the court, where whatsoever succeeds, though done justly or unjustly, they attribute to the mass. *Er.* Are there any persons that are so absurd? *Ga.* The greatest part of mankind.

Er. But return to divine service. *Ga.* If I can I get to stand so close by the holy altar that I can hear what the priest reads, especially the epistle and the gospel; from these I endeavour to pick something, which I fix in my mind, and this I ruminate upon for some time. *Er.* Don't you pray at all in the meantime? *Ga.* I do pray, but rather mentally than vocally. From the things the priest reads I take occasion of prayer. *Er.* Explain that a little more. I don't well take in what you mean. *Ga.* I will tell you; suppose this epistle was read, "Purge out the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened." On occasion of these words I thus address myself to Christ, "I wish I were the unleavened bread, pure from all leaven of malice; but do thou, O Lord Jesus, who alone art pure and free from all malice, grant that I may every day more and more purge out the old leaven." Again, if the gospel chance to be read concerning the sower sowing his seed, I thus pray with myself, "Happy is he that deserves to be that good ground, and I pray that of barren ground He of His great goodness would make me good ground, without whose blessing nothing at all is good." These, for example sake, for it would be tedious to mention everything. But if I happen to meet with a dumb priest, such as there are many in Germany, or that I cannot get near the altar, I commonly get a little book that has the gospel of that day and epistle, and this I either say out aloud or run it over with my eye.

Er. I understand; but with what contemplations chiefly dost thou pass away the time? *Ga.* I give thanks to Jesus Christ for His unspeakable love, in condescending to redeem mankind by His death; I pray that He would not suffer His most holy blood to be shed in vain for me, but that with His body He would always feed my soul; and that with His blood He would quicken my spirit, that, growing by little and little in the increase of graces, I may be made a fit member of His mystical body, which is the church; nor may ever fall from that holy covenant that He made with His elect disciples at the last supper, when He distributed the bread and gave the cup; and through these, with all who are engraffed into His society by baptism. And if I find my thoughts to wander, I read some psalms, or some pious matter, that may keep my mind from wandering. *Er.* Have you any particular psalms for this purpose? *Ga.* I have; but I have not so tied myself up to them but that I can omit them if any meditation comes into my mind that is more refreshing than the recitation of those psalms.

Er. What do you do as to fasting? *Ga.* I have nothing to do with fasting; for so Jerome has taught me, that health is not to be impaired by fasting until the body is arrived at its full strength. I

am not quite seventeen years old; but yet, if I find occasion, I dine and sup sparingly, that I may be more lively for spiritual exercises on holy days.

Er. Since I have began, I will go through with my inquiries. How do you find yourself affected towards sermons? *Ga.* Very well. I go to them as devoutly as if I was going to a holy assembly; and yet I pick and choose whom to hear, for there are some one had better not hear than hear; and if such an one happens to preach, or if it happen that nobody preaches, I pass this time in reading the scriptures. I read the gospel or epistle, with Chrysostom's or Jerome's interpretation, or any other learned interpreter that I meet with. *Er.* But word of mouth is more affecting. *Ga.* I confess it is. I had rather hear, if I can but meet with a tolerable preacher; but I don't seem to be wholly destitute of a sermon if I hear Chrysostom or Jerome speaking by their writings.

Er. I am of your mind; but how do you stand affected as to confession? *Ga.* Very well, for I confess daily. *Er.* Every day? *Ga.* Yes. *Er.* Then you ought to keep a priest to yourself. *Ga.* But I confess to Him who only truly remits sins, to whom all the power is given. *Er.* To whom? *Ga.* To Christ. *Er.* And do you think that is sufficient? *Ga.* It would be enough for me, if it were enough for the rulers of the church, and received custom. *Er.* Who do you call the rulers of the church? *Ga:* The popes, bishops, and apostles. *Er.* And do you put Christ into this number? *Ga.* He is, without controversy, the chief head of them all. *Er.* And was He the author of this confession in use? *Ga.* He is, indeed, the author of all good; but whether He appointed confession as it is now used in the church, I leave to be disputed by divines. The authority of my betters is enough for me that am but a lad and a private person. This is certainly the principal confession; nor is it an easy matter to confess to Christ; nobody confesses to Him but he that is angry with his sin. If I have committed any great offence, I lay it open, and bewail it to Him, and implore His mercy; I cry out, weep and lament, nor do I give over before I feel the love of sin thoroughly purged from the bottom of my heart, and some tranquillity and cheerfulness of mind follow upon it, which is an argument of the sin being pardoned. And when the time requires to go to the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ, then I make confession to a priest too, but in few words, and nothing but what I am well satisfied are faults, or such that carry in them a very great suspicion that they are such; neither do I always take it to be a capital or enormous crime everything that is done contrary to human constitutions, unless a wicked contemptuousness shall go along with it; nay, I scarce believe any crime to be capital that has not malice joined with it—that is, a perverse will.

Er. I commend you, that you are so religious, and yet not superstitious. Here, I think, the old proverb takes place, *Nec omnia, nec passim, nec quibuslibet*, that a person should neither speak all, nor everywhere, nor to all persons. *Ga.* I choose me a priest that I can trust with the secrets of my heart. *Er.* That is wisely done, for there are a great many, as is found by experience, do blab out what in confessions is discovered to them; and there are some vile impudent fellows that inquire of the person confessing those things that it were

better if they were concealed; and there are some unlearned and foolish fellows who, for the sake of filthy gain, lend their ear, but apply not their mind, who cannot distinguish between a fault and a good deed, nor can neither teach, comfort, nor advise. These things I have heard from many, and in part have experienced myself. *Ga.* And I, too, much; therefore, I choose me one that is learned, grave, of approved integrity, and one that keeps his tongue within his teeth. *Er.* Truly, you are happy that can make a judgment of things so early.

Ga. But, above all, I take care of doing anything that I cannot safely trust a priest with. *Er.* That is the best thing in the world, if you can but do so. *Ga.* Indeed, it is hard to us of ourselves, but by the help of Christ it is easy; the greatest matter is, that there be a will to it. I often renew my resolution, especially upon Sundays; and, besides that, I endeavour as much as I can to keep out of evil company, and associate myself with good company, by whose conversation I may be bettered. *Er.* Indeed you manage yourself rightly, for evil conversations corrupt good manners. *Ga.* I shun idleness as the plague. *Er.* You are very right, for idleness is the root of all evil; but, as the world goes now, he must live by himself that would keep out of bad company. *Ga.* What you say is very true, for, as the Greek wise men said, the bad are the greatest number. But I choose the best out of a few, and sometimes a good companion makes his companion better. I avoid those diversions that incite to naughtiness, and use those that are innocent. I behave myself courteous to all, but familiarly with none but those that are good. If I happen at any time to fall into bad company, I either correct them by a soft admonition, or wink at and bear with them, if I can do them no good; but I be sure to get out of their company as soon as I can.

Er. Had you never an itching mind to become a monk. *Ga.* Never; but I have been often solicited to it by some that call you into a monastery, as into a port from a shipwreck. *Er.* Say you so? Were they in hopes of a prey? *Ga.* They set upon both me and my parents with a great many crafty persuasions; but I have taken a resolution not to give my mind either to matrimony or priesthood, nor to be a monk, nor to any kind of life out of which I cannot extricate myself before I know myself very well. *Er.* When will that be? *Ga.* Perhaps never. But before the twenty-eighth year of one's age nothing should be resolved on. *Er.* Why so? *Ga.* Because I hear everywhere so many priests, monks, and married men lamenting that they hurried themselves rashly into servitude. *Er.* You are very cautious not to be caught. *Ga.* In the meantime I take a special care of three things. *Er.* What are they? *Ga.* First of all, to make a good progress in morality, and if I cannot do that, I am resolved to maintain an unspotted innocence and good name; and last of all I furnish myself with languages and sciences that will be of use in any kind of life. *Er.* But do you neglect the poets? *Ga.* Not wholly, but I read generally the chastest of them; and if I meet with anything that is not modest, I pass that by, as Ulysses passed by the syrens, stopping his ears.

Er. To what kind of study do you chiefly addict yourself? To physic, the common or civil law, or to divinity? For languages, the sciences and philosophy, are all conducive to any profession whatso-

ever. *Ga.* I have not yet thoroughly betaken myself to any one particularly, but I take a taste of all, that I be not wholly ignorant of any; and the rather, that having tasted of all I may the better choose that I am fittest for. Medicine is a certain portion in whatsoever land a man is; the law is the way to preferment; but I like divinity the best, saving that the manners of some of the professors of it, and the bitter contentions that are among them, displease me. *Er.* He will not be very apt to fall that goes so warily along. Many in these days are frightened from divinity, because they are afraid they should not be found in the Catholic faith, because they see no principle of religion but what is called in question.

Ga. I believe firmly what I read in the Holy Scriptures, and the creed called the apostles, and I don't trouble my head any further. I leave the rest to be disputed and defined by the clergy, if they please; and if anything is in common use with Christians that is not repugnant to the Holy Scriptures, I observe it for this reason, that I may not offend other people. *Er.* What Thales taught you that philosophy? *Ga.* When I was a boy and very young, I happened to live in the house with that honestest of men, John Colet; do you know him? *Er.* Know him, ay, as well as I do you. *Ga.* He instructed me when I was young in these precepts. *Er.* You will not envy me, I hope, if I endeavour to imitate you? *Ga.* Nay, by that means you will be much dearer to me. For you know, familiarity and good will are closer tied by similitude of manners. *Er.* True, but not among candidates for the same office, when they are both sick of the same disease. *Ga.* No, nor between two sweethearts of the same mistress, when they are both sick of the same love. *Er.* But without jesting, I will try to imitate that course of life. *Ga.* I wish you as good success as may be. *Er.* It may be I shall overtake thee. *Ga.* I wish you might get before me; but in the meantime I will not stay for you; but I will every day endeavour to out-go myself, and do you endeavour to out-go me, if you can.

HUNTING AND FISHING.

Paul, Thomas, Vincent, Laurence, Bartholus.

Pa. Every one to his mind. I love hunting. *Th.* And so do I too; but where are the dogs? the hunting poles? and the hunting nets? *Pa.* Farewell boars, bears, bucks, and foxes, we will lay snares for rabbits. *Vi.* But I will set gins for locusts and crickets. *La.* But I will catch frogs. *Ba.* I will hunt butterflies. *La.* It is difficult to follow flying creatures. *Ba.* It is difficult, but it is fine sport; unless you think it finer sport to hunt after earthworms, snails, or cockles, because they have no wings.

La. Indeed I had rather go a fishing; I have a neat hook. *Ba.* But where will you get baits? *La.* There are earthworms enough everywhere to be had. *Ba.* So there is, if they would but creep out of the ground to you. *La.* But I will make a great many thousands jump out presently. *Ba.* How? By witchcraft? *La.* You shall see the art. Fill this bucket with water, break these green peels of

walnuts to pieces and put into it: wet the ground with the water. Now mind a little, do you see them coming out? *Ba.* I see a miracle. I believe the armed men started out of the earth after this manner from the serpents' teeth that were sown. But a great many fish are of too fine and delicate a palate to be caught by such a vulgar bait. *La.* I know a certain sort of an insect that I used to catch such with. *Ba.* See if you can impose upon the fishes so; I will make work with the frogs. *La.* How, with a net? *Ba.* No, with a bow. *La.* That is a new way of fishing! *Ba.* But it is a pleasant one; you will say so when you see it.

Vi. What if we two should play at holding up our fingers? *Ba.* That is an idle, clownish play, indeed, fitter for them that are sitting in a chimney corner, than those that are ranging in the field. *Vi.* What if we should play at cob-nut? *Pa.* Let us let nuts alone for little chits, we are great boys. *Vi.* And yet we are but boys for all that. *Pa.* But they that are fit to play at cob-nut are fit to ride upon a hobby-horse. *Vi.* Well then, do you say what we shall play at; and I will play at what you will. *Pa.* And I will be conformable.

SCHOOL EXERCISES AND PLAY.

Sylvius, John.

Sy. What makes you run so, John? *Jo.* What makes a hare run before the dogs, as they use to say? *Sy.* What proverb is this? *Jo.* Because unless I am there in time, before the bill is called over, I am sure to be whipped. *Sy.* You need not be afraid of that; it is but a little past five. Look upon the clock, the hand is not come to the half hour point yet. *Jo.* Ay, but I can scarce trust to clocks, they go wrong sometimes. *Sy.* But trust me, then, I heard the clock strike. *Jo.* What did that strike? *Sy.* Five. *Jo.* But there is something else that I am more afraid of than that; I must say by heart a good long lesson for yesterday, and I am afraid I cannot say it. *Sy.* I am in the same case with you; for I myself have hardly got mine as it should be. *Jo.* And you know the master's severity. Every fault is a capital one with him: he has no more mercy of our breeches than if they were made of a bull's hide. *Sy.* But he will not be in the school. *Jo.* Who has he appointed in his place? *Sy.* Cornelius. *Jo.* That squint-eyed fellow! Woe to our backsides, he is a greater whipmaster than Busby himself. *Sy.* You say very true, and for that reason I have often wished he had a palsy in his arm. *Jo.* It is not pious to wish ill to one's master: it is our business rather to take care not to fall under the tyrant's hands. *Sy.* Let us say one to another, one repeating and the other looking on the book. *Jo.* That is well thought of. *Sy.* Come, be of good heart; for fear spoils the memory. *Jo.* I could easily lay aside fear, if I were out of danger; but who can be at ease in his mind that is in so much danger? *Sy.* I confess so; but we are not in danger of our heads, but of our tails.

Cornelius, Andrew.

WRITING.—*Co.* You write finely, but your paper sinks. Your paper

is damp, and the ink sinks through it. *An.* Pray make me a pen of this. *Co.* I have not a penknife. *An.* Here is one for you. *Co.* Out on it, how blunt it is! *An.* Take the hone. *Co.* Do you love to write with a hard-nibbed pen or a soft? *An.* Make it fit for your own hand. *Co.* I used to write with a soft nib. *An.* Pray write me out the alphabet. *Co.* Greek or Latin? *An.* Write me the Latin first; I will try to imitate it. *Co.* Give me some paper, then. *An.* Take some. *Co.* But my ink is too thin by often pouring in of water. *An.* But my cotton is quite dry. *Co.* Squeeze it, or else piss in it. *An.* I had rather get somebody to give me some. *Co.* It is better to have of one's own than to borrow. *An.* What is a scholar without pen and ink? *Co.* The same that a soldier is without shield or sword. *An.* I wish my fingers were so nimble, I cannot write as fast as another speaks. *Co.* Let it be your first chief care to write well, and your next to write quick: no more haste than good speed. *An.* Very well; say to the master when he dictates, no more haste than good speed.

Peter, Christian.

A FORM OF GIVING THANKS.—*Pe.* You have obliged me, in that you have written to me sometimes. I thank you for writing to me often. I love you, that you have not thought much to send me now and then a letter. I give you thanks that you have visited me with frequent letters. I thank you for loading me with packets of letters. I thank you heartily. Thanks that you have now and then provoked me with letters. You have obliged me very much that you have honoured me with your letters. I am much beholden to you for your most obliging letters to me. I take it as a great favour, that you have not thought much to write to me.

THE ANSWER.—*Ch.* Indeed I ought to beg pardon for my presumption, who dared presume to trouble a man of so much business, and so much learning with my unlearned letter. I acknowledge your usual humanity, who have taken my boldness in good part. I was afraid my letters had given you some offence, that you sent me no answer. There is no reason that you should thank me; it is more than enough for me, if you have taken my industry in good part.

A FORM OF ASKING AFTER NEWS.—*Pe.* Is there no news come from our country? Have you had any news from our countrymen? What news? Do you bring any news? Is there any news come to town? Is there any news abroad from our country?

THE ANSWER.—*Ch.* There is much news, but nothing of truth. News enough, indeed; but nothing certain. A great deal of news; but nothing to be depended upon. Not a little news; but not much truth. There is no news come. I have had no news at all. Something of news, but nothing certain. There are a great many reports come to town; but they are all doubtful. There is a great deal of talk; but nothing true, nothing certain. If lies please, I have brought you a whole cartload of them. I bring you whole bushels of tales. I bring you as many lies as a good ship will carry. *Pe.* Then unlade yourself as fast as you can, for fear you should sink, being so over-freighted. *Ch.* I have nothing but what is the chat of barbers' shops, coaches, and boats.

HAVE NOT YOU RECEIVED ANY LETTERS—THE FORM.—*Pe.* Have

you had no letters? Have you had any letters out of your own country? Have no letters been brought to you? Have you received any letters? Have you had any letters? Have you received any letters from your friends? Are there no letters come from France?

THE ANSWER.—*Ch.* I have received no letters. I have not had so much as a letter. I have not had the least bit of a letter. Nobody has sent me any letter. There is not the least word come from anybody. I have received no more letters for this long time than what you see in my eye. Indeed I had rather have money than letters. I had rather receive money than letters. I don't matter letters, so the money does but come. I had rather be paid than be written to.

I BELIEVE SO—THE FORM.—*Pe.* I easily believe you. That is not hard to be believed. It is a very easy thing to believe that. Who would not believe you in that? He will be very incredulous that won't believe you in that matter. In truth I do believe you. You will easily make me believe that. I can believe you without swearing. What you say is very likely. But for all that, letters bring some comfort. I had rather have either of them than neither.

PROFIT—A FORM.—*Ch.* What signifies letters without money? What signifies empty letters? What do empty letters avail? What good do they do, what do they profit, advantage? To whom are letters grateful or acceptable without money? What advantage do empty letters bring? What are idle letters good for? What do they do? What use are they of? What are they good for? What do they bring with them of moment? What use are empty letters of?

THE ANSWER.—*Pe.* They are useful, fit, proper, to wipe your breech with. They are good to wipe your backside with. If you don't know the use of them, they are good to wipe your arse with. To wipe your breech with. To wipe your backside with. They are good to cleanse that part of the body that often fouls itself. They are good to wrap mackerel in. Good to make up grocery ware in.

OF WISHING WELL: 1. TO A MAN WHOSE WIFE IS WITH CHILD. —*Pe.* What, are our little friends well? How does your wife do? *Ch.* Very well; I left her with her mother, and with child. *Pe.* I wish it may be well for you, and her too: to you because you are shortly to be a father and she a mother. God be with you. I pray and desire that it may be prosperous and happy to you both. I pray, I beg of God that she, having a safe delivery, may bear a child worthy of you both; and may make you a father of a fine child. I commend you that you have shewed yourself to be a man. I am glad you have proved yourself to be a man. You have shewed yourself to be a Gallus but not Cybele's. Now you may go; I believe you are a man. *Ch.* You joke upon me, as you are used to do. Well, go on, you may say what you please to me.

TO ONE COMING HOME INTO HIS OWN COUNTRY.—*Ch.* I hear you have lately been in your own country. *Pe.* I have so, I had been out of it a pretty while. I could not bear to be out of it long. I could not bear to be out of my parents' sight any longer. I thought long till I enjoyed my friends' company. *Ch.* You have acted very piously. You are very good humoured to think of those matters. We have all a strange affection for the country that hath bred us and brought us forth.

As Ovid says:

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

"Pray tell me how did you find all things there."

ALL THINGS NEW—THE FORM.—*Pe.* Nothing but what was new. All things changed, all things become new. See how soon time changes all human affairs. Methought I came into another world. I had scarce been absent ten years, and yet I admired at everything, as much as Epimenides, the prince of sleepers, when he first waked out of his sleep. *Ch.* What story is that? what fable is that? *Pe.* I will tell you, if you are at leisure. *Ch.* There is nothing more pleasant. *Pe.* Then order me a chair and a cushion. *Ch.* That is very well thought on, for you will tell lies the better sitting at ease. *Pe.* Historians tell us a story of one Epimenides, a man of Crete, who, taking a walk alone by himself without the city, being caught in a hasty shower of rain, went for shelter into a cave, and there fell asleep, and slept on for seven-and-forty years together.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT—THE FORM.—*Ch.* What a story you tell? It is incredible. What you say is not very likely. You tell me a fiction. I don't think it is true. You tell me a monstrous story. Are you not ashamed to be guilty of so wicked a lie? This is a fable fit to be put among Lucian's legends. *Pe.* Nay, I tell you what is related by authors of credit, unless you think Aulus Gellius is not an author of approved credit. *Ch.* Nay, whatsoever he has written are oracles to me. *Pe.* Do you think that a divine dreamed so many years? for it is storied that he was a divine. *Ch.* I am with child to hear.

THE ANSWER.—*Pe.* What is it more than what Scotus and the schoolmen did afterwards? But Epimenides, he came off pretty well, he came to himself again at last; but a great many divines never wake out of their dreams. *Ch.* Well, go on, you do like a poet, but go on with your lie. *Pe.* Epimenides, waking out of his sleep, goes out of his cave and looks about him, and sees all things changed—the woods, the banks, the rivers, the trees, the fields; and, in short, there was nothing but was new. He goes to the city and inquires; he stays there a little while, but knows nobody, nor did anybody know him. The men were dressed after another fashion than what they were before, they had not the same countenances, their speech was altered, and their manners quite different. Nor do I wonder it was so with Epimenides, after so many years, when it was almost so with me, when I had been absent but a few years. *Ch.* But how do your father and mother do? Are they living? *Pe.* They are both alive and well, but pretty much worn out with old age, diseases, and lastly, with the calamities of war. *Ch.* This is the comedy of human life. This is the inevitable law of destiny.

WORDS: NAMES OF AFFINITY.—*Pe.* Will you sup at home to-day? *Ch.* I am to sup abroad; I must go out to supper. *Pe.* With whom? *Ch.* With my father-in-law, with my son-in-law, at my daughter-in-law's, with my kinsman. They are called *affines*, kinsmen, who are allied not by blood, but marriage. *Pe.* What are the usual names of affinity? *Ch.* A husband and wife are noted names.

Socer, Is my wife's father.

Gener, My daughter's husband.

Socrus, My wife's mother.
Nurus, My son's wife.
Levir, A husband's brother. Levir is called by the wife, as Helen calls Hector Levir, because she was married to Paris.
Fratria, My brother's wife.
Glos, A husband's sister.
Vitricus, My mother's husband.
Noverca, My father's wife.
Privignus, The son of my wife or husband.
Privigna, The daughter of either of them.
Rivalis, He that loves the same woman another does.
Pellex, She that loves the same man another does; as, Thraso is the rival of Phrœdria, and Europa the pellex of Juno.

INVITING TO A FEAST: DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW.—*Pe.* I give you thanks, I commend you, I invite you to supper against to-morrow, I entreat your company at supper to-morrow. I desire you would come to dinner with me to-morrow. I would have your company at dinner to-morrow.

I FEAR I CANNOT COME.—*Ch.* I fear I cannot. I am afraid I cannot. I will come if I can, but I am afraid I cannot.

WHY?—*Pe.* Why cannot you? How so? Why so? Wherefore? For what reason? For what cause? What hinders you that you cannot?

I MUST STAY AT HOME.—*Ch.* Indeed I must be at home at that time. I must needs be at home at night. I must not be abroad at that time. I shall not have an opportunity to go out anywhere to-morrow. I must not be absent at dinner. I expect some guests myself upon that day. Some friends have made an appointment to sup at our house that night. I have some guests to entertain that night, or else I would come with all my heart. Unless it were so I would not be unwilling to come. If it were not so I should not want much entreating. I would make no excuse if I could come. If I could come, I would not be asked twice. If I could by any means come, I would come with a very little, or without any invitation at all. If I could, I would obey your command very readily. It is in vain to ask one that is not at his own disposal, and there would be no need to ask me if I could come; but at present, though I had ever so much mind, I cannot; and it would be altogether unnecessary to ask one that is willing. *Pe.* Then pray let me have your company the next day after. However, I must needs have your company at supper the next day after to-morrow. You must not deny me your company four days hence. You must make no excuse as to coming next Thursday.

I CANNOT PROMISE.—*Ch.* I cannot promise. I cannot positively promise you. I cannot certainly promise you. I will come when it shall be most convenient for us both.

YOU OUGHT TO SET THE DAY.—*Pe.* I would have you appoint a day when you will come to sup with me. You must assign a day. You must set the day. I desire a certain day may be prefixed, prescribed, appointed, set; but set a certain day. I would have you tell me the day.

I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU KNOW BEFOREHAND.—*Ch.* Indeed I don't use to set a day for my friends. I am used to set a day for those I am at law with. I would not have you know beforehand. I will

take you at unawares. I will come unexpectedly. I will catch you when you don't think on me. I shall take you when you don't think on me. I will come unlooked for. I will come upon you before you are aware. I will come an uninvited and unexpected guest.

I WOULD KNOW BEFOREHAND.—*Pe.* I would know two days beforehand. I would know two days before. Give me notice two days before you come. Make me acquainted two days before. *Ch.* If you will have me, I will make a sybaritical appointment, that you may have time enough to provide aforehand. *Pe.* What appointment is that? *Ch.* The Sybarites invited their guests against the next year, that they might both have time to be prepared. *Pe.* Away with the Sybarites and their troublesome entertainments; I invite an old crony, and not a courtier.

YOU DESIRE TO YOUR OWN DETRIMENT.—*Ch.* Indeed it is to your detriment. Indeed it is to your own harm. To your own loss. You wish for it. You pray for that to your own ill-convenience. *Pe.* Why so, wherefore? *Ch.* I will come provided. I will come prepared. I will set upon you accoutred. I will come furnished with a sharp stomach; do you take care that you have enough to satisfy a vulture. I will prepare my belly and whet my teeth; do you look to it, to get enough to satisfy a wolf. *Pe.* Come and welcome. I dare you to it. Come on, if you can do anything, do it to your utmost, with all your might. *Ch.* I will come, but I will not come alone. *Pe.* You shall be the more welcome for that; but who will you bring with you? *Ch.* My umbra. *Pe.* You cannot do otherwise if you come in the day-time. *Ch.* Ay, but I will bring one umbra or two that have got teeth, that you shall not have invited me for nothing. *Pe.* Well, do as you will, so you don't bring any ghosts along with you. But, if you please, explain what is the meaning of the word umbra. *Ch.* Among the learned they are called umbræ, who, being uninvited, bear another person that is invited company to a feast. *Pe.* Well, bring such ghosts along with you, as many as you will.

I PROMISE UPON THIS CONDITION.—*Ch.* Well, I will come, but upon this condition, that you shall come to supper with me the next day. I will do it upon this condition, that you shall be my guest afterwards. Upon that condition I promise to come to supper, that you again shall be my guest. I promise I will, but upon these terms, that you in the like manner shall be my guest the next day. I promise I will, I give you my word I will, upon this consideration, that you dine with me the next day. *Pe.* Come on, let it be done, let it be so. It shall be as you would have it. If you command me, I will do it. I know the French ambition, you will not sup with me but you will make me amends for it. And so by this means feasts use to go round. From hence it comes to pass, that it is a long time before we have done feasting one with another. By this interchangeableness feasts become reciprocal without end. *Ch.* It is the pleasantest way of living in the world, if no more provision be made, but what is used to be made daily.

But, I detain you, it may be, when you are going some whither. *Pe.* Nay, I believe, I do you. But we will talk more largely and more freely to-morrow. But we will divert ourselves to-morrow more

plentifully. In the meantime take care of your health. In the meantime take care to keep yourself in good health. Farewell till then.

WHITHER ARE YOU GOING?—THE FORM.—*Ch.* Where are you a going now? Whither are you going so fast? Where are you going in such great haste? Whither go you? What is your way?

I GO HOME—THE FORM.—*Pe.* I go home. I return home. I go home. I return home. I go home. I go to see what they are a doing at home. I go to call a doctor. I am going into the country. I made an appointment just at this time to go to speak with a certain great man. I made an appointment to meet a great man at this time. *Ch.* Whom? *Pe.* Talkative Curio. *Ch.* I wish you Mercury's assistance. *Pe.* What need of Mercury's assistance? *Ch.* Because you have to do with a man of words. *Pe.* Then it were more proper to wish the assistance of the goddess Memoria. *Ch.* Why so? *Pe.* Because you will have more occasion for patient ears, than a strenuous tongue. And the ear is dedicated to the goddess Memoria.

Ch. Whither are you going? Whither will you go? *Pe.* This way, to the left hand. This way, that way, through the market. *Ch.* Then I will bear you company as far as the next turning. *Pe.* I will not let you go about. You shall not put yourself to so much trouble upon my account. Save that trouble till it shall be of use; it is altogether unnecessary at this time. Don't go out of your way upon my account. *Ch.* I reckon I save my time while I enjoy the company of so good a friend. I have nothing else to do, and I am not so lazy, if my company will not be troublesome. *Pe.* Nobody is a more pleasant companion. But I will not suffer you to go on my left hand. I will not let you walk on my left hand. Here I bid God be with you. I shall not bear you company any longer. You shall not go further with me.

A FORM OF RECOMMENDING.—*Ch.* Recommend me kindly to Curio. Recommend me as kindly as may be to talkative Curio. Take care to recommend me heartily to Curio. I desire you to have me recommended to him. I recommend myself to him by you. I recommend myself to you again and again. I recommend myself to your favour with all the earnestness possible. Leave *recommendo* instead of *commendo* to barbarians. See that you do not be sparing of your speech with one that is full of tongue. See that you be not of few words with him that is a man of many words.

A FORM OF OBSEQUIOUSNESS.—*Pe.* Would you have me obey you? Would you have me be obedient? Shall I obey you? Then you command me to imitate you. Since you would have it so, I will do it with all my heart. Don't hinder me any longer; don't let us hinder one another. *Ch.* But before you go, I entreat you not to think much to teach me how I must use these sentences, *in morâ, in causâ, in culpâ;* you used to be studious of elegancy. Wherefore come on, I entreat you teach me; explain it to me, I will love you dearly.

IN CULPA, IN CAUSA, IN MORA.—*Pe.* I must do as you would have me. The fault is not in me. It is not in thee. The delay is in thee. Thou art the cause, is indeed grammatically spoken; these are more elegant.

In Culpâ.—I am not in the fault. The fault is not mine. I am without fault. Your idleness has been the cause, that you have made

no proficiency, not your master nor your father. You are all in fault. You are both in fault. You are both to be blamed. Ye are both to be accused. Ye are both in fault. You have gotten this distemper by your own ill management. In like manner they are said to be *in vitio*, to whom the fault is to be imputed; and *in crimine*, they who are to be blamed; and *in damno esse*, who are loafers. This sort of phrase is not to be inverted commonly. *Damnum in illo est. Vitium in illo est.*

In Causâ.—Sickness has been the occasion that I have not written to you. My affairs have been the cause that I have written to you so seldom, and not neglect. What was the cause? What cause was there? I was not the cause. The postman was in the fault that you have had no letters from me. Love and not study is the cause of your being so lean. This is this cause.

In Morâ.—I will not hinder you. What has hindered you? You have hindered us. You are always a hindrance. What hindered you? Who has hindered you? You have what you asked for. It is your duty to remember it. You have the reward of your respect. Farewell, my Christian. *Ch.* And fare you well till to-morrow, my Peter.

Christian, Austin.

AT MEETING.—*Ch.* God save you heartily, sweet Austin. *Au.* I wish the same to you, most kind Christian. Good morrow to you. I wish you a good day; but how do you do? *Ch.* Very well as things go, and I wish you what you wish for. *Au.* I love you deservedly. I love thee. Thou deservest to be loved heartily. Thou speakest kindly. Thou art courteous. I give thee thanks.

I AM ANGRY WITH THEE—THE FORM.—*Ch.* But I am something angry with you. But I am a little angry with you. But I am a little angry with you. But I am a little provoked at you. I have something to be angry with you for.

FOR WHAT CAUSE—THE FORM.—*Au.* I pray what is it? Why so? But why, I beseech you? What crime have I committed? What have I done? *Promereor bona*, I deserve good; *Commereor mala*, I deserve ill, or punishment. The one is used in a good sense, and the other in an ill. *Demeremer eum* is said of him that we have attached to us by kindness.

BECAUSE YOU DON'T REGARD ME.—*Ch.* Because you take no care of me. Because you don't regard me. Because you come to see us so seldom. Because you wholly neglect us. Because you quite neglect me. Because you seem to have cast off all care of us. *Au.* But there is no cause for you to be angry. But you are angry without my desert, and undeservedly; for it has not been my fault that I have come to see you but seldom. Forgive my hurry of business that has hindered me from seeing you as often as I would have done. *Ch.* I will pardon you upon this condition, if you will come to supper with me to-night. I will quit you upon that condition, if you come to supper with me in the evening. *Au.* Christian, you prescribe no hard articles of peace, and therefore I will come with all my heart. Indeed I will do it willingly. Indeed I would do that with all readiness in the world. I shall not do that unwillingly. I will not want much courting to that. There is nothing in the world that I would

do with more readiness. I will do it with a willing mind. *Ch.* I commend your obliging temper in this, and in all other things. *Au.* I use always to be thus obsequious to my friends, especially when they require nothing but what is reasonable. Oh, ridiculous! Do you think I would refuse when offered me, that which I should have asked for of my own accord.

DON'T DECEIVE ME—THE FORM.—*Ch.* Well, but take care you don't delude me. See you don't deceive me. Take care you don't make me feed a vain hope. See you don't fail my expectation. See you don't disappoint me. See you don't lull me on with a vain hope. *Au.* There is no need to swear. In other things, in other matters you may be afraid of perfidy. In this I will not deceive you. But hark you, see that you provide nothing but what you do daily: I would have no holiday made upon my account. You know that I am a guest, that am no great trencher man, but a very merry man. *Ch.* I will be sure to take care. I will entertain you with scholars' commons, if not with slenderer fare. *Au.* Nay, if you would please me, let it be with Diogenes's fare. *Ch.* You may depend upon it, I will treat you with a Platonic supper, in which you shall have a great many learned stories, and but a little meat, the pleasure of which shall last till the next day: whereas they that have been nobly entertained enjoy perhaps a little pleasure that day, but the next are troubled with the headache and sickness at the stomach. He that supped with Plato had one pleasure from the easy preparation and philosopher's stories; and another the next day, that his head did not ache, and that his stomach was not sick, and so had a good dinner of the same of last night's supper. *Au.* I like it very well, let it be as you have said. *Ch.* Do you see that you leave all your cares and melancholy airs at home, and bring nothing hither but jokes and merriment; and, as Juvenal says,

Protenus ante meum, quicquid dolet, exue limen.

"Lay all that troubles down before my door before you come into it."

Au. What, would you have me bring no learning along with me? I will bring my muses with me, unless you think it not convenient. *Ch.* Shut up your ill-natured muses at home with your business, but bring your good-natured muses, all your witty jests, your bywords, your banters, your pleasantries, your pretty sayings, and all your ridiculosities along with you. *Au.* I will do as you bid me; put on all my best looks. We will be merry fellows. We will laugh our bellies full. We will make much of ourselves. We will feast jovially. We will play the Epicureans. We will set a good face on it, and be boon blades. These are fine phrases of clownish fellows that have a peculiar way of speaking to themselves. *Ch.* Where are you going so fast? *Au.* To my son-in-law's. *Ch.* What do you do there? Why thither? What do you with him? *Au.* I hear there is disturbance among them; I am going to make them friends again, to bring them to an agreement; to make peace among them. *Ch.* You do very well, though I believe they do not want you; for they will make the matter up better among themselves. *Au.* Perhaps there is a cessation of arms, and the peace is to be concluded at night. But have you anything else to say to me? *Ch.* I will send my boy to call

you. *Au.* When you please. I shall be at home. Farewell. *Ch.* I wish you well. See that you be here by five o'clock.

Soho Peter, call Austin to supper, who you know promised to come to supper with me to-day. *Pe.* Soho! poet, God bless you, supper has been ready this good while, and my master stays for you at home, you may come when you will. *Au.* I come this minute.

THE PROFANE BANQUET.

Austin, Christian, a Boy.

Au. O my Christian, God bless you. It is very well that you are come. I am glad you are come. I congratulate myself that you are come. I believe it has not struck five yet. *Bo.* Yes, it is a good while past five. It is not far from six. It is almost six. You will hear it strike six presently. *Au.* It is no great matter whether I come before five or after five, as long as I am not come after supper; for that is a miserable thing, to come after a feast is over. What is all this great preparation for? What means all this provision? What, do you think I am a wolf? Do you take me for a wolf? Do you think I am a vulture? *Ch.* Not a vulture, nor yet do I think you a grasshopper, to live upon dew. Here is nothing of extravagancy; I always loved neatness, and abhor slovenliness. I am for being neither luxurious nor niggardly. We had better leave than lack. If I dressed but one dish of pease, and the soot should chance to fall in the pot and spoil it, what should we have to eat then? Nor does everybody love one thing; therefore I love a moderate variety. *Au.* Are you not afraid of the sumptuary laws? *Ch.* Nay, I most commonly offend on the contrary side. There is no need of the Fannian law at our house. The slenderness of my income teaches me frugality sufficiently. *Au.* This is contrary to our agreement. You promised me quite otherwise. *Ch.* Well, Mr. Fool, you don't stand to your agreement; for it was agreed upon that you should bring nothing but merry tales.

But let us have done with these matters, and wash, and sit down to supper. Soho, boy, bring a little water and a basin; hang a towel over your shoulder, pour out some water. What do you loiter for? Wash, Austin. *Au.* Do you wash first. *Ch.* Pray excuse me. I had rather eat my supper with unwashen hands this twelve months. *Au.* Oh, ridiculous! It is not he that is the most honourable, but he that is the dirtiest that should wash first; then do you wash as the dirtiest. *Ch.* You are too complaisant. You are more complaisant than enough, than is fitting. But to what purpose is all this ceremony? Let us leave these trifling ceremonies to women, they are quite kicked out of the court already, although they came from thence at first. Wash three or four at a time. Don't let us spend the time in these delays. I will not place anybody; let every one take what place he likes best. He that loves to sit by the fire will sit best here. He that cannot bear the light let him take this corner. He that loves to look about him, let him sit here. Come, here has been delays enough. Sit down. I am at home, I will take my supper standing, or walking about, which I like best. Why don't you sit down, supper will be spoiled.

Au. Now let us enjoy ourselves, and eat heartily. Now let us be Epicures. We have nothing to do with superciliousness. Farewell care, let all ill will and detraction be banished. Let us be merry, pleasant, and facetious. *Ch.* Austin, pray who are those Stoics and Epicures? *Au.* The Stoics are a certain melancholy, rigid, parsimonious sect of philosophers, who make the *summum bonum* of mankind to consist in a certain, I can't tell what, *honestum.* The Epicures are the reverse of these, and they make the felicity of a man to consist in pleasure. *Ch.* Pray what sect are you of, a Stoic or an Epicure? *Au.* I recommend Zeno's rules; but I follow Epicurus' practice. *Ch.* Austin, what you speak in jest a great many do in earnest, and are only philosophers by their cloaks and beards. *Au.* Nay, indeed they outlive the Asots in luxury.

Ch. Dromo, come hither. Do your office, say grace. *Bo.* "May He that feeds all things by His bounty command His blessing upon what is or shall be set upon this table. Amen." *Ch.* Set the victuals on the table. Why do we delay to eat up this capon? Why are we afraid to carve this cock? *Au.* I will be Hercules, and slay this beast. Which had you rather have, a wing or a leg? *Ch.* Which you will, I don't mind which. *Au.* In this sort of fowls the wing is looked upon the best; in other fowls the leg is commonly esteemed the greater dainty bit. *Ch.* I put you to a great deal of trouble. You take a great deal of trouble upon you upon my account. You help everybody else, and eat nothing yourself. I will help you to this wing; but upon this condition, that you shall give me half of it back. *Au.* Say you so; that is serving yourself and not me; keep it for yourself. I am not so bashful as to want anybody to help me. *Ch.* You do very well.

Au. Do you carve for a wolf? Have you invited a vulture? *Ch.* You fast. You do not eat. *Au.* I eat more than anybody. *Ch.* Nay, rather, you lie more than anybody. Pray be as free as if you were at your own house. *Au.* I take myself to be there, I do so. I am resolved so to do. I design to do so. *Ch.* How does this wine please you? Does this wine please your palate? *Au.* Indeed it pleases me very well. Indeed it pleases mightily. It pleases me well enough. It pleases me very well. *Ch.* Which had you rather have, red or white.

It is no Matter what Colour it is.—*Au.* Indeed I like both alike. It is no matter what colour it is, so the taste be pleasing. I do not much mind how the wine pleases the eye, so it do but please the palate. I am not much moved at the sight of it, if the taste be but grateful. It is no great matter what colour it is of, or what colour it has, if it does but taste well. I do not desire to please my eyes, if I can but please my taste. If it do but please the palate, I do not regard the colour, if it be well relished. *Ch.* I believe so. But there are some persons that are mighty deeply read in table philosophy, who deny that the wine can be good unless it pleases four senses: the eye, with its colour; the nose with its smell; the palate, with its taste; the ears, by its fame and name. *Au.* Oh, ridiculous! What signifies fame to drink? *Ch.* As much as many that have a good palate mightily approve of Louvian wine when they believe it to be Berne wine. *Au.* It may be they had spoiled their palate by much drinking.

Ch. No, before they had drank one drop. But I have a mind to hear your opinion, who are a man of great skill in these matters.

Au. Our countrymen prefer white before red, because the red is a little more upon the acid, and the white a smaller wine; but that is the milder, and in my opinion the more wholesome. We have a pale red wine, and a yellow wine, and a purple colour wine. This is new wine, this year's wine. This is two years old. If anybody is for an old wine, we have some four years old, but it is grown flat and dead with age. The strength is gone with age. *Au.* Why, you are as rich as Lucullus.

Ch. Soho, boy, where are you a loitering? You give us no attendance; don't you see we have no wine here. What if a fire should happen now? how should we put it out? Give every one a full glass.

Ch. What is the matter that you are not merry? What makes you sit so melancholy? What is the matter with you, that you are not cheerful? You are either troubled at something, or you are making verses. You play the Crysippus now, you want a Melissa to feed you. *Au.* What story is this you are telling me of? *Ch.* Crysippus is reported to have been so intent upon his logical subtilties, that he would have been starved at table, unless his maid Melissa had put the meat into his mouth. *Au.* He did not deserve to have his life saved; but if silence is an offence to you, and you love a noisy feast, you have gotten that will make one. *Ch.* I remember I have. That is very well minded: we must drink more freely, we ought to drink more largely, more wine and less water.

YOU HAVE HIT ON THE MATTER.—*Au.* You have hit the nail on the head. You are in the right. You have hit the mark. For

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Ch. That is very learnedly spoken, Austin, and so indeed is all that comes from you; but since we are fallen into a discourse concerning wine, since we have happened to make mention of wine, I have a mind to ask you, for what reason the ancients, who will have Bacchus the inventor of wine, call him the god of the poets? What has that drunken god to do with the poets, who are the votaries of the virgin muses? *Au.* By Bacchus, this is a question fit to be put over a bottle. But I see very well what your question drives at. *Ch.* What, prithee? *Au.* You very cunningly put a question about wine, by a French trick which I believe you learned at Paris, that you may save your wine by that means. Ah, go your way; I see you are a sophist; you have made a good proficiency in that school. *Ch.* Well, I take all your jokes; I will return the like to you when opportunity shall offer. But to the matter in hand. *Au.* I will go on, but I will drink first, for it is absurd to dispute about a tippling question with a dry throat. Here is to you, Christian. Half this cup to you. *Ch.* I thank you kindly, God bless it to you, much good may it do you.

Au. Now I am ready, at your service. I will do it as well as I can after my manner. That they have given a boy's face to Bacchus has this mystery in it,—that wine being drank, takes away cares and vexations from our minds, and adds a sort of a cheerfulness to them. And for this reason, it adds a sort of youthfulness even to old men, in

that it makes them more cheerful, and of a better complexion. The same thing Horace in many places, and particularly testifies in these verses,—

> Admare cum veni, generosum et lene requiro,
> Quod curas abigat, quod cum spe divite manet.
> In venas, arimumque meum, quod verba ministret,
> Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.

For that they have assigned the poets to this deity, I believe by it they designed to intimate this, that wine both stirs up wit and administers eloquence, which two things are very fit for poets. Whence it comes to pass, that your water drinkers make poor verses. For Bacchus is of a fiery constitution naturally, but he is made more temperate being united with the nymphs. Have you been answered to your satisfaction? *Ch.* I never heard anything more to the purpose from a poet. You deserve to drink out of a cup set with jewels. Boy, take away this dish, and set on another. *Au.* You have got a very clownish boy. *Ch.* He is the unluckiest knave in the world. *Au.* Why don't you teach him better manners? *Ch.* He is too old to learn. It is a hard matter to mend the manners of an old sinner. An old dog will not be easily brought to wear the collar. He is well enough for me. Like master like man.

IF I KNEW WHAT YOU LIKED I WOULD HELP YOU.—*Au.* I would cut you a slice, if I knew what would please you. I would help you if I knew your palate. I would help you, if I knew what you liked best. If I knew the disposition of your palate, I would be your carver. Indeed my palate is like my judgment. *Ch.* You have a very nice palate; nobody has a nicer palate than you have. I don't think you come behind him of whose exquisite skill the satirist says,

> Ostrea callebat primo deprendere morsu,
> Et semel aspecti dicebat littus echini.

Au. And you, my Christian, that I may return the compliment, seem to have been scholar to Epicurus, or brought up in the Catian school. For what is more delicate or nice than your palate? *Ch.* If I understood oratory so well as I do cookery, I would challenge Cicero himself. *Au.* Indeed, if I must be without one, I had rather want oratory than cookery. *Ch.* I am entirely of your mind; you judge gravely, wisely, and truly. For what is the prattle of orators good for, but to tickle idle ears with a vain pleasure? But cookery feeds and repairs the palate, the belly, and the whole man, let him be as big as he will. Cicero says, *Concedat laurea linguæ*, but both of them must give place to cookery. I never very well liked those Stoics, who, referring all things to their (I cannot tell what) honestum, thought we ought to have no regard to our persons and our palates. Aristippus was wiser than Diogenes beyond expression, in my opinion.

Au. I despise the Stoics with all their fasts. But I praise and approve Epicurus more than that cynic Diogenes, who lived upon raw herbs and water; and therefore I don't wonder that Alexander, that fortunate king, had rather be Alexander than Diogenes. *Ch.* Nor indeed would I myself, who am but an ordinary man, change my philosophy for Diogenes's; and I believe your Catius would refuse to

do it too. The philosophers of our time are wiser who are content to dispute like Stoics, but in living outdo even Epicurus himself. And yet for all that, I look upon philosophy to be one of the most excellent things in nature, if used moderately. I don't approve of philosophising too much, for it is a very jejune, barren, and melancholy thing. When I fall into any calamity or sickness, then I betake myself to philosophy as to a physician; but when I am well again I bid it farewell. *Au.* I like your method. You do philosophise very well. Your humble servant, Mr. Philosopher, not of the Stoic school, but the kitchen.

Ch. What is the matter with you, Erasmus, that you are so melancholy? What makes you look so frowningly? What makes you so silent? Are you angry with me because I have entertained you with such a slender supper? *Er.* Nay, I am angry with you that you have put yourself to so much charge upon my account. Austin laid a strict charge upon you that you would provide nothing extraordinary upon his account. I believe you have a mind we should never come to see you again; for they give such a supper as this that intended to make but one. What sort of guests did you expect? You seem to have provided not for friends, but for princes. Do you think we are gluttons? This is not to entertain one with a supper, but victualling one for three days together. *Ch.* You will be ill-humoured. Dispute about that matter to-morrow; pray be good-humoured to-day. We will talk about the charge to-morrow; I have no mind to hear anything but what is merry at this time.

Au. Christian, whether had you rather have beef or mutton? *Ch.* I like beef best, but I think mutton is the most wholesome. It is the disposition of mankind to be most desirous of those things that are the most hurtful. *Au.* The French are wonderful admirers of pork. *Ch.* The French love that most that costs least. *Au.* I am a Jew in this one thing—there is nothing I hate so much as swine's flesh. *Ch.* Nor without reason, for what is more unwholesome? In this I am not of the Frenchman's, but of the Jew's mind. *Er.* But I love both mutton and pork, but for a different reason, for I eat freely of mutton, because I love it; but hog's flesh I don't touch, by reason of love, that I may not give offence. *Ch.* You are a clever man, Erasmus; and a very merry one too. Indeed I am apt to wonder from whence it comes to pass that there is such a great diversity in men's palates, for if I may make use of this verse of Horace,—

> Tres mihi convivæ propè dissentire videntur,
> Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato.

Er. Although, as the comedian says, So many men, so many minds, and every man has his own way; yet nobody can make me believe there is more variety in men's dispositions than there is in their palates; so that you can scarce find two that love the same things. I have seen a great many that cannot bear so much as the smell of butter and cheese. Some loathe flesh, one will not eat roast meat, and another will not eat boiled. There are many that prefer water before wine. And more than this, which you will hardly believe, I have seen a man who would neither eat bread nor drink wine. *Ch.* What did that poor man live on? *Er.* There was nothing else but what he could eat—meat, fish, herbs, and fruit. *Ch.*

Would you have me believe you? *Er.* Yes, if you will. *Ch.* I will believe you, but upon this condition, that you shall believe me when I tell a lie. *Er.* Well, I will do it, so that you lie modestly. *Ch.* As if anything could be more impudent than your lie. *Er.* What would your confidence say, if I should shew you the man? *Ch.* He must needs be a starveling fellow, a mere shadow. *Er.* You would say he was a champion. *Ch.* Nay, rather a Polyphemus. *Er.* I wonder this should seem so strange to you, when there are a great many that eat dried fish instead of bread; and some that the roots of herbs serve for the same use that bread does us. *Ch.* I believe you, lie on.

Er. I remember I saw a man, when I was in Italy, that grew fat with sleep, without the assistance either of meat or drink. *Ch.* Fie for shame; I cannot forbear making use of that expression of the satirist, *Tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles.* Thou poetisest. You play the part of a poet. I am loathe to give you the lie. *Er.* I am the greatest liar in the world, if Pliny, an author of undoubted credit, has not written that a bear in fourteen days' time will grow wonderfully fat with nothing but sleep: and he will sleep so sound, that you can scarce wake him by wounding him; nay, to make you wonder the more, I will add what Theophrastus writes, that, during that time, if the flesh of the bear be boiled, and kept some time, it will come to life again. *Ch.* I am afraid that Parmeno in Terence will hardly be able to comprehend these things. I believe it readily. I would help you to some venison, if I were well enough accomplished.

Er. Where have you any hunting now? How came you by venison? *Ch.* Midas, the most generous spirited man living, and a very good friend of mine, sent it me for a present, but so that I oftentimes buy it for less. *Er.* How so! *Ch.* Because I am obliged to give more to his servants than I could buy it for in the market. *Er.* Who obliges you to that? *Ch.* The most violent tyrant in the world. *Er.* Who is he? *Ch.* Custom. *Er.* Indeed, that tyrant does frequently impose the most unjust laws upon mankind. *Ch.* The same tyrant hunted this stag but the day before yesterday. What did you do, who used to be a very great lover of that sport? *Au.* Indeed I have left off that sport, and now I hunt after nothing but learning. *Ch.* In my opinion learning is fleeter than any stag. *Au.* But I hunt chiefly with two dogs—that is to say, with love and industry: for love affords a great deal of eagerness to learn, and as the most elegant poet says,

Labor improbus omnia vincit.

Ch. Austin, you admonish after a friendly manner, as you used to do; and therefore I will not give over, nor rest, nor tire, till I attain. *Au.* Venison is now in the prime. Pliny tells us a very admirable story concerning this animal. *Ch.* What is it, I pray you? *Au.* That as often as they prick up their ears, they are very quick of hearing; but on the contrary, when they let them down they are deaf. *Ch.* That very often happens to myself; for if I happen to hear a word spoken of receiving guineas, there is nobody quicker of hearing than I; for then, with Pamphilus in Terence, I prick up my ears; but when there is any mention made of paying them away, I let them down and am presently hard of hearing *Au.* Well, I commend you; you do as you should do.

Ch. Would you have some of the leg of this hare? *Au.* Take it yourself. *Ch.* Or had you rather have some of the back? *Au.* This creature has nothing good but its flank and hind legs. *Ch.* Did you ever see a white hare? *Au.* Oftentimes. Pliny writes, that on the Alps there are white hares; and that it is believed in the winter time they feed upon snow: whether it be true or no let Pliny see to that; for if snow makes a hare's skin white, it must make his stomach white too. *Ch.* I don't know but it may be true. *Au.* I have something for you that is stranger than that; but it may be you have heard of it. The same man testifies that there is the same nature in all of them—that is, of males and females—and that the females do as commonly breed without the use of the male as with it. And many persons assert the same, and especially your skilful hunters. *Ch.* You say right; but if you please, let us try these rabbits, for they are fat and tender. I would help that pretty lady if I sat nigher to her. Austin, pray take care of that lady that sits by you, for you know how to please the fair sex. *Au.* I know what you mean, you joker. *Ch.* Do you love goose? *Au.* Ay, I love them mightily, and I am not very nice. I don't know what is the matter, but this goose don't please me; I never saw anything drier in all my life, it is drier than a pumice-stone, or Furius's mother-in-law, upon whom Catullus breaks so many jests. I believe it is made of wood. And in troth I believe it is an old soldier, that has worn itself out with being upon the guard. They say a goose is the most wakeful creature living. In truth, if I am not out in my guess, this goose was one of them, who, when the watch and their dogs were fast asleep, in old time defended the Roman capitol. *Ch.* As I hope to live, I believe it was, for I believe it lived in that age. *Au.* And this hen was either half-starved, or else was in love, or was jealous; for this sort of creatures are much troubled with that distemper. This capon fattened much better; see what cares will do. If we were to geld our Theodoricus, he would grow fat much the sooner. *Th.* I am not a cock. *Au.* I confess you are not Gallus Cymbelles, nor a dunghill cock, but it may be you are Gallus Gallaceus. *Ch.* What word is that? *Au.* I leave that word to be unriddled by you; I am Sphinx and you shall be Œdipus.

Ch. Austin, tell me truly, have you had no conversation with Frenchmen, have you had no affinity with them? Had you nothing to do with them? *Au.* None at all, indeed. *Ch.* Then you are so much the worse. *Au.* But perhaps I have had to do with French women. *Ch.* Will you have any of this goose's liver? This was looked upon as a great delicacy by the ancients. *Au.* I will refuse nothing that comes from your hand. *Ch.* You must not expect Roman dainties. *Au.* What are they? *Ch.* Thistles, cockles, tortoises, conger-eels, mushrooms, truffles, &c. *Au.* I had rather have a turnip than any of them. You are liberal and bountiful, Christian. *Ch.* Nobody touches these partridges nor the pigeons. To-morrow is a fast-day appointed by the Church; prepare against that hunger, ballast your ship against the impending storm. War is a coming, furnish your belly with provision. *Au.* I wish you had kept that word in, we should have risen from supper more merrily. You torment us before the time. *Ch.* Why so? *Au.* Because I hate fish worse than I do a snake. *Ch.* You are not alone. *Au.* Who brought in this trouble-

some custom? *Ch.* Who ordered you to eat aloes, wormwood, and scammony in physic? *Au.* But these things are given to folks that are sick. *Ch.* So these things are given to them that are too well. It is better sometimes to be sick than to be too well. *Au.* In my opinion the Jews themselves did not labour under such a burden. Indeed I could easily refrain from eels and swine's flesh, if I might fill my belly with capons and partridges. *Ch.* In a great many circumstances it is not the thing, but the mind that distinguishes us from Jews. They held their hands from certain meats, as from unclean things that would pollute the mind; but we, understanding that "to the pure all things are pure," yet take away food from the wanton flesh, as we do hay from a pampered horse, that it may be more ready to hearken to the spirit. We sometimes chastise the immoderate use of pleasant things, by the pain of abstinence. *Au.* I hear you; but by the same argument, circumcision of the flesh may be defended, for that moderates the itch of coition, and brings pain. If all hated fish as bad as I do, I would scarce put a parricide to so much torture. *Ch.* Some palates are better pleased with fish than flesh. *Au.* Then they like those things that please their gluttony, but don't make for their health.

Ch. I have heard of some of the Æsops and Apitius's that have looked upon fish as the greatest delicacy. *Au.* How then do dainties agree with punishment? *Ch.* Everybody have not lampreys, scares, and sturgeons. *Au.* Then it is only the poor folks that are tormented, with whom it is bad enough if they were permitted to eat flesh; and it often happens that when they may eat flesh for the church, they cannot for their purse. *Ch.* Indeed, a very hard injunction! *Au.* And if the prohibition of flesh be turned to delicious living to the rich, and if the poor cannot eat flesh many times when otherwise they might, nor cannot eat fish because they are commonly the dearer, to whom does the injunction do good? *Ch.* To all; for poor folks may eat cockles or frogs, or may gnaw upon onions or leeks. The middle sort of people will make some abatement in their usual provision; and though the rich do make it an occasion of living deliciously, they ought to impute that to their gluttony, and not blame the constitution of the church. *Au.* You have said very well; but for all that, to require abstinence from flesh of poor folks who feed their families by the sweat of their brows, and live a great way from lakes, is the same thing as to command a famine or rather a *bulimia*. And if we believe Homer, it is the miserablest death in the world to be starved to death. *Ch.* So it seemed to blind Homer; but with Christians he is not miserable that dies well. *Au.* Let that be so, yet it is a very hard thing to require anybody to die. *Ch.* The popes do not prohibit the eating of flesh with that design, to kill men, but that they may be moderately afflicted if they have transgressed; or that taking away their pleasant food, their bodies may be less fierce against the spirit. *Au.* The moderate use of flesh would effect that. *Ch.* But in so great a variety of bodies certain bounds of flesh cannot be prescribed, a kind of food may. *Au.* There are fishes that yield much aliment, and there are sorts of flesh that yield but little. *Ch.* But in general flesh is most nourishing.

Au. Pray tell me, if you were to go a journey any whither, would you choose a lively horse that was a little wanton, or a diseased horse, who would often stumble and throw his rider? *Ch.* What do you

mean by that? *Au.* Because fish eating, by its corrupt humours, renders the body liable to a great many diseases, that it cannot subserve the spirit as it should do. *Ch.* To what diseases? *Au.* Gouts, fevers, leprosies, the king's-evil. *Ch.* How do you know? *Au.* I believe physicians. I had rather do so than try the experiment. *Ch.* Perhaps that happens to a few. *Au.* Indeed I believe to a great many besides, inasmuch as the mind acts by the material organs of the body, which are affected with good or bad humours, the instruments being vitiated, it cannot exert its power as it would. *Ch.* I know doctors do very much find fault with the eating of fish, but our ancestors thought otherwise, and it is our duty to obey them.

Au. It was a piece of religion formerly not to break the Sabbath; but for all that, it was more eligible to save a man on the Sabbath day. *Ch.* Every one consults his own health. *Au.* If we will obey St. Paul, let nobody mind his own things, but every one the things of another. *Ch.* How come we by this new divine at our table? Whence comes this new upstart master of ours? *Au.* Because I don't like fishes. *Ch.* What, then, will not you abstain from flesh? *Au.* I do abstain, but grumblingly, and to my great detriment too. *Ch.* Charity suffers all things. *Au.* It is true; but then the same requires but little. If it suffers all things, why will not it suffer us to eat those meats the gospel has given us a liberty to eat? Why do those persons, from whom Christ has so often required the love of Himself, suffer so many bodies of men to be endangered by capital diseases, and their souls to be in danger of eternal damnation, because of a thing neither forbidden by Christ nor necessary in itself? *Ch.* When necessity requires it, the force of a human constitution ceases, and the will of the lawgiver ceases. *Au.* But the offence of the weak does not cease. The scruple of a tender conscience does not cease. And lastly, it is uncertain with what limits that necessity shall be bounded; shall it be when the fish-eater shall be a giving up the ghost? It is too late to give flesh to a man when he is dying; or shall it be when his body becomes all feverish? The choice of meats is not of so much consequence. *Ch.* What would you have prescribed then? *Au.* I can tell well enough, if I might be allowed to be a dictator in ecclesiastical affairs. *Ch.* What do you mean by that?

Au. If I were pope I would exhort all persons to a perpetual sobriety of life, but especially before an holy-day; and moreover, I would give every one leave to eat what he would for the health of his body, so he did it moderately and with thanksgiving; and I would endeavour that what was abated of these observations should be made up in the study of true piety. *Ch.* That in my opinion is of so great weight, that we ought to make you pope. *Au.* For all your laughing, this neck could bear a triple crown. *Ch.* But in the meantime take care that these things be not entered down in the Sorbonne at Paris. *Au.* Nay, rather let what is said be written in wine, as it is fit those things should that are said over our cups; but we have had divinity enough for a feast. We are at supper, not at the Sorbonne. *Ch.* Why may not that be called Sorbonne where we sup plentifully! *Au.* Well, let us sup then, and not dispute, lest the Sorbonne be called after us from *sorbis*, and not from *sorbendo*.

Christian, Guests, Midas, Erasmus, the Boy, Austin.

Ch. Well, come my kind guests, I pray you that you would take this little supper in good part, though it be but a slender one. Be merry and good humoured, though the supper be but mean and slender. I, relying upon your familiarity, made bold to invite you; and I will assure you, your company and presence is not only very grateful to me, but very pleasant. *Gu.* We do assure you, good Christian, that we esteem your supper to have been very pretty and noble; and we have nothing to find fault with, but that you make excuses for it, for that it was very magnificent; for indeed I look upon the entertainment to be splendid to the greatest degree, that in the first place consisted of courses agreeable to nature, and was seasoned with mirth, laughter, jokes, and witticisms, none of which have been wanting in our entertainment. But here is something comes into my mind, as to the number of the guests, which Varro writes should not be fewer than three, nor more than nine. For the Graces, who are the presidents of humanity and benevolence, are three; and the Muses, that are the guides of commendable studies, are nine; and I see here we have ten guests besides the virgins. *Au.* Nothing could happen more agreeably; we are in that something wiser than Varro, for we have gotten here three pretty maids for the three Graces; and as it is not to be thought that Apollo is ever absent from the chorus of the Muses, we have very much *apropos* added the tenth guest. *Ch.* You have spoken very much like a poet. If I had a laurel here I would crown you with it, and you should be poet laureate. *Au.* If I were crowned with mallows, I should be poet maleat; I do not arrogate that honour to myself. This is an honour that I don't deserve.

Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.

Ch. Will you, every one of you, do as much for me as I will do for you? *Gu.* Ay, that we will with all our hearts. *Ch.* Then let every one drink off his cup round as I do. Here is to you first, Midas. *Mi.* I thank you heartily. I pledge you heartily; for which the vulgar says præstolor. Indeed I will not refuse. I will not refuse anything for your sake. *Ch.* Now do you drink to the rest. *Mi.* Erasmus, half this cup to you. *Er.* I pray it may do you good. May it do you good. Much good may it do you. *Proficiat* is an out of the way word. *Ch.* Why does the cup stand still? Why does it not go about? Is our wine gone? Where are your eyes, you rascal? Run quickly, fetch two quarts of the same wine.

Boy. Erasmus, your humble servant, there is one wants to speak with you at the door. *Er.* Who is it? *Boy.* He says he is one Mr. More's man; his master is come out of Britain, and he desires you would make him a visit, because he sets out for Germany to-morrow by break of day.

Er. Christian, gather the reckoning, for I must be going. *Ch.* The reckoning, most learned Erasmus, of this supper, I will discharge that. You have no need to put your hand in your pocket. I thank you that you honoured me with your company; but I am sorry you are called away before the comedy is ended. *Er.* Have I anything more to do but to bid you farewell and be merry? *Ch.* Farewell; we

cannot take it amiss because you don't leave a shoulder of mutton for a sheep's head, but go from friends to a better friend. *Er.* And I in like manner return you my thanks, that you have been so kind as to invite me to this most pleasant entertainment. My very good friends, fare ye well. Drink heartily and live merrily.

Ch. Soho, Dromo. You, all of you, have sat still a good while. Does anybody please to have anything else? *Gu.* Nothing at all. We have ate very plentifully. *Ch.* Then take away these things, and set on the dessert. Change the trenchers and the plates. Take up my knife that is fallen down. Pour some wine over the pears. Here are some early ripe mulberries that grew in my own garden. *Gu.* They will be the better for being of your own growth. *Ch.* Here are some wheaten plumbs: see, here are damascenes, a rare sight with us: see, here are mellow apples; and here is a new sort of an apple, the stock of which I set with my own hands: and chestnuts, and all kinds of delicacies, which our gardens produce plentifully. *Au.* But here are no flowers. They are French entertainments, who love that sort of splendour most that costs least; but that is not my humour.

Ch. But hark you, Austin, do you think to come off so? What, won't you pledge me when I drink to you? You ought to have taken off half the cup of him that drank to you. *Au.* He excused me for that a great while ago. He discharged me of that obligation. *Ch.* Pray who gave him that power? The pope himself can hardly dispense with this obligation. You know the ancient law of drinking, either drink or go your way. *Au.* He that an oath is made to has power to suspend it, and especially he whose concern it was to have it kept. *Ch.* But it is the duty of all guests to observe laws inviolably. *Au.* Well, come on, since this is the German custom, I will drink what is left. But what business have you with me? *Ch.* You must pay for all. Why do you look pale? Don't be afraid, you may do it very easily; do as you have often done, that by some elegancy we may rise from table more learned; nor are you ignorant that the ancients over the second course used to dispute of some more diverting subjects. Come on then, by what and after how many ways may this sentence be varied, *Indignum auditu?*

IT IS NOT WORTH HEARING.—*Au.* You have very fitly made use of the latter supine. It is not worth hearing. It is unworthy to be heard. It is not worthy to be heard. It is unworthy to be heard. It is so light, it ought not to be heard. It is scarce worth while to relate. It is not of such value as to be heard. It is too silly to be heard. It is not worth while to tell it. *Ch.* How many ways may this sentence be turned, *Magno mihi constat?*

THE RATIO OF VARYING THIS SENTENCE.—*Magno mihi constat.*—*Au.* By these words, *impendo, insumo, impertio, constat.* I have taken pains much in teaching you. I have taken much pains in that matter. I have not spent less money than I have care upon that matter. I have not spent a little money, but much time, and very much labour, and some study. I have spent much study. This thing has cost me many a night's sleep, much sweat, much endeavour, very much labour, a great expense, a great deal of money. It has cost me more than you believe. My wife stands me in less than my horse. *Ch.* But what

is the meaning, Austin, that you put sometimes an ablative and sometimes a genitive case to the verb *constat?* *Au.* You have stated a very useful and very copious question. But that I may not be troublesome to the company by my too much talk, I will dispatch it in a few words. But I desire to hear every man's opinion, that I may not be troublesome to any man, as I have said. *Ch.* But why may not the damsels desire the same? *Au.* Indeed they do nothing else but hear. I will attempt it with Grammatica's assistance.

"You know that verbs of buying and selling, and some others, are of a like signification, to which these genitives are put alone, without substantives, *tanti, quanti, pluris, minoris, tantidem, quantivis, quanticunque:* but in case substantives be not added, which, if they happen to be put, they are both turned into the ablative case; so that if a certain price be set down, you put it in the ablative case; if by an adjective put substantively, you put it in the ablative case, unless you had rather make use of an adverb. *Ch.* What are those verbs that you speak of? *Au.* They are commonly *emo, mercor; redimo* (that is, a thing either taken or lost), *vendo, venundo; revendo* (that is, I sell again that which was sold to me), *veneo* (that is, I am sold), whose preter tense is *venivi*, or *venii*, the supine *venum;* hence comes *venalis;* and from that, *i.e., vendo*, comes *vendibilis; mereo*, for *inservio* and *stipendium facio, i.e.*, to serve under (as a soldier). *Comparo*, that is, to buy, or commit. *Computo*, I change, I exchange with. *Cambire* is wholly barbarous in this sense. *Œstimo*, to tax. *Indico*, for I estimate, rate. *Liceor, liceris; licitor, licitaris*, to cheapen, to bid. *Destrabor, i.e.*, I am carried about to be sold. *Metior*, for I estimate or rate. *Constat*, for it is bought. *Conducere*, to let to hire. *Fœnero*, I put to interest. *Fœneror*, I take at interest (to usury). *Paciscor, pactus sum, pango, pepigi, i.e.*, I make a bargain." *Ch.* Give an example.

SELLING AND BUYING—THE FORMS.—*Au.* How much do you let that field for by the year? We will answer. For twenty French pounds (franc). Whoo! you let it too dear. Nay, I have let it for more before now. But I would not give so much for it. If you hire it for less I will be hanged. Nay, your neighbour Chremes offered me a field, and asks for it—How much? Just as much as you ask for yours. But it is much better. That is a lie. I do as they use to do who cheapen a thing. Do you keep it yourself at that price. What, do you cheapen, ask the price, when you will not buy anything? Whatsoever you shall let it me for shall be paid you very honestly.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.—How much do you sell that conger-eel for? *Syra.* For fivepence. That is too much, you nasty jade. Nay, it is too little; nobody will sell you for less. Upon my life it cost me as much within a trifle. You witch, you tell a lie, that you may sell it for twice or three times as much as it cost you. Ay, I will sell it for a hundred times as much if I can, but I cannot find such fools. What if I should ask the price of yourself? What do you value yourself at? According as I like the person. What do you prize yourself at? What price do you set upon yourself? Tell me what price do you rate yourself at? What price do you put upon yourself? Ten shillings. Whoo, so much? Oh, strange! Do you value me at less? Time was when I have had as much for one night. I believe you may, but I believe you are not now worth so much as a fish by a great deal. Go

hang yourself, you pimp. I value you as little as you do me. He that shall give a farthing for you buys you too dear. But I will be sold for more, or I won't be sold at all. If you would be sold at a great rate you must get you a mask, for those wrinkles in your forehead won't let you be sold for much. He that won't give so much for me shall not have me. I would not give a straw for you. I cost more.

A THIRD EXAMPLE.—I have been at an auction to-day. Say you so? I bid money for a share in the customs. But how much? Ten thousand pounds. Whoo! what, so much? There were those that bid a great deal more; very few that offered less. Well, and who had the place at last? Chremes, your wife's great friend. But guess what it was sold for. Ten. Nay, fifteen. O good God! I would not give half so much for him and all his family together. But he would give twice as much for your wife.

"Do you take notice, that in all these, wheresoever there is a substantive of the price, that is put in the ablative case; but that the rest are either put in the genitive case, or are changed into adverbs. You have never heard a comparative without a substantive, except in these two, *pluris* and *minoris*. There are some other verbs, of which we have spoken, that are not very much unlike these, *sum, facio, habeo, duco, æstimo, pendo*, which signify (in a manner) the same thing, likewise *fio*, and they are for the most part joined with these genitives, *multi, magni; parvi, pluris, plurimi; minoris, minimi, maximi; tanti, quanti; flocci, pili; nihili, nauci, hujus*, and any other like them." *Ch.* Give examples.

VALUING—THE FORM.—*Au.* Do you know how much I have always valued you? You will always be made of such account by men as you make account of virtue. Gold is valued at a great rate now-a-days; learning is valued at a very little, or just nothing at all. I value gold less than you think for. I don't value your threats a rush. I make a very little account of your promises. I don't value you a hair. If wisdom were but valued at so great a rate as money, nobody would want gold. With us gold without wisdom is esteemed to be of more worth than wisdom without gold. I esteem you at a greater rate, because you are learned. You will be the less esteemed on here because you don't know how to lie. Here are a great many that will persuade you that black is white. I set the greater value upon you because you love learning. So much as you have, so much you shall be esteemed by all men: so much as you have, so much you shall be accounted of everywhere. It is no matter what you are accounted, but what you are. I value my Christian above any man else in the world.

"There are some other verbs found with these genitives and ablatives, which in their own nature don't signify buying, or anything like it." Peter bought a kiss of the maid for a shilling. Much good may it do him. I would not kiss at that rate. How much do you play for? What did you pay for supper? We read of some that have spent six hundred sesterces for a supper. But the French often sup for a halfpenny. What price does Faustus teach for? A very small matter. But for more than Delius. For how much then? For nineteen guineas. I will not learn to lie at so dear a rate. Phædra in Terence lost both his substance and himself. But I would not love

at that rate. Some persons pay a great price for sleeping. Demosthenes had more for holding his tongue than others had for speaking. I pray you to take it in good part.

"There is another sort of verbs that require an accusative case with a genitive or ablative, which are, *accuso, i.e.*, I object a crime, or *culpo;* also one that is absent: *incuso, i.e.*, I blame without judgment; *arguo*, I reprehend, *insimulo, i.e.*, I throw in a suspicion of a fault. *Postulo, i.e.*, I require you to answer at law, *accerso*, I impeach, *damno*, I condemn, I pronounce him to be in fault. *Admoneo*, I admonish." *Ch.* For example sake.

FORMS OF ACCUSING.—*Au.* Scipio is accused of courting the populace. Thou who art the most impudent, accusest me of impudence. Lepidus is accused of bribery. You are accused of a capital crime. If you shall silily insinuate a man to be guilty of covetousness, you shall hear that which is worse again. Put him in mind of his former fortune. Men are put in mind of their condition by that very word. Put Lepidus in mind of his promise.

"There are many that admit of a double accusative case. I teach thee letters. He entreats you to pardon him. I will unteach thee those manners. Here I must put you in mind of that matter, that in these the passives also obtain a second accusative case. The others will have a genitive." You are taught better by me. They accuse me of theft. I am accused of theft. Thou accusest me of sacrilege. I am accused of sacrilege. I know you are not satisfied yet. I know you are not satisfied in mind. For when will so great a glutton of elegancies be satisfied? But I must have regard to the company, who are not all equally diverted with these matters. After supper, as we walk, we will finish what is behind, unless you shall rather choose to have it omitted. *Ch.* Let it be as you say. Let us return thanks to divine bounty, and afterwards we will take a little walk. *Mi.* You say very well, for nothing can be more pleasant, wholesome, than this evening air.

Ch. Peter, come hither, and take the things away in order, one after the other, and fill the glasses with wine. *Pe.* Do you bid me return thanks? *Ch.* Aye, do. *Pe.* Had you rather it should be done in Greek or in Latin. *Ch.* Both ways. In both. *Pe.* "We thank thee, heavenly Father, who by thy unspeakable power, hast created all things, and by thy inexhaustible wisdom governest all things, and by thy inexhaustible goodness feedest and nourishest all things: grant to thy children that they may in due time drink with thee in thy kingdom that nectar of immortality which thou hast promised and prepared for those that truly love thee, through Jesus Christ, Amen. *Ch.* Say in Greek too, that the rest may not understand what thou sayest.

My most welcome guests, I give you thanks that you have honoured my little entertainment with your company. I entreat you to accept it kindly. *Gu.* And we would not only have, but return our thanks to you. Don't let us be over ceremonious in thanking, but rather let us rise from table, and walk out a little. *Au.* Let us take these virgins along with us, so our walk will be more pleasant. *Ch.* You propose very well. We will not want flowers, if the place we walk in don't afford any. Had you rather take a turn in our garden,

in a poetical manner, or walk out abroad by the river-side. *Au.* Indeed, your gardens are very pleasant, but keep that pleasure for morning walks. When the sun is towards setting rivers afford wonderful pleasant prospects. *Ch.* Austin, do you walk foremost, as a poet should do, and I will walk by your side. *Au.* O good God, what a jolly company we have, what a retinue have I! Christian, I cannot utter the pleasure I take, I seem to be some nobleman.

Ch. Now be as good as your word. Perform the task you have taken upon you. *Au.* What is it you would have me speak of chiefly? *Ch.* I used formerly to admire many things in Pollio's Orations; but chiefly this, that he used so easily, so frequently, and beautifully to turn a sentence, which seemed not only a great piece of wit but of great use. *Au.* You were much in the right of it, Christian, to admire that in Pollio. For he seems, in this matter, to have had a certain divine faculty, which I believe was peculiar to him, by a certain dexterity of art, and by much use of speaking, reading, and writing, rather than by any rules or instructions. *Ch.* But I would fain have some rule for it, if there be any to be given. *Au.* You say very well; and since I see you are very desirous of it, I will endeavour it as much as I can: and I will give those rules, as well as I can, which I have taken notice of in Pollio's Orations. *Ch.* Do, I should be very glad to hear them. *Au.* I am ready to do it.

In the first place, it is to be set forth in pure and choice Latin words; which to do is no mean piece of art: for there are a great many who do, I don't know after what manner, affect the copia and variation of phrase, when they don't know how to express it once right. It is not enough for them to have babbled once, but they must render the babble much more babbling, by first one, and then by another turning of it; as if they were resolved to try the experiment how barbarously they were able to speak; and therefore they heap together certain simple synonymous words, that are so contrary one to the other, that they may admire themselves how they do agree together. For what is more absurd than that a ragged old fellow that has not a coat to his back but what is so ragged that he may be ashamed to put it on, should every now and then change his rags, as though he designed to shew his beggary by way of ostentation. And those affectators of variety seem equally ridiculous, who, when they have spoken barbarously once, repeat the same thing much more barbarously; and then over and over again much more unlearnedly. This is not to abound with sentences, but solecisms. Therefore, in the first place, as I have said, the thing is to be expressed in apt and chosen words. 2. And then we must use variety of words, if there are any to be found that will express the same thing; and there are a great many. 3. And where proper words are wanting, then we must use borrowed words, so the way of borrowing them be modest. 4. Where there is a scarcity of words, you must have recourse to passives, to express what you have said by actives; which will afford as many ways of variation as there were in the actives. 5. And after that, if you please, you may turn them again by verbal nouns and participles. 6. And last of all, when we have changed adverbs into nouns, and nouns sometimes into one part of speech and sometimes into another, then we may speak by contraries. 7. We may either change affirmative sentences

into negative, or the contrary. 8. Or, at least, what we have spoken indicatively we may speak interrogatively. Now, for example sake, let us take this sentence: *Literæ tuæ magnopere me delectârunt*, your letters have delighted me very much. *Literæ*—Epistle, little epistles, writings, sheets, letters. *Magnopere*—After a wonderful manner, wonderfully, in a greater, or great manner, in a wonderful manner, above measure, very much, not indifferently (not a little), mightily, highly, very greatly. *Me*—My mind, my breast, my eyes, my heart, Christian. *Delectârunt*—They have affected, recreated, exhilarated with pleasure, have been a pleasure, have delighted, have bathed me with pleasure; have been very sweet, very pleasant, &c.

Now you have matter, it is your business to put it together: let us try. *Ch.* Thy letters have very greatly delighted me. Thy epistle has wonderfully cheered me. *Au.* Turn the active into a passive, then it will look with another face. As, It cannot be said how much I have been cheered by thy writings.

ALSO BY OTHER VERBS EFFECTING THE SAME THING.—I have received an incredible pleasure from thy writings. I have received very much pleasure from your highness's letter. Your writings have brought me not an indifferent joy. Your writings have overwhelmed me all over with joy. "But here you cannot turn these into passives, only in the last, *perfusus gaudio*, as is commonly said; pleasure was taken by me, joy was brought, is not so commonly used, or, you must not use so frequently."

BY AFFICIO.—Thy letter hath affected me with a singular pleasure.

CHANGE IT INTO A PASSIVE.—I am affected with an incredible pleasure by thy letter. Thy little epistle has brought not a little joy.

BY SUM AND NOUN ADJECTIVES.—Thy letters have been most pleasant to me many ways. That epistle of thine was, indeed, as acceptable as any thing in the world.

BY NOUNS SUBSTANTIVES.—Thy letter was to us an unspeakable pleasure. Your letter was an incredible pleasure to us.

CHANGE IT INTO A NEGATIVE.—Thy letter was no small joy. Nothing in life could happen more delightful than thy letters. "Although I have sometimes already made use of this way, which is not to be passed over negligently. For when we would use *multum*, *plurimum*, to signify *singulariter*, we do it by a contrary verb." As, Henry loves you mightily: he loves you with no common love. Wine pleases me very much: it pleases me not a little. He is a man of a singular wit: a man of no ordinary wit. He is a man of admirable learning: he is a man not of contemptible learning. Thomas was born in the highest place of his family; not in the lowest place. Austin was a most eloquent man: he was not ineloquent. Carneades the orator was noble: not an ignoble, not an obscure man. "And the like, which are very frequently used." But the mention of a thing so plain is enough; nor are you ignorant that we make use of a two-fold manner of speech of this kind; for modesty's sake, especially if we speak of ourselves, also for amplification's sake. For we use rightly and elegantly not ungrateful, for very grateful; not vulgarly, for singularly. 1. For modesty's sake. I have by your letters gained some reputation of learning. I have always made it my business not

to have the last place in the glory of learning. 2. The examples of amplification are mentioned before. Now let us return to our own. Nothing ever fell out to me more gratefully, acceptably, than thy letter. Nothing ever was a greater pleasure than your letter. I never took so much pleasure in anything as in thy most loving letters. "After this manner all the before-mentioned sentences may be varied by an interrogation." What in life could be more pleasant than thy letters? What has happened to me more sweet than thy letter? What has ever delighted me like your last letter? And after this manner you may vary almost any sentence.

Ch. What shall we do now? *Au.* We will now turn the whole sentence a little more at large, that we may express one sentence by a circumlocution of many words. *Ch.* Give examples. *Au.* "That which was sometimes expressed by the noun *incredibile*, and then again by the adverb *incredibiliter*, we will change the sentence in some words." I cannot express how much I was delighted with your letters. It is very hard for me to write, and you to believe how much pleasure your letter was to me. I am wholly unable to express how I rejoiced at your letter. "And so *ad infinitum;* again, after another manner. For hitherto we have varied the sentences by negations and interrogations, and in the last place by infinitives. Now we will vary by substantives or conditionals, after this manner." Let me die if anything ever was more desired and more pleasant than thy letters. Let me perish if anything ever was more desired and more pleasant than thy letter. As God shall judge me, nothing in my whole life ever happened more pleasant than thy letters. "And also a great many more you may contrive after this manner." *Ch.* What is to be done now? *Au.* Now we must proceed to translation, similitudes, and examples.

THERE IS A TRANSLATION IN THESE.—I have received your letters, which were sweet as honey. Your writings seem to be nothing but mere delight. Your letters are a mere pleasure; and a great many of the like kinds. "But care is to be taken not to make use of harder translations, such as this that follows,—

Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuit Alpes.

such as this is." The suppers of thy writings have refreshed me with most delicious banquets.

A COMPARISON BY SIMILE.—Thy writings have been sweeter than either ambrosia or nectar. Thy letters have been sweeter to me than any honey. Your kind letters have excelled even liquorish locusts, and Attic honey, sugar; nay, even the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. "And here, whatsoever is ennobled with sweetness may be brought into the comparison."

FROM EXAMPLES.—I will never be induced to believe that Hero received the letters of her Leander, either with greater pleasure or more kisses than I received yours. I can scarce believe that Scipio, for the overthrow of Carthage, or Paulus Æmilius, for the taking of Perseus, ever triumphed more magnificently than I did when the postman gave me your most charming letter. "There are a thousand things of this nature that may be found in poets and historians. Likewise similitudes are borrowed from natural philosophy, the nature

of a great many of which it is necessary to keep in memory. Now, if you please, we will try in another sentence.

I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU WHILE I LIVE.—I will always remember you as long as I live. Forgetfulness of you shall never seize me as long as I live. I will leave off to live before I will to remember you.

BY COMPARISONS.—If the body can (get rid of) its shadow, then this mind of mine may forget you. The River Lethe itself shall never be able to wash away your memory.

"Besides by an impossibility, or after the manner of poets, by (contraries).

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit.
Ante leves ergo, &c.

which is no hard matter to invent." But lest I should seem tedious, at the present let these suffice. At another time, if you please, we will talk more copiously of this matter. *Ch.* I thought, Austin, you had been quite exhausted by this time. But thou hast shewn me a new treasure beyond what I expected, which if you shall pursue, I perceive you will sooner want time than words. *Au.* If I can perform this with my little learning and indifferent genius, what do you think Cicero himself could do, who is storied to have vied with Roscius the player? But the sun is going to leave us, and the dew rises; it is best to imitate the birds, to go home, and hide ourselves in bed. Therefore, sweet Christian, farewell till to-morrow. *Ch.* Fare you well likewise, most learned Austin.

THE RELIGIOUS BANQUET.

Eusebius, Timothy, Theophilus, Chrysoglottus, Aranius.

Eu. I wonder that anybody can delight to live in smoky cities, when everything is so fresh and pleasant in the country. *Ti.* All are not pleased with the sight of flowers, springing meadows, fountains, or rivers; or, if they do take a pleasure in them, there is something else in which they take more. For it is with pleasure, as it is with wedges, one drives out another. *Eu.* You speak perhaps of usurers, or covetous traders, which, indeed, are all one. *Ti.* I do speak of them; but not of them only, I assure you, but of a thousand other sorts of people, even to the very priests and monks, who, for the sake of gain, make choice of the most populous cities for their habitation, not following the opinion of Plato or Pythagoras in this practice, but rather that of a certain blind beggar, who loved to be where he was crowded, because, as he said, the more people the more profit. *Eu.* Prithee, let us leave the blind beggar and his gain—we are philosophers.

Ti. So was Socrates a philosopher, and yet he preferred a town life before a country one; because he being desirous of knowledge had there the opportunity of improving it. In the country, it is true, there are woods, gardens, fountains, and brooks, that entertain the sight; but they are all mute, and therefore teach a man nothing. I know

Socrates puts the case of a man's walking alone in the fields; although, in my opinion, there nature is not dumb, but talkative enough, and speaks to the instruction of a man that has but a good will and a capacity to learn. What does the beautiful face of the spring do, but proclaim the equal wisdom and goodness of the Creator? And how many excellent things did Socrates in his retirement both teach his Phædrus and learn from him? If a man could have such pleasant company, I confess, no life in the world could be pleasanter than a country life.

Eu. Have you a mind to make trial of it? If you have, come take a dinner with me to-morrow: I have a pretty neat little country house, a little way out of town. *Ti.* We are too many of us, we shall eat you out of house and home. *Eu.* Never fear that, you are to expect only a garden treat, of such cheer as I need not go to market for. The wine is of my own growth; the pompions, the melons, the figs, the pears, the apples and nuts are offered to you by the trees themselves; you need but gape, and they will fall into your mouth, as it is in the Fortunate Islands, if we may give credit to Lucian. Or, it may be, we may get a pullet out of the hen-roost, or so. *Ti.* Upon these terms we will be your guests. *Eu.* And let every man bring his friend along with him; and then, as you now are four, we shall be the just number of the muses. *Ti.* A match. *Eu.* And take notice that I shall only find meat, you are to bring your own sauce. *Ti.* What sauce do you mean—pepper or sugar? *Eu.* No, no, something that is cheaper, but more savoury. *Ti.* What is that? *Eu.* A good stomach. A light supper to-night, and a little walk to-morrow morning, and that you may thank my country house for. But at what hour do you please to dine at? *Ti.* At ten o'clock, before it grows too hot. *Eu.* I will give orders accordingly.

Serv. Sir, the gentlemen are come. *Eu.* You are welcome, gentlemen, that you are come according to your words; but you are twice as welcome for coming so early, and bringing the best of company along with you. There are some persons who are guilty of an unmannerly civility, in making their host wait for them. *Ti.* We came the earlier that we might have time enough to view all the curiosities of your palace; for we have heard that it is so admirably contrived everywhere, as that it speaks who is the master of it. *Eu.* And you will see a palace worthy of such a prince. This little nest is to me more than a court; and if he may be said to reign that lives at liberty according to his mind, I reign here. But I think it will be best, while the wench in the kitchen provides us a salad, and it is the cool of the morning, to take a walk to see the gardens. *Ti.* Have you any other besides this? For truly this is a wonderful neat one, and with a pleasing aspect salutes a man at his entering in, and bids him welcome.

Eu. Let every man gather a nosegay, that may put by any worse scent he may meet with within doors. Every one likes not the same scent; therefore, let every one take what he likes. Don't be sparing, for this place lies, in a manner, common; I never shut it up but at nights. *Ti.* St. Peter keeps the gates, I perceive. *Eu.* I like this porter better than the mercuries, centaurs, and other fictitious monsters that some paint upon their doors. *Ti.* And it is more suitable to a

Christian too. *Eu.* Nor is my porter dumb, for he speaks to you in three languages. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* Read it yourself. *Ti.* It is too far off for my eyes. *Eu.* Here is a reading-glass that will make you another Lynceus. *Ti.* I see the Latin, *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata* (Matt. xix. 17), "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." *Eu.* Now read the Greek. *Ti.* I see the Greek, but I don't well know what to make of it. I will refer that to Theophilus, who is never without Greek in his mouth. *Th.* Μετανοήσατε καὶ ἐπιστρέψατε Πράξεων τῷ τρίτῳ, "Repent and be converted" (Acts iii. 19). *Ch.* I will take the Hebrew upon myself, יחוה צדוק באמונתו, "And the just shall live by faithfulness." Does he seem to be an unmannerly porter, who at first dash bids us turn from our iniquities and apply ourselves to godliness; and then tells us that salvation comes not from the works of the law, but from the faith of the gospel; and, last of all, that the way to eternal life is by the observance of evangelical precepts.

Ti. And see the chapel there on the right hand side that he directs us to, it is a very fine one. Upon the altar there is Jesus Christ looking up to heaven, and pointing with His right hand towards God the Father and the Holy Spirit; and with His left He seems to court and invite all comers. *Eu.* Nor is He mute. You see the Latin, *Ego sum via, veritas, et vita,* "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Ἐγὼ εἰμι τὸ ἄλφα καὶ τὸ ὦμέγα. In Hebrew, שמעו לי יראתיהוה אל מדכם לכו בנים, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord." *Ti.* Truly, the Lord Jesus salutes us with a good omen; but that we may not seem uncivil, it is meet that we pay back an acknowledgment, and pray that since we can do nothing of ourselves, He would vouchsafe of His infinite goodness to keep us from ever straying out of the path of life; but that we, casting away Jewish ceremonies and the delusions of the world, He would guide us by the truth of the gospel to everlasting life, drawing us of Himself to Himself. It is most reasonable that we should pray, and the place invites us to it. *Eu.* The pleasantness of the garden draws a great many persons to it, and it is a rare thing that any passes by Jesus without an ejaculation. I have made Him keeper, not only of my garden, but of all my possessions, and of both body and mind, instead of filthy Priapus.

Here is, you see, a little fountain pleasantly bubbling with wholesome waters: this in some measure represents that only fountain of life that by its divine streams refreshes all that are weary and heavy-laden; which the soul, tired with the evils of this world, pants after, just as the hart in the psalmist does after the water-brooks, having tasted of the flesh of serpents. From this fountain, whoever thirsts may drink gratis. Some make it a matter of religion to sprinkle themselves with it; and others, for the sake of religion, and not of thirst, drink of it. You are loath, I perceive, to leave this place; but it is time to go to see this little square garden that is walled in, it is a neater one than the other. What is to be seen within doors you shall see after dinner, when the heat of the sun keeps us at home for some hours, like snails. *Ti.* Bless me, what a delightful prospect is here! *Eu.* All this place was designed for a pleasure-garden, but for honest pleasure; for the entertainment of the sight, the recreating the nostrils

and refreshing the mind; nothing grows here but sweet herbs, nor every sort of them, but only choice ones, and every kind has its bed by itself. *Ti.* I am now convinced that plants are not mute with you. *Eu.* You are in the right; others have magnificent houses, but mine is made for conversation, so that I can never be alone in it, and so you will say when you have seen it all. As the several plants are, as it were, formed into several troops, so every troop has its standard to itself, with a peculiar motto, as this marjoram's is, *Abstine, sus, non tibi spiro*—keep off, sow, I don't breathe my perfume for thee; for though it be of a very fragrant scent, yet sows have a natural aversion to it. And so every sort has its title, denoting the peculiar virtue of the plant.

Ti. I have seen nothing yet more delightful than this little fountain, which, being in the midst of them, does, as it were, smile upon all the plants, and promises them refreshment against the scorching heat of the sun. But this little channel, which shews the water to the eye so advantageously, and divides the garden everywhere at such equal distances that it shews all the flowers over on both sides again, as in a looking-glass, is it made of marble? *Eu.* Marble, quoth thee, how should marble come hither? It is a counterfeit marble, made of a sort of loam, and a whitish colour given it in the glazing. *Ti.* But where does this delicious rivulet discharge itself at last? *Eu.* Just as it is with human obligations, when we have served our own turns. After this has pleasured our eyes it washes our kitchen, and passes through the sink into the common-shore. *Ti.* That is very hard-hearted, as I am a Christian. *Eu.* It had been hard-hearted if the divine bounty of providence had not appointed it for this use. We are, then, hard-hearted when we pollute the fountain of divine truth; that is much more pleasant than this, and was given us for the refreshing and purging our minds from our lusts and vicious appetites, abusing the unspeakable bounty of God; for we make no bad use of the water if we put it to the several uses for which He appointed it who supplies everything abundantly for human use. *Ti.* You say right. But how comes it about that all your artificial hedges are green too? *Eu.* Because I would have everything green here. Some are for a mixture of red, because that sets off green; but I like this best, as every man has his fancy, though it be but in a garden.

Ti. The garden is very fine of itself; but methinks these three walks take off very much from the lightsomeness and pleasantness of it. *Eu.* Here I either study or walk alone, or talk with a friend, or eat, as the humour takes me. *Ti.* Those speckled, wonderful, pretty party-coloured pillars, that at equal distances support that edifice, are they marble? *Eu.* Of the same marble that this channel is made of. *Ti.* In truth, a pretty cheat. I should have sworn they had been marble. *Eu.* For this reason, then, take care that you neither believe nor swear anything rashly. You see how a man may be mistaken. What I want in wealth I supply by invention. *Ti.* Could you not be content with so neat and well-furnished a garden in substance, without other gardens in picture besides? *Eu.* In the first place, one garden will not hold all sorts of plants; and in the second, it is a double pleasure to see a painted flower vie with the life; and in one we contemplate the artifice of nature, in the other the skill of the

painter, and in both the goodness of God, who gives all things for our use, in everything equally admirable and amiable; and in the last place, a garden is not always green, nor the flowers always fresh, but this garden is fresh and green all the winter. *Ti.* But it is not fragrant. *Eu.* But, then, on the other hand, it wants no dressing. *Ti.* It only delights the eye. *Eu.* But, then, it does that always. *Ti.* Pictures themselves grow old. *Eu.* They do so, but yet they outlive us; and, besides, whereas we are the worse for age, they are the better for it. *Ti.* That is too true, if it could be otherwise.

Eu. In this walk that looks toward the west I take the benefit of the morning sun, in that which looks toward the east I take the cool of the evening, in that which looks toward the south, but lies open to the north, I take sanctuary against the heats of the meridian sun; but we will walk them over, if you please, and take a nearer view of them. See how green it is under foot, and you have the beauty of painted flowers in the very checkers of the pavement. This wood that you see painted upon this wall affords me a great variety of prospect; for, in the first place, as many trees as you see so many sorts of trees you see, and all expressed to the life; as many birds as you see so many kinds you see, especially if there be any scarce ones, and remarkable upon any account; for as for geese, hens, and ducks, it is not worth while to draw them. Underneath are four-footed creatures, or such birds as live upon the ground, after the manner of quadrupeds. *Ti.* The variety indeed is wonderful, and everything is in action, either doing or saying something. There is an owl sits peeping through the leaves; what says she? *Eu.* She speaks Greek. She says, Σωφρόνει ὲ πᾶσιν ἵπτημι, she commands us to act advisedly; I do not fly to all, because an inconsiderate rashness does not fall out happily to all persons. There is an eagle quarrying upon a hare, and a beetle interceding to no purpose; there is a wren stands by the beetle, and she is a mortal enemy to the eagle. *Ti.* What has this swallow got in her mouth? *Eu.* The herb celandine, don't you know the plant? With it she restores sight to her blind young ones. *Ti.* What odd sort of lizard is this? *Eu.* It is not a lizard, but a chameleon. *Ti.* Is this the chameleon there is so much talk of? I thought it had been a beast twice as big as a lion, and the name is twice as long too. *Eu.* This chameleon is always gaping and always hungry. This is a wild fig-tree, and that is his aversion. He is otherwise harmless; and yet the little gaping creature has poison in him too, that you may not contemn him. *Ti.* But I don't see him change his colour. *Eu.* True, because he does not change his place; when he changes his place you will see him change his colour too. *Ti.* What is the meaning of that piper? *Eu.* Don't you see a camel there dancing hard by? *Ti.* I see a very pleasant fancy—the ape pipes and the camel dances. *Eu.* But it would require at least three days to run through the particulars one by one; it will be enough at present to take a cursory view of them. You have in the first spot all sorts of famous plants painted to the life; and, to increase the wonder, here are the strongest poisons in the world, which you may not only look upon but handle too without danger.

Ti. Look ye, here is a scorpion, an animal very seldom seen in this country, but very frequent in Italy, and very mischievous too.

But the colour in the picture seems not to be natural. *Eu.* Why so? *Ti.* It seems too pale, methinks, for those in Italy are blacker. *Eu.* Don't you know the herb it has fallen upon? *Ti.* Not very well. *Eu.* That is no wonder, for it does not grow in these parts. It is wolf's-bane, so deadly a poison, that upon the very touch of it a scorpion is stupefied, grows pale, and yields himself overcome; but when he is hurt with one poison he seeks his remedy with another. Do you see the two sorts of hellebore hard by? If the scorpion can but get himself clear of the wolf's-bane, and get to the white hellebore, he recovers his former vigour, by the very touch of a different poison. *Ti.* Then the scorpion is undone, for he is never like to get off from the wolf's-bane. But do scorpions speak here? *Eu.* Yes, they do, and speak Greek too. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* Εὗρε θεὸς τον ἀλιτρόν, "God hath found out the guilty." Here, besides the grass, you see all sorts of serpents. Here is the basilisk, that is not only formidable for his poison, but the very flash of his eyes is also mortal. *Ti.* And he says something too. *Eu.* Yes, he says, *Oderint, dum metuant*—Let them hate me, so they fear me. *Ti.* Spoken like a king entirely. *Eu.* Like a tyrant rather, not at all like a king. Here a lizard fights with a viper, and here lies the dipsas serpent upon the catch, hid under the shell of an estridge egg. Here you see the whole policy of the ant, which we are called upon to imitate by Solomon and Virgil. Here are Indian ants, that carry gold and hoard it up. *Ti.* Oh, good God! how is it possible for a man to be weary of this entertainment? *Eu.* And yet at some other time you shall see I will give you your bellyful of it.

Now, look before you at a distance: there is a third wall, where you have lakes, rivers, and seas, and all sorts of rare fishes. This is the River Nile, in which you see the dolphin, that natural friend to mankind, fighting with a crocodile, man's deadly enemy. Upon the banks and shores you see several amphibious creatures, as crabs, seals, beavers. Here is a polypus, a catcher caught by an oyster. *Fi.* What does he say, αἱρῶν αἱρᾶμαι, the taker taken. *Ti.* The painter has made the water wonderfully transparent. *Eu.* If he had not done so we should have wanted other eyes. Just by there is another polypus, playing upon the face of the sea like a little cock-boat; and there you see a torpedo lying along upon the sands, both of a colour; you may touch them here with your hand without any danger. But we must go to something else, for these things feed the eye, but not the belly. *Ti.* Have you any more to be seen, then? *Eu.* You shall see what the backside affords us by and by.

Here is an indifferent large garden parted. The one a kitchen garden, that is my wife's and the family's; the other is a physic garden, containing the choicest medical herbs. At the left hand there is an open meadow, that is only a green plot enclosed with a quickset hedge. There, sometimes, I take the air, and divert myself with good company. Upon the right hand there is an orchard, where, when you have leisure, you shall see a great variety of foreign trees that I have brought by degrees to endure this climate. *Ti.* Oh, wonderful! the king himself has not such a seat. *Eu.* At the end of the upper walk there is an aviary, which I will shew you after dinner, and there you will see various forms and hear various tongues, and their humours

are as various. Among some of them there is an agreeableness and mutual love, and among others an irreconcileable aversion. And then they are so tame and familiar that when I am at supper they will come flying in at the window to me, even to the table, and take the meat out of my hands. If at any time I am upon the drawbridge you see there, talking, perhaps, with a friend, they will some of them sit hearkening, others of them will perch upon my shoulders or arms, without any sort of fear, for they find that nobody hurts them. At the further end of the orchard I have my bees, which is a sight worth seeing. But I must not shew you any more now, that I may have something to entertain you with by and by. I will shew you the rest after dinner.

Ser. Sir, my mistress and maid say that the dinner will be spoiled. *Eu.* Bid her have a little patience, and we will come presently. My friends, let us wash, that we may come to the table with clean hands as well as hearts, &c. The very pagans used a kind of reverence in this case; how much more then should Christians do it, if it were but in imitation of that sacred solemnity of our Saviour with his disciples at His last supper. And thence comes the custom of washing of hands, that if anything of hatred, ill-will, or any pollution should remain in the mind of any one, he might purge it out before he sits down at the table. For it is my opinion that the food is the wholesomer for the body, if taken with a purified mind. *Ti.* We believe that it is a certain truth. *Eu.* Christ Himself gave us this example, that we should sit down to the table with a hymn; and I take it from this, that we frequently read in the evangelists that he blessed or gave thanks to His Father before He broke bread, and that He concluded with giving of thanks. And if you please, I will say you a grace that St. Chrysostom commends to the skies in one of his homilies, which he himself interpreted. *Ti.* We desire you would. *Eu.* "Blessed be Thou, O God, who hast fed me from my youth up, and providest food for all flesh: fill thou our hearts with joy and gladness, that partaking plentifully of thy bounty, we may abound to every good work, through Christ Jesus our Lord, with whom, to thee and the Holy Ghost, be glory, honour, and power, world without end. Amen."

Eu. Now sit down, and let every man take his friend next him. The first place is yours, Timothy, in right of your grey hairs. *Ti.* The only thing in the world that gives a title to it. *Eu.* We can only judge of what we see, and must leave the rest to God. Sophronius, keep you close to your principal. Theophilus and Eulalius, do you take the right side of the table; Chrysoglottus and Theodidactus they shall have the left. Euranius and Nephalius must make a shift with what is left. I will keep this corner. *Ti.* This must not be, the master of the house ought to take the first place. *Eu.* The house is as much yours as mine, gentlemen; if I may rule within my own jurisdiction, I will sit where I please, and I have made my choice already. Now may Christ, the enlivener of all, and without whom nothing can be pleasant, vouchsafe to be with us, and exhilarate our minds by His presence. *Ti.* I hope He will be pleased so to do; but where shall He sit, for the places are all taken up? *Eu.* I would have Him in every morsel and drop that we eat and drink; but

especially in our minds. And the better to fit us for the reception of so divine a guest, if you will, you shall have some portion of scripture read in the interim, but so that you shall not let that hinder you from eating your dinner heartily. *Ti.* We will eat heartily, and attend diligently.

Eu. This entertainment pleases me so much the better, because it diverts vain and frivolous discourse, and affords matter of profitable conversation. I am not of their mind who think no entertainment diverting, that does not abound with foolish wanton stories and bawdy songs. There is pure joy springs from a clear and pure conscience; and those are the happy conversations where such things are mentioned that we can reflect upon afterwards with satisfaction and delight; and not such as we shall afterwards be ashamed of, and have occasion to repent of. *Ti.* It were well if we were all as careful to consider those things as we are sure they are true. *Eu.* And besides, these things have not only a certain and valuable profit in them, but one month's use of them would make them become pleasant too. *Ti.* And therefore it is the best course we can take to accustom ourselves to that which is best. *Eu.* Read us something, boy, and speak out distinctly. *Boy.* Prov. xxi. "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord; as the rivers of waters, He turneth it whithersoever He will. Every man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord pondereth the hearts. To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice," ver. 1-3.

Eu. Hold there, that is enough; for it is better to take down a little with an appetite than to devour more than a man can digest. *Ti.* It is better, I must confess, in more cases than this. Pliny would have one never have Tully's "Offices" out of one's hand; and in my opinion, it were well if all persons, but especially statesmen, had him every word by heart. And as for this little book of Proverbs, I have always looked upon it as the best manual we can carry about with us. *Eu.* I knew our dinner would be unsavoury, and therefore I procured this sauce. *Ti.* Here is nothing but what is very good; but if you had given us this lecture to a dish of beets only, without either pepper, wine, or vinegar, it would have been a delicious treat. *Eu.* I could commend it with a better grace if I did but perfectly understand what I have heard. And I would we had some able divine among us that did not only understand it, but would thoroughly expound it. But I do not know how far it may be lawful for us laymen to descant upon these matters. *Ti.* Indeed I see no hurt in it, even for a Tarpawlin to do it, abating the rashness of passing sentence in the case. And who knows but that Christ Himself (who has promised to be present where two or three are gathered together in His name) may vouchsafe His assistance to us, that are a much larger congregation.

Eu. What if we should take these three verses, and divide them among us nine guests. *Ti.* We like it well, provided the master of the feast lead the way. *Eu.* I would not refuse it; but that I am afraid I shall entertain you worse in my exposition than I do in my dinner. But, however, ceremony apart, that I may not seem to want much persuasion, omitting other meanings that interpreters put upon the place, this seems to me to be the moral sense: "That private men may be wrought upon by admonition, reproofs, laws, and menaces;

but kings, who are above fear, the more they are opposed the fiercer their displeasure; and therefore kings, as often as they are resolutely bent upon any, should be left to themselves; not in respect of any confidence of the goodness of their inclinations, but because God many times makes use of their follies and wickedness as the instruments for the punishment of the wicked." As He forbade that Nebuchadnezzar should be resisted, because He had determined to chastise His people by him as an instrument. And peradventure, that which Job says looks this way: "Who maketh the hypocrite reign for the sins of His people." And perhaps that which David says, bewailing his sin, has the same tendency: "Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." Not as if the iniquity of kings were not fatal to the people, but because there is none that has authority to condemn them but God, from whose judgment there is indeed no appeal, be the person never so great. *Ti.* I like the interpretation well enough thus far; but what is meant by the rivers of waters?

Eu. There is a similitude made use of that explains it. The wrath of a king is impetuous and unruly, and not to be led this way or that way, but presses forward with a restless fury; as the sea spreads itself over the land, and flows sometimes this way and sometimes that way, not sparing pastures nor palaces, and sometimes buries in its own bowels all that stands in its way; and if you should attempt to stop its course, or to turn it another way, you may even as well let it alone. Whereas, let it but alone, and it will sink of itself, as it happens in many great rivers, as is storied of Achelous. There is less injury done by quietly yielding than by violently resisting. *Ti.* Is there no remedy, then, against the unruliness of wicked kings? *Eu.* The first will be, not to receive a lion into the city; the second is to tie him up by parliamentary and municipal laws, that he cannot easily break out into tyranny. But the best of all would be to train him up from his childhood in the principles of piety and virtue, and to form his will before he understands his power. Good counsels and persuasions go a great way, provided they be seasonable and gentle. But the last resort must be to beg of God to incline the king's heart to those things that are becoming a Christian king. *Ti.* Do you excuse yourself because you are a layman? If I were a bachelor in divinity, I should value myself upon this interpretation. *Eu.* I cannot tell whether it is right or wrong, it is enough for me if it were not impious or heretical. However, I have done what you required of me; and now, according to the rules of conversation, it is my turn to hear your opinion.

Ti. The compliment you passed upon my grey hairs gives me some kind of title to speak next to the text, which will bear yet a more mysterious meaning. *Au.* I believe it may, and I should be glad to hear it. *Ti.* "By the word king may be meant a man so perfected as to have wholly subdued his lusts, and to be led by the impulse of the Divine Spirit only. Now, perhaps, it may not be proper to tie up such a person to the conditions of human laws, but to leave him to his Master, by whom he is governed. Nor is he to be judged according to the measures by which the frailty of imperfect men advances towards true holiness; but if he steers another course, we ought to say with St. Paul, 'God hath accepted him, and to his

own Master he stands or falls. He that is spiritual judgeth of all things, but he himself is judged of no man.'" To such, therefore, let no man prescribe; for the Lord who hath appointed bounds to the seas and rivers, hath the heart of His king in His hand, and inclines it which way soever it pleases Him. What need is there to prescribe to him that does of his own accord better things than human laws oblige him to? Or, how great a rashness were it to bind that person by human constitutions who, it is manifest, by evident tokens, is directed by the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. *Eu.* O Timothy, thou hast not only got grey hairs on this head, but you have likewise a mind venerable for experimental knowledge. And I would to God that we had more such kings as this king of yours among Christians, who, indeed, all of them ought to be such. But we have dwelt long enough upon our eggs and herbs; let them be taken away, and something else set in their room. *Ti.* We have done so well already on this ovation, that there is no need of any more, either of supplication or triumph. But since, by God's assistance, we have succeeded so well in the first verse, I wish your umbra would explain the other, which seems to me a little more obscure.

Soph. If you will put a good construction upon what I shall say, I will give you my thoughts upon it. How else can a shadow pretend to give light to anything? *Eu.* I undertake that for all the company; such shadows as you give as much light as our eyes will well bear. *Soph.* The same thing seems to be meant here that St. Paul says—"That there are several ways of life that lead to holiness." Some affect the ministry, some celibacy, others a married state; some a retired life, others public administrations of the government, according to the various dispositions of their bodies and minds. Again, to one man all meats are indifferent, another puts a difference betwixt this meat and that; another he makes a difference of days, another thinks every day alike. In these things St. Paul would have every one enjoy his own freedom of mind, without reproaching another; nor should we censure any man in those cases, but leave him to be judged by Him that weigheth the heart. It oftentimes happens that he that eats may be more acceptable to God than he that forbears; and he that breaks a holy-day than he that seems to observe it; and he that marries is more acceptable to God than a great many that live single. I, who am but a shadow, have spoken my mind.

Eu. I wish I could have conversation with such shadows often. I think you have hit the nail on the head. But here is one that has lived a bachelor, and not of the number of saints who have made themselves eunuchs, but was made so for the sake of the kingdom of God, by force to gratify our bellies ("till God shall destroy both them and meats.") It is a capon of my own feeding. I am a great lover of boiled meats. This is a very good soup, and these are choice lettuces that are in it. Pray every one help himself to what he likes best. But that you may not be deceived, I tell you that we have a course of roast coming, and after that some small dessert, and so conclude.

Ti. But we exclude your wife from table. *Eu.* When you bring your own wives mine shall keep them company. She would, if she were here, be nothing but a mute in our company. She talks with more freedom among the women, and we are more at liberty to

philosophise. And besides that, there would be danger lest we should be served as Socrates was, when he had several philosophers at table with him, who took more pleasure in talking than they did in eating, and held a long dispute, had all their meat thrown on the floor by Xantippe, who in a rage overturned the table. *Ti.* I believe you have nothing of that to be afraid of. She is one of the best-humoured women in the world. *Eu.* She is such a one, indeed, that I should be loathe to change her if I might; and I look upon myself to be very happy upon that account. Nor do I like their opinion who think a man happy because he never had a wife; I approve rather what the Hebrew sage said, "He that has a good wife has a good lot." It is commonly our own fault if our wives be bad, either for loving such as are bad, or making them so, or else for not teaching them better.

Eu. You say very right; but all this while I want to hear the third verse expounded, and methinks the divine Theophilus looks as if he had a mind to do it. *Theo.* Truly my mind was upon my belly; but, however, I will speak my mind, since I may do it without offence. *Eu.* Nay, it will be a favour to us if you should happen to be in any error, because by that means you will give us occasion of finding the truth. *Th.* The sentence seems to be of the same importance with that the Lord expresses by the prophet Hosea (chap. vi.), "I desire mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." This is fully explained, and to the life, by the Lord Jesus in St. Matthew (chap. ix.), who being at table in the house of Levi the publican, with several others of the same stamp and profession, the Pharisees, who were puffed up with their external observance of the law without any regard to the precepts of it, whereupon the whole law and prophets depend, (with a design to alienate the affections of His disciples from Him) asked them why their Master sat at the table of publicans and sinners? from whose conversation those Jews that would be accounted the more holy abstained to that degree, that if any of the stricter sort had met any of them by chance, as soon as they came home they would wash themselves. And when the disciples, being yet but raw, could give no answer, the Lord answered both for Himself and them: "They," says He, "who are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; but go you and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice; for I came not to call the righteous but sinners." *Eu.* Indeed you have very handsomely explained the matter by the comparing of texts, which is the best way of expounding Scripture. But I would fain know what it is He calls sacrifice and what mercy. For how can we reconcile it that God should be against sacrifices, who had commanded so many to be offered?

Th. How far God is against sacrifices He himself teaches us in the first chapter of the prophet Isaiah. There were certain legal obligations among the Jews which were rather significations of holiness than of the essence of it—of this sort are holydays, Sabbatisms, fasts, and sacrifices; and there were certain other obligations of perpetual force, being good in their own nature, and not merely by being commanded. Now God was displeased with the Jews, not because they did observe the rites and ceremonies, but because being vainly puffed up with these they neglected those things which God does in a more especial manner require of us; and wallowing in avarice, pride, rapines, hatred,

envy, and other iniquities, they thought they merited heaven, because that upon holydays they visited the temple, offered sacrifices, abstained from forbidden meats, and frequently fasted—embracing the shadow of religion and neglecting the substance. But in that He says, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," I take it to be said according to the idiom of the Hebrew tongue—that is to say, mercy rather than sacrifice, as Solomon interprets it in this text, "To do mercy and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifices." And again, the Scripture expresses all the charitable offices to our neighbour under the terms of mercy and eleemosynary tenderness, which takes its name from pity.

By sacrifices, I suppose, is intended whatsoever respects corporal ceremonies, and has any affinity with Judaism, such as are the choice of meats, appointed garments, fasting, sacrifices, the saying over of prayers as a boy says his lesson, resting upon holydays. These things, as they are not to be neglected in their due season, so they become displeasing to God, if a man, relying too much upon these observances, shall neglect to do acts of mercy as often as his brother's necessity requires it. And it has some appearance of holiness in it to avoid the conversation of wicked men. But this ought to give place as oft as there is an opportunity offered of shewing charity to our neighbour. It is a point of obedience to rest upon holydays. But it would be very impious to make such a conscience of a day as to suffer a brother to perish upon it. Therefore to keep the Lord's day is a kind of sacrifice, but to be reconciled to my brother is a point of mercy.

And then as for judgment, though that may seem to respect persons in power, who oftentimes oppress the weak therewith, yet it seems reasonable enough, in my opinion, that the poor man should remind him of that in Hosea, "And the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." No man can be said to keep the law of God but he that keeps it according to the mind of God. The Jews could lift up an ass upon the Sabbath that was fallen into a pit, and yet calumniated our Saviour for preserving a man upon that day. This was a preposterous judgment, and not according to the knowledge of God, for they did not consider that these things were made for man and not man for them. But I should have esteemed it presumption in me to have said these things if you had not commanded it, and I had rather learn of others things more *apropos*.

Eu. This is so far from being a presumption, that it looks rather like an inspiration. But while we are thus plentifully feeding our souls, we must not neglect their companions. *Ti.* Who are those? *Eu.* Our bodies, are not they the souls' companions? I had rather call them so than instruments, habitations, or sepulchres. *Ti.* This is certainly to be plentifully refreshed when the whole man is refreshed. *Eu.* I see you are very backward to help yourselves; therefore, if you please, I will order the roast meat to be brought us, lest instead of a good entertainment I should treat you with a long one. Now you see your ordinary. Here is a shoulder of mutton, but it is a very fine one, a capon, and two brace of partridges. These, indeed, I had from the market; this little farm supplied me with the rest. *Ti.* It is a noble dinner, fit for a prince. *Eu.* For a Carmelite, you mean. But such as it is you are welcome to it. If the provision be not very dainty you have it very freely.

Ti. Your house is so full of talk that not only the walls but the very cup speaks. *Eu.* What does it say? *Ti.* "No man is hurt but by himself." *Eu.* The cup pleads for the cause of the wine. For it is a common thing, if persons get a fever or the headache by over drinking, to lay it upon the wine, when they have brought it upon themselves by their excess. *Soph.* Mine speaks Greek. Ἐν οἴνῳ ἀηθεία, in wine there is truth (when wine is in the wit is out). *Eu.* This gives us to understand that it is not safe for priests or privy counsellors to give themselves so to wine, because wine commonly brings that to the mouth that lay concealed in the heart. *So.* In old time among the Egyptians it was unlawful for their priests to drink any wine at all, and yet in those days there was no auricular confession. *Eu.* It is now become lawful for all persons to drink wine, but how expedient it is I know not.

So. What book is that, Eulalius, you take out of your pocket? It seems to be a very neat one, it is all over gilded. *Eu.* It is more valuable for the inside than the out. It is St. Paul's Epistles, that I always carry about me as my beloved entertainment, which I take out now upon the occasion of something you said, which minds me of a place that I have beat my brains about a long time, and I am not come to a full satisfaction in yet. It is in the sixth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." In the first place (if we will believe the Stoics) nothing can be profitable to us that is not honest. How comes Paul, then, to distinguish betwixt that which is lawful and that which is expedient? It is not lawful to whore or get drunk; how then are all things lawful? But if Paul speaks of some particular things only which he would have to be lawful, I cannot guess by the tenor of the place what those particular things are. From that which follows it may be gathered that he there speaks of the choice of meats. For some abstain from things offered to idols, and others from meats forbidden by Moses' law. In the eighth chapter he treats of things offered to idols, and in the tenth chapter, explaining the meaning of this place, says, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man the things of another. Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, eat ye." And that which St. Paul subjoins agrees with what he said before: "Meats for the belly, and the belly for meats; but God shall destroy both it and them." Now that which has respect to the Judaical choice of meats is in the close of the tenth chapter: "Give none offence, neither to the Jews nor the Gentiles, nor to the church of God; even as I please all men in all things, not seeking my own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." Where in that he saith to the Gentiles, he seems to have respect to things offered to idols; and where he speaketh to the Jews he seems to refer to the choice of meats; what he says to the church of God appertains to the weak collected out of both sorts.

It was lawful, it seems, to eat of all meats whatsoever, and all things that are clean to the clean. But the question remaining is, Whether it be expedient or not? The liberty of the Gospel makes all things lawful; but charity has always a regard to my neighbour's good,

and therefore often abstains from things lawful, rather choosing to condescend to what is for another's advantage than to make use of its own liberty. But now here arises a double difficulty; first, that here is nothing that either precedes or follows in the context that agrees with this sense. For he chides the Corinthians for being seditious, fornicators, adulterers, and given to go to law before wicked judges. Now what coherence is there with this to say, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient?" And in the following matter he returns to the case of incontinence, which he had also repeated before, only leaving out the charge of contention: "But the body," says he, "is not for fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord for the body." But, however, this scruple may be solved too, because a little before, in the catalogue of sins, he had made mention of idolatry: "Be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers." Now the eating of things offered to idols is a certain kind of idolatry, and therefore he immediately subjoins, "Meat is for the belly, and the belly for meat." Intimating that in a case of necessity and for a season a man may eat anything, unless charity toward his neighbour shall dissuade it; but that uncleanness is in all persons and at all times to be detested. It is matter of necessity that we eat, but that necessity shall be taken away at the resurrection of the dead. But if we are lustful, that proceeds from wickedness.

But there is another scruple that I cannot tell how to solve or how to reconcile to that passage: "But I will not be brought under the power of any." For he says he has the power of all things, and yet he will not be brought under the power of any one. If he may be said to be under another man's power that abstains for fear of offending, it is what he speaks of himself in the ninth chapter: "For though I be free from all men, yet have made myself servant to all, that I may gain all." St. Ambrose stumbling, I suppose, at this scruple, takes this to be the apostle's genuine sense for the better understanding of what he says in the ninth chapter, where he claims to himself the power of doing that which the rest of the apostles (either true or false) did of receiving a maintenance from them to whom he preached the gospel. But he forbore this, although he might have done it as a thing expedient among the Corinthians, whom he reproved for so many and enormous iniquities. And, moreover, he that receives is in some degree in the power of him from whom he receives, and suffers some kind of abatement in his authority. For he that takes cannot so freely reprove his benefactor, and he that gives will not so easily take a reprehension from him that he has obliged. And in this did the Apostle Paul abstain from that which was lawful for the credit of his apostolical liberty, which in this case he would not have to be rendered obnoxious to any one, that he might with the greater freedom and authority reprehend their vices. Indeed, I like this explication of St. Ambrose very well.

But yet, if anybody had rather apply this passage to meats, St. Paul's saying, "but I will not be brought under the power of any," may be taken in this sense: Although I may sometimes abstain from meats offered to idols, or forbidden by the Mosaical law, out of regard to the salvation of my brothers' souls, and the furtherance of the gospel, yet my mind is free, well knowing that it is lawful to eat all manner of

meats, according to the necessity of the body. But there were some false apostles who went about to persuade them that some meats were, in themselves, by their own nature unclean, and were to be forborne, not upon occasion only, but at all times, and that as strict as adultery or murder. Now those that were thus misled were reduced under another's power, and fell from their gospel liberty. Theophylact (as I remember) is the only man that advances an opinion different from all these: "It is lawful," says he, "to eat all sorts of meats; but it is not expedient to eat to excess; for from luxury comes lust." There is no impiety, indeed, in this sense; but it does not seem to me to be the genuine sense of the place. I have acquainted you with my scruples, it will become your charity to set me to rights.

Eu. Your discourse is, indeed, answerable to your name; and one that knows how to propound questions as you do, has no need of anybody to answer them but himself. For you have so proposed your doubts as to put one quite out of doubt, although St. Paul in that epistle (proposing to handle many things at once) passes often from one argument to another, repeating what he had intermitted.

Ch. If I were not afraid that by my loquacity I should divert you from eating your dinners, and did think it were lawful to intermix anything out of profane authors with sacred discourses, I would venture to propose something that I read to-day, not so much with perplexity, as with a singular delight.

Eu. Whatsoever is pious, and conduces to good manners, ought not to he called profane. The first place must indeed be given to the authority of the Scriptures; but nevertheless, I sometimes find some things said or written by the ancients, nay, even by the heathens, nay, by the poets themselves, so chastely, so holily, and so divinely, that I cannot persuade myself but that when they wrote them they were divinely inspired; and perhaps the spirit of Christ diffuses itself farther than we imagine; and that there are more saints than we have in our catalogue. To confess freely among friends, I cannot read Tully "On Old Age," "On Friendship," his "Offices," or his "Tusculan Questions," without kissing the book, and veneration for that divine soul. And on the contrary, when I read some of our modern authors, treating of politics, economics, and ethics, good God! how cold they are in comparison of these? Nay, how do they seem to be insensible of what they write themselves? So that I had rather lose Scotus, and twenty more such as he, than one Cicero or Plutarch. Not that I am wholly against them neither, but because, by the reading of the one I find myself become better; whereas I rise from the other I know not how coldly affected to virtue, but most violently inclined to cavil and contention; therefore never fear to propose it, whatsoever it is.

Ch. Although all Tully's books of philosophy seem to breathe out something divine, yet that treatise on old age that he wrote in old age, seems to me to be according to the Greek proverb: the song of the dying swan. I was reading it to-day, and these words pleasing me above the rest, I got them by heart: "Should it please God to give me a grant to begin my life again from my very cradle, and once more to run over the course of my years I have lived, I would not upon any terms accept of it. Nor would I, having in a manner finished my race, run it over again from the starting place to the goal. For what

pleasure has this life in it? Nay, rather, what pain has it not? But if there were not, there would be undoubtedly in it satiety or trouble. I am not for bewailing my past life as a great many, and learned men too, have done; nor do I repent that I have lived, because I have lived so that I am satisfied I have not lived in vain. And when I leave this life, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode. For Nature has given us our bodies as an inn to lodge in, and not to dwell in. Oh! glorious day will that be, when I shall leave this rabble rout and defilements of the world behind me, to go to that society and world of spirits!" Thus far out of Cato. What could be spoken more divinely by a Christian? I wish all the discourses of our monks, even with their holy virgins, were such as the dialogue of this aged pagan with the pagan youths of his time.

Eu. It may be objected that this colloquy of Tully's was but a fiction.

Ch. It is all one to me, whether the honour of these expressions be given to Cato, who thought and spoke them, or to Cicero, whose mind could form such divine things in contemplation, and whose pen could represent such excellent matter in words so answerable to them; though indeed I am apt to think that Cato, if he did not speak these very words, yet that in his familiar conversation he used words of the very same import. For, indeed, M. Tully was not a man of that impudence, to draw Cato otherwise than he was. Besides, that such an unlikeness in a dialogue would have been a great indecorum, which is the thing chiefly to be aimed at in this sort of discourse, and especially at a time when his character was fresh in the memories of all men.

Th. That which you say is very likely; but I will tell you what came into my mind upon your recital. I have often admired with myself that, considering that all men wish for long life and are afraid of death, that yet I have scarce found any man so happy (I don't speak of old, but of middle-aged men) but that if the question were put to him, whether or no, if it should be granted him to grow young again, and run over the same good and ill fortune that he had before, he would not make the same answer that Cato did, especially passing a true reflection upon the mixture of good and ill of his past life. For the remembrance even of the pleasantest part of it is commonly attended with shame and sting of conscience, insomuch that the memory of past delights is more painful to us than that of past misfortunes. Therefore it was wisely done of the ancient poets in the fable of Lethe, to represent the dead drinking largely of the waters of forgetfulness before their souls were affected with any desire of the bodies they had left behind them.

Lu. It is a thing well worthy of our admiration, and what I myself have observed in some persons. But that in Cato that pleases me the most is his declaration, "Neither am I sorry that I have lived." Where is the Christian that has so led his life as to be able to say as much as this old man? It is a common thing for men who have scraped great estates together by hook or by crook, when they are upon their deathbeds, and about to leave them, then to think they have not lived in vain. But Cato therefore thought that he had not lived in vain upon the conscience of his having discharged all the parts

of an honest and useful citizen and an uncorrupted magistrate, and that he should leave to posterity monuments of his virtue and industry. And what could be spoken more divinely than this, "I depart as from an inn, and not an habitation." So long we may stay in an inn till the host bids us be gone, but a man will not easily be forced from his own house. And yet from hence the fall of the house, or fire, or some accident drives us. Or if nothing of these happen, the structure falls to pieces with old age, thereby admonishing us that we must change our quarters.

Neph. That expression of Socrates in Plato is not less elegant: "Methinks," says he, "the soul of a man is in the body as in a garrison; there is no quitting of it without the leave of the generals, nor no staying any longer in it than during the pleasure of him that placed him there." This allusion of Plato's of a garrison instead of a house is the more significant of the two. For in a house is only implied abode, in a garrison we are appointed to some duty by our governor. And much to the same purpose is it that in Holy Writ the life of man is sometimes called a warfare, and at other times a race.

Eu. But Cato's speech, methinks, seems to agree very well with that of St. Paul, who, writing to the Corinthians, calls that heavenly mansion which we look for after this life in one place οἰκίαν, a house, in another οἰκητήριον, a mansion, and moreover (besides that) he calls the body σκῆνος, a tabernacle. "For we also," says he, "who are in the tabernacle groan, being burdened."

Neph. Much after this manner says St. Peter: "And I think it meet," says he, "as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in mind, being assured that I shall shortly put off this tabernacle." And what else does Christ himself say to us, but that we should live and watch as if we were presently to die; and so apply ourselves to honest things, as if we were to live for ever? And when we hear these excellent words of Cato, "Oh, that glorious day," do we not seem to hear St. Paul himself saying, "I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ?" How happy are they that wait for death with such a frame of mind! But as for Cato's speech, although it be an excellent one, methinks there is more boldness and arrogance in it than becomes a Christian. Indeed, I never read anything in a heathen that comes nearer to a Christian than what Socrates said to Crito a little before he drank his poison: "Whether I shall be approved or not in the sight of God I cannot tell; but this I am certain of, that I have most affectionately endeavoured to please Him; and I have a good hope that He will accept of my endeavours." This great man was diffident of his own performances; but so that being conscious to himself of the propensity of his inclination to obey the divine will, he conceived a good hope that God, of His goodness, would accept him for the honesty of his intentions. Indeed, it was a wonderful elevation of mind in a man that knew not Christ, nor the Holy Scriptures. And, therefore, I can scarce forbear when I read such things of such men, but cry out, "*Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*, Saint Socrates, pray for us." *Ch.* And I have much ado sometimes to keep myself from entertaining good hopes of the souls of Virgil and Horace. *Neph.* But how unwillingly have I seen many Christians die? Some put their trust in things not to be confided in; others breathe out their souls in despera-

tion, either out of a consciousness of their lewd lives, or by reason of scruples that have been injected into their minds, even in their dying hours, by some indiscreet men, die almost in despair.

Ch. It is no wonder to find them die so, who have spent their time in philosophising about ceremonies all their lives. *Neph.* What do you mean by ceremonies? *Ch.* I will tell you, but with protestation over and over beforehand, that I do not find fault with the sacraments and rites of the church, but rather highly approve of them; but I blame a wicked and superstitious sort of people, or (to put it in the softest term) the simple and unlearned persons, who teach people to put their confidence in these things, omitting those things which make them truly Christians. *Neph.* I do not yet clearly understand what it is you aim at.

Ch. I will be plainer then. If you look into Christians in common, don't you find they live as if the whole sum of religion consisted in ceremonies? With how much pomp are the ancient rites of the church set forth in baptism? The infant waits without the church door, the exorcism is performed, the catechising is performed, vows are made, Satan is abjured with all his pomps and pleasures; then the child is anointed, signed, seasoned with salt, dipped, a charge given to its sureties to see it well brought up; and the oblation money being paid, they are discharged, and by this time the child passes for a Christian, and in some sense is so. A little time after it is anointed again, and in time learns to confess, receive the sacrament, is accustomed to rest upon holy-days, to hear divine service, to fast sometimes, to abstain from flesh, and if he observes all these he passes for an absolute Christian. He marries a wife, and then comes on another sacrament; he enters into holy orders, is anointed again and consecrated, his habit is changed, and then to prayers. Now I approve of the doing of all this well enough; but the doing of them more out of custom than conscience I don't approve; but to think that nothing else is requisite for the making a Christian I absolutely disapprove.

For the greatest part of men in the world trust to these things, and think they have nothing else to do but get wealth by right or wrong to gratify their passions of rage, lust, malice, ambition. And this they do till they come upon their deathbed; and then there follows more ceremonies—confession upon confession, more unction still, the eucharists are administered; tapers, the cross, holy water are brought in; indulgences are procured, if they are to be had for love or money; orders are given for a magnificent funeral; and then comes another solemn contract—when the man is in the agony of death, there is one stands by bawling in his ear, and now and then dispatches him before his time, if he chance to be a little in drink, or have better lungs than ordinary. Now although those things may be well enough, as they are done in conformity to ecclesiastical customs, yet there are some more internal impressions which have an efficacy to fortify us against the assaults of death by filling our hearts with joy, and helping us to go out of the world with a Christian assurance.

Eu. You speak very piously and truly; but in the meantime here is nobody eats. I told you before that you must expect nothing after the second course, and that a country one too, lest anybody should look for pheasants, moor-hens, and fine kickshaws. Here, boy! take

away these things and bring up the rest. You see not the affluence, but the straitness of my fortune. This is the product of my gardens you have seen; don't spare, if you like anything. *Ti.* There is so great a variety, it does a man good to look upon it. *Eu.* That you may not altogether despise my thriftiness, this dish would have cheered up the heart of old Hylarion, the evangelical monk, with a hundred more of his fellows, the monks of that age. But Paul and Anthony would have lived a month upon it. *Ti.* Yes, and prince Peter too, I fancy, would have leaped at it, when he lodged at Simon the tanner's. *Eu.* Yes, and Paul too, I believe, when by reason of poverty he sat up at nights to make tents. *Ti.* How much do we owe to the goodness of God! But yet, I had rather suffer hunger with Peter and Paul, upon condition that what I wanted for my body might be made up by the satisfaction of my mind.

Eu. Let us learn of St. Paul both how to abound and how to suffer want. When we want, let us praise God that He has afforded us matter to exercise our frugality and patience upon. When we abound, let us be thankful for His munificence, who by His liberality invites and provokes us to love Him; and using those things the divine bounty has plentifully bestowed upon us with moderation and temperance, let us be mindful of the poor, whom God has been pleased to suffer to want what He has made abound to us, that neither side may want an occasion of exercising virtue. For He bestows upon us sufficient for the relief of our brother's necessity, that we may obtain His mercy, and that the poor, on the other hand, being refreshed by our liberality, may give Him thanks for putting it into our hearts, and recommend us to Him in their prayers; and, very well remembered, come hither, boy, bid my wife send Gudula some of the roast meat that is left: it is a very good poor woman in the neighbourhood big with child, her husband is lately dead, a profuse, lazy fellow, that has left nothing but a stock of children. Christ has commanded to give to every one that asks; but if I should do so, I should go a begging myself in a month's time.

Eu. I suppose Christ means only such as ask for necessaries. For to them who ask, nay, who importune, or rather extort great sums from people to furnish voluptuous entertainments, or, which is worse, to feed luxury and lust, it is charity to deny; nay, it is a kind of rapine to bestow that which we owe to the present necessity of our neighbours upon those that will abuse it; upon this consideration it is, that it seems to me, that they can scarcely be excused from being guilty of a mortal sin, who at a prodigious expense either build or beautify monasteries or churches, when in the meantime so many living temples of Christ are ready to starve for want of food and clothing, and are sadly afflicted with the want of other necessaries.

When I was in England, I saw St. Thomas's tomb all over bedecked with a vast number of jewels of an immense price, besides other rich furniture, even to admiration; I had rather that these superfluities should be applied to charitable uses, than to be reserved for princes, that shall one time or other make a booty of them. The holy man, I am confident, would have been better pleased to have his tomb adorned with leaves and flowers.

When I was in Lombardy, I saw a cloister of the Carthusians,

not far from Pavia; the chapel is built from top to bottom, within and without, of white marble, and almost all that is in it, as altars, pillars, and tombs, are all marble. To what purpose was it to be at such a vast expense upon a marble temple for a few solitary monks to sing in? And it is more burden to them than use too, for they are perpetually troubled with strangers, that come thither only out of mere curiosity, to see the marble temple. And that which is yet more ridiculous, I was told there, that there is an endowment of three thousand ducats a year for keeping the monastery in repair. And there are some that think that it is sacrilege to convert a penny of that money to any other pious uses, contrary to the intention of the testator; they had rather pull down, that they may rebuild, than not go on with building.

I thought meet to mention these, being something more remarkable than ordinary, though we have a world of instances of this kind up and down in our churches. This, in my opinion, is rather ambition than charity. Rich men now-a-days will have their monuments in churches, whereas in times past they could hardly get room for the saints there. They must have their images there, and their pictures, forsooth, with their names at length, their titles, and the inscription of their donation; and this takes up a considerable part of the church; and I believe in time they will be for having their corpse laid even in the very altars themselves. But, perhaps, some will say, would you have their munificence discouraged? I say no, by no means, provided what they offer to the temple of God be worthy of it. But if I were a priest or a bishop, I would put it into the heads of those thick-skulled courtiers or merchants, that if they would atone for their sins to Almighty God, they should privately bestow their liberality upon the relief of the poor. But they reckon all as lost that goes out so by piece-meal, and is privily distributed toward the succour of the needy, that the next age shall have no memorial of the bounty. But I think no money can be better bestowed than that which Christ Himself would have put to His account, and makes Himself debtor for.

Ti. Don't you take that bounty to be well placed that is bestowed upon monasteries? *Eu.* Yes, and I would be a benefactor myself, if I had an estate that would allow it; but it should be such a provision for necessaries as should not reach to luxury. And I would give something too, wheresoever I found a religious man that wanted it. *Ti.* Many are of opinion that what is given to common beggars is not well bestowed. *Eu.* I would do something that way too, but with discretion. But in my opinion, it were better if every city were to maintain their own poor, and vagabonds and sturdy beggars were not suffered to strole about, who want work more than money. *Ti.* To whom then would you in an especial manner give? how much? and to what purposes? *Eu.* It is a hard matter for me to answer to all these points exactly. First of all, there should be an inclination to be helpful to all, and after that, the proportion must be according to my ability, as opportunity should offer, and especially to those whom I know to be poor and honest; and when my own purse failed me, I would exhort others to charity.

Ti. But will you give us leave now to discourse freely in your dominions? *Eu.* As freely as if you were at home at your own

houses. *Ti.* You don't love vast expenses upon churches, you say, and this house might have been built for less than it was. *Eu.* Indeed, I think this house of mine to be within the compass of cleanly and convenient, far from luxury, or I am mistaken. Some that live by begging have built with more state; and yet these gardens of mine, such as they are, pay a tribute to the poor; and I daily lessen my expense, and am the more frugal in expense upon myself and family, that I may contribute the more plentifully to them. *Ti.* If all men were of your mind, it would be better than it is with many good people who deserve better that are now in extreme want; and on the other hand, many of those pampered carcases would be brought down who deserve to be taught sobriety and modesty by penury.

Eu. It may be so; but shall I mend your mean entertainment now with the best bit at last? *Ti.* We have had more than enough of delicacies already. *Eu.* That which I am now about to give you, let your bellies be never so full, will not overcharge your stomachs. *Ti.* What is it? *Eu.* The book of the four evangelists, that I may treat you with the best at last. Read, boy, from the place where you left off last. *Boy.* "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other: you cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore, I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what you shall eat, or what you shall drink: nor yet for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" *Eu.* Give me the book. In this place Jesus Christ seems to me to have said the same thing twice; for instead of what He had said in the first place,—*i.e.*, "He will hate"—He says immediately, "He will despise." And for what He had said before, "He will love," He by and by turns it, "He will hold to." The sense is the same, though the persons are changed. *Ti.* I do not very well apprehend what you mean. *Eu.* Let me, if you please, demonstrate it mathematically. In the first part, put A for the one and B for the other. In the latter part, put B for one and A for the other, inverting the order; for either A will hate and B will love, or B will hold to and A will despise. Is it not plain now that A is twice hated and B twice beloved? *Ti.* 'Tis very clear. *Eu.* This conjunction or, especially repeated, has the emphasis of a contrary, or at least a different meaning. Would it not be otherwise absurd to say, "Either Peter shall overcome me, and I will yield; or I will yield, and Peter shall overcome me?" *Ti.* A pretty sophism, as I am an honest man. *Eu.* I shall think it so when you have made it out, not before.

The. I have something runs in my mind, and I am with child to have it out: I cannot tell what to make of it, but let it be what it will, you shall have it, if you please; if it be a dream, you shall be the interpreters, or midwife it into the world. *Eu.* Although it is looked upon to be unlucky to talk of dreams at table, and it is immodest to bring forth before so many men, but this dream, or this conception of thy mind, be it what it will, let us have it.

The. In my judgment, it is rather the thing than the person that is changed in this text. And the words one and one do not refer to A and B; but either part of them, to which of the other you please; so that choose which you will, it must be opposed to that which is

signified by the other; as if you should say, you shall either exclude A and admit B, or you shall admit A and exclude B. Here is the thing changed, and the person the same. And it is so spoken of A, that it is the same case if you should say the same thing of B; as thus, either you shall exclude B or admit A, or admit B or exclude A. *Eu.* In truth, you have very artificially solved this problem: no mathematician could have demonstrated it better upon a slate.

Soph. That which is the greatest difficulty to me is this—that we are forbidden to take thought for to-morrow, when yet Paul himself wrought with his own hands for bread, and sharply rebukes lazy people and those that live upon other men's labour, exhorting them to take pains, and get their living by their fingers' ends, that they may have wherewith to relieve others in their necessities. Are not they holy and warrantable labours by which a poor husband provides for his dear wife and children?

Ti. This is a question which, in my opinion, may be resolved several ways. First of all, this text had a particular respect to those times. The apostles being dispersed far and wide for the preaching of the gospel, all solicitous care for a maintenance was to be thrown aside, it being to be supplied otherwise, having not leisure to get their living by their labour, and especially they having no way of getting it but by fishing. But now the world is come to another pass, and we all love to live at ease, and shun painstaking. Another way of expounding it may be this: Christ had not forbid industry, but anxiety of thought; and this anxiety of thought is to be understood according to the temper of men in common, who are anxious for nothing more than getting a livelihood, that setting all other things aside, this is the only thing they mind. And our Saviour does in a manner intimate the same Himself, when He says "that one man cannot serve two masters;" for he that wholly gives himself up to anything is a servant to it. Now He would have the propagation of the gospel be our chief, but yet not our only care; for He says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and these things shall be added unto you." He does not say, seek only, but seek first. And besides, I take the word to-morrow to be hyperbolical, and in that signifies a time to come, a great while hence—it being the custom of the misers of this world to be anxiously scraping together, and laying up for posterity.

Eu. We allow of your interpretation; but what does He mean when He says, "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat?" The body is clothed, but the soul does not eat. *Ti.* By *anima* is meant life, which cannot subsist without meat (or is in danger if you take away its food); but it is not so if you take away the garment, which is more for modesty than necessity. If a person is forced to go naked, he does not die presently; but want of food is certain death. *Eu.* I do not well understand how this sentence agrees with that which follows: "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" For if life be so precious, we ought to take the more care of it. *Ti.* This argument does rather increase our solicitousness than lessen it.

Eu. But this is none of our Saviour's meaning, who by this argument creates in us a stronger confidence in the Father; for if a bountiful Father hath given us gratis that which is the more valuable, He will also bestow upon us what is less valuable. He that has given

us life will not deny us food, and He that has given us bodies will by some means or other give us clothes too. Therefore, relying upon His bounty, we have no reason to disquiet ourselves with anxiety of thought for things of smaller moment. What remains then but using this world as though we used it not, we transfer our whole study and application to the love of heavenly things, and rejecting the world and the devil universally, with all his crafty delusions, we cheerfully serve God alone, who will never forsake His children?

But all this while here is nobody touches the fruits. Certainly you may eat this with joy, for this is the product of my own farm, and did not cost much care to provide it. *Ti.* We have very plentifully satisfied our bodies. *Eu.* I should be glad if you had satisfied your minds too. *Ti.* Our minds have been satisfied more plentifully than our bodies.

Eu. Boy, take away, and bring some water. Now, my friends, let us wash, that if we have in eating contracted any guilt, being cleansed, we may conclude with a hymn. If you please, I will conclude with what I began out of St. Chrysostom. *Ti.* We entreat you that you would do it. *Eu.* "Glory to thee, O Lord; glory to thee, O Holy One; glory to thee, O King; as thou hast given us meat for our bodies, so replenish our souls with joy and gladness in thy Holy Spirit, that we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and may not be made ashamed when thou shalt render to every one according to his works." *Boy.* Amen. *Ti.* In truth, it is a pious and elegant hymn. *Eu.* Of St. Chrysostom's translation too. *Ti.* Where is it to be found? *Eu.* In his 56th Homily on St. Matthew. *Ti.* I will be sure to read it to-day. But I have a mind to be informed of one thing, why we thrice wish glory to Christ under these three denominations, of Lord, Holy, and King.

Eu. Because all honour is due to Him, and especially in these three respects. We call Him Lord, because He hath redeemed us by His holy blood from the tyranny of the devil, and hath taken us to Himself. Secondly, we style Him Holy, because He being the sanctifier of all men, not being content alone to have freely pardoned us all our sins gratis by His Holy Spirit, hath bestowed upon us His righteousness, that we might follow holiness. Lastly, we call Him King, because we hope for the reward of a heavenly kingdom from Him who sits at the right hand of God the Father. And all this felicity we owe to His gratuitous bounty, that we have Jesus Christ for our Lord, rather than the devil to be a tyrant over us; that we have innocence and sanctity, instead of the filth and uncleanness of our sins; and instead of the torments of hell, the joys of life everlasting. *Ti.* Indeed it is a very pious sentence.

Eu. This is your first visit, gentlemen, and I must not dismiss you without presents, but plain ones, such as your entertainment has been. Boy, bring out the presents. It is all one to me, whether you will draw lots or every one choose for himself, they are all of a price—that is to say, of no value. You will not find Heliogabalus's lottery, a hundred horses for one, and as many flies for another. Here are four little books, two dials, a lamp, and a pencase. These I suppose will be more agreeable to you than balsams, dentrifices, or looking-glasses. *Ti.* They are all so good that it is a hard matter to choose; but do

you distribute them according to your own mind, and they will come the welcomer where they fall.

Eu. This little book contains Solomon's Proverbs in parchment; it teaches wisdom, and it is gilded, because gold is a symbol of wisdom. This shall be given to our gray-headed Timothy: that according to the doctrine of the Gospel, to him that has wisdom wisdom shall be given and abound. *Ti.* I will be sure to make it my study to stand in less need of it. *Eu.* Sophronius, this dial will suit you very well, whom I know to be so good a husband of your time that you will not let a moment of that precious thing be lost. It came out of the farthest part of Dalmatia, and that is all the commendation I shall give it. *Soph.* You indeed admonish a sluggard to be diligent. *Eu.* You have in this little book the Gospel written on vellum; it deserved to be set with diamonds, except that the heart of a man were a fitter repository for it. Lay it up there, Theophilus, that you may be more and more like to your name. *Theo.* I will do my endeavour, that you may not think your present ill bestowed.

Eu. There are St. Paul's Epistles. Your constant companions, Eulalius, are in this book; you use to have Paul constantly in your mouth, and he would not be there if he were not in your heart too. And now, for the time to come, you may more conveniently have him in your hand and in your eye. *Eul.* This is a gift with good counsel into the bargain, and there is no present more precious than good counsel. *Eu.* This lamp is very fit for Chrysoglottus, who is an insatiable reader, and, as M. Tully says, a glutton of books. *Ch.* I give you double thanks—first, for so choice a present, and, in the next place, for admonishing a drowsy person of vigilance. *Eu.* Theodidactus must have this pencase, who writes much, and to excellent purposes; and I dare pronounce these pens to be happy by which the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ shall be celebrated, and that by such an artist. *Theod.* I would you could as well have supplied me with abilities as you have with instruments. *Eu.* This contains some of the choicest of Plutarch's books of morals, and very fairly written by one very well skilled in the Greek; I find in them so much purity of thought, that it is my amazement how such evangelical notions should come into the heart of a heathen. This I will present to young Uranius, that is a lover of the Greek language. Here is one dial left, and that falls to our Nephalius, as a thrifty dispenser of his time. *Neph.* We give you thanks, not only for your presents, but your compliments too. For this is not so much a making of presents as panegyrics.

Eu. I give you double thanks, gentlemen—first, for taking these small matters in so good part; and secondly, for the comfort I have received by your learned and pious discourses. What effect my entertainment may have upon you I know not; but this I am sure of, you will leave me wiser and better for it. I know you take no pleasure in fiddles or fools, and much less in dice. Wherefore, if you please, we will pass away an hour in seeing the rest of the curiosities of my little palace. *Ti.* That is the very thing we were about to desire of you.

Eu. There is no need of entreating a man of his word. I believe you have seen enough of this summer hall. It looks three ways, you see, and which way soever you turn your eye, you have a most delicate

green before you. If we please we can keep out the air or rain by putting down the sashes, if either of them be troublesome; and if the sun is incommodious, we have thick folding shutters on the outside and thin ones within, to prevent that. When I dine here I seem to dine in my garden, not in my house, for the very walls have their greens and their flowers intermixed, and it is no ill painting neither. Here is our Saviour celebrating His last supper with His elect disciples. Here is Herod keeping his birthday with a bloody banquet. Here is Dives, mentioned in the Gospel, in the height of his luxury, by and by sinking into hell. And here is Lazarus, driven away from his doors, by and by to be received into Abraham's bosom.

Ti. We do not very well know this story. *Eu.* It is Cleopatra contending with Antony which should be most luxurious—she has drunk down the first pearl, and now reaches forth her hand for the other. Here is the battle of the Centaurs; and here Alexander the Great thrusts his lance through the body of Clytus. These examples preach sobriety to us at table, and deter a man from gluttony and excess. Now let us go into my library, it is not furnished with very many books, but those I have are very good ones. *Ti.* This place carries a sort of divinity in it, everything is so shining.

Eu. You have now before you my chiefest treasure. You see nothing at the table but glass and tin, and I have in my whole house but one piece of plate, and that is a gilt cup, which I preserve very carefully for the sake of him that gave it me. This hanging globe gives you a prospect of the whole world. And here upon the wall are the several regions of it described more at large. Upon those other walls you have the pictures of the most eminent authors. There would be no end of painting them all. In the first place, here is Christ sitting on the mount, and stretching forth His hand over His head; the Father sends a voice, saying, "Hear ye Him:" the Holy Ghost, with outstretched wings and in a glory, embracing him. *Ti.* As God shall bless me, a piece of work worthy of Apelles. *Eu.* Adjoining to the library there is a little study, but a very neat one; and it is but removing a picture and there is a chimney behind it, if the cold be troublesome. In summer-time it passes for solid wall. *Ti.* Everything here looks like jewels, and here is a wonderful pretty scent. *Eu.* Above all things I love to have my house neat and sweet, and both these may be with little cost. My library has a little gallery that looks into the garden, and there is a chapel adjoining to it. *Ti.* The place itself deserves a deity.

Eu. Let us go now to those three walks above the other that you have seen, that look into the kitchen garden. These upper walks have a prospect into both gardens, but only by windows with shutters; especially in the walls that have no prospect into the inner garden, and that is for the safety of the house. Here, upon the left hand, because there is more light and fewer windows, is painted the whole life of Jesus out of the history of the four evangelists, as far as to the mission of the Holy Ghost and the first preaching of the apostles out of the Acts; and there are notes upon the places that the spectator may see near what lake or upon what mountain such or such a thing was done. There are also titles to every story, with an abstract of the contents, as that of our Saviour, "I will, be thou clean." Over against it you

have the types and prophecies of the Old Testament, especially out of the prophets and Psalms, which are little else but the life of Christ and apostles related another way. Here I sometimes walk discoursing with myself, and meditating upon the unspeakable counsel of God, in giving His Son for the redemption of mankind. Sometimes my wife bears me company, or sometimes a friend that takes delight in pious things. *Ti.* Who could be tired with this house? *Eu.* Nobody that has learned to live by himself. Upon the upper border (as though not fit to be among the rest) are all the popes' heads, with their titles, and over against them the heads of the Cæsars, for the better taking in the order of history. At each corner there is a lodging room, where I can repose myself and have a prospect of my orchard and my little birds.

Here, in the farthest nook of the meadow, is a little banqueting-house; there I sup sometimes in summer, and I make use of it as an infirmary, if any of my family be taken ill with any infectious disease. *Ti.* Some people are of opinion that those diseases are not to be avoided. *Eu.* Why then do men shun a pit or poison? Or do they fear this the less because they do not see it? No more is the poison seen that a basilisk darts from his eyes. When necessity calls for it, I would not stick to venture my life; but to do it without any necessity is rashness.

There are some other things worth your seeing, but my wife shall shew you them. Stay here this three days, if you please, and make my house your home; entertain your eyes and your minds, I have a little business abroad; I must ride out to some of the neighbouring towns. *Ti.* What! a money business? *Eu.* I would not leave such friends for the sake of receiving a little money. *Ti.* Perhaps you have appointed a hunting match. *Eu.* It is a kind of hunting, indeed; but it is something else I hunt than either boars or stags. *Ti.* What is it then? *Eu.* I will tell you. I have a friend in one town lies dangerously ill; the physician fears his life, but I am afraid of his soul. For I don't think he is so well prepared for his end as a Christian should be. I will go and give him some pious admonitions that he may be the better for whether he lives or dies. In another town there are two men bitterly at odds; they are not ill men either, but men of a very obstinate temper. If the matter should rise to a greater height, I am afraid it would be of ill consequence to more than themselves. I will do all I can in the world to reconcile them—they are both my kinsmen. This is my hunting match, and if I shall have good success in it we will drink their healths. *Ti.* A very pious hunting, indeed; we pray heartily that not Delia but Christ would give you good success. *Eu.* I had rather obtain this prey than have two thousand ducats left me for a legacy. *Ti.* Will you come back quickly? *Eu.* Not till I have tried everything; therefore I cannot set a time. In the mean-time, be as free with anything of mine as though it were your own, and enjoy yourselves. *Ti.* God be with you forward and backward.

THE CANONIZATION OF JOHN REUCLIN.

Pompilius, Brassicanus.

Po. Where have you been with your spatterlashes? *Br.* At Tupinga. *Po.* Is there no news there? *Br.* I cannot but admire that the world should run so strangely a gadding after news. I heard a camel preach at Louvain, that we should have nothing to do with anything that is new. *Po.* Indeed, it is a conceit fit for a camel: that man, if he be a man, ought never to change his old shoes or his shirt, and always to feed upon stale eggs, and drink nothing but sour wine. *Br.* But for all this, you must know, the good man does not love old things so well, but that he had rather have his porridge fresh than stale.

Po. No more of the camel, but prithee, tell me what news have you? *Br.* Nay, I have news in my budget too, but news which he says is naught. *Po.* But that which is new will be old in time. Now if all old things be good, and all new things be bad, then it follows of consequence that that which is good at present has been bad heretofore, and that which is now bad will in time come to be good. *Br.* According to the doctrine of the camel, it must be so; and therefore hence it follows, that he that was a young wicked fool in time past, because he was new, will come to be a good one, because he is grown old. *Po.* But, prithee, let us have the news, be it what it will.

Br. The famous triple-tongued phœnix of learning, John Reuclin, is departed this life. *Po.* For certain? *Br.* Nay, it is too certain. *Po.* Why, pray, what harm is that, for a man to leave an immortal memory of a good name and reputation behind him, and to pass out of this miserable world into the society of the blessed? *Br.* How do you know that to be the case? *Po.* It is plain, for he cannot die otherwise who has lived as he did. *Br.* You would say so, indeed, if you knew what I know. *Po.* What is that, I pray? *Br.* No, no, I must not tell you. *Po.* Why so? *Br.* Because he that entrusted me with the secret made me promise silence. *Po.* Do you entrust me with it upon the same condition, and, upon my honest word, I will keep counsel. *Br.* That honest word has often deceived me; but, however, I will venture, especially it being a matter of that kind that it is fit all honest men should know it. There is at Tubinge a certain Franciscan, a man accounted of singular holiness in everybody's opinion but his own. *Po.* That you mention is the greatest argument in the world of true piety. *Br.* If I should tell you his name you would say as much, for you know the man. *Po.* What if I shall guess at him? *Br.* Do, if you will. *Po.* Hold your ear then. *Br.* What needs that, when here is nobody within hearing? *Po.* But, however, for fashion's sake.——*Br.* It is the very same. *Po.* He is a man of undoubted credit. If he says a thing, it is to me as true as the gospel.

Br. Mind me, then, and I will give you the naked truth of the story. My friend Reuclin was sick, indeed very dangerously; but yet there were some hopes of his recovery; he was a man worthy never to grow old, be sick, or die. One morning I went to visit my Franciscan,

that he might ease my mind of my trouble by his discourse. For when my friend was sick, I was sick too, for I loved him as my own father. *Po.* Phoo! there is nobody but loved him, except he were a very bad man indeed.

Br. My Franciscan says to me, Brassicanus, leave off grieving, our Reuclin is well. What, said I, is he well all on a sudden, then? For but two days ago the doctors gave but little hopes of him. Then, says he, he is so well recovered that he will never be sick again. Don't weep, says he (for he saw the tears standing in my eyes), before you have heard the matter out. I have not indeed seen the man this six days, but I pray for him constantly every day that goes over my head. This morning after matins, I laid myself upon my couch, and fell into a gentle pleasant slumber. *Po.* My mind presages some joyful thing. *Br.* You have no bad guess with you.

Methought, says he, I was standing by a little bridge that leads into a wonderful pleasant meadow; the emerald verdure of the grass and leaves affording such a charming prospect; the infinite beauty and variety of the flowers, like little stars, were so delightful, and everything so fragrant, that all the fields on this side the river, by which that blessed field was divided from the rest, seemed neither to grow nor to be green, but looked dead, blasted, and withered. And in the interim, while I was wholly taken up with the prospect, Reuclin, as good luck would have it, came by; and as he passed by, gave me his blessing in Hebrew. He was gotten half way over the bridge before I perceived him, and as I was about to run to him, he looked back, and bid me keep off. You must not come yet, says he, but five years hence you shall follow me. In the meantime do you stand by a spectator and a witness of what is done.

Here I put in a word; says I, Was Reuclin naked, or had he clothes on, was he alone, or had he company? He had, says he, but one garment, and that was a very white one; you would have said it had been a damask, of a wonderful shining white, and a very pretty boy with wings followed him, which I took to be his good genius. *Po.* But had he no evil genius with him? *Br.* Yes, the Franciscan told me he thought he had. For there followed him a great way off some birds, that were all over black, except that when they spread their wings they seemed to have feathers of a mixture of white and carnation. He said that by their colour and cry one might have taken them for magpies, but that they were sixteen times as big, about the size of vultures, having combs upon their heads, with crooked beaks and gorbellies. If there had been but three of them, one would have taken them for harpies. *Po.* And what did these devils attempt to do? *Br.* They kept at a distance, chattering and squalling at the hero Reuclin, and were ready to set upon him if they durst. *Po.* What hindered them? *Br.* Turning upon them, and making the sign of the cross with his hand at them, he said, Begone, ye cursed fiends, to a place that is fitter for you. You have work enough to do among mortals, your madness has no power over me, that am now listed in the roll of immortality. The words were no sooner out of his mouth, says the Franciscan, but these filthy birds took their flight, but left such a stink behind them, that a house of office would have seemed oil of sweet marjoram or ointment of spikenard to it. He swore he had rather

go to hell than snuff up such a perfume again. *Po.* A curse upon these pests.

Br. But hear what the Franciscan told me besides. While I was intent upon these things, says he, St. Jerome was come close to the bridge, and saluted Reuclin in these words, God save thee, my most holy companion, I am ordered to conduct thee to the mansions of the blessed souls above, which the divine bounty has appointed thee as a reward for thy most pious labours. With that, he took out a garment, and put it upon Reuclin.

Then said I, Tell me in what habit or form St Jerome appeared; was he so old as they paint him? Did he wear a cowl or a hat, or the garb of a cardinal, or had he a lion by his side? Nothing of all these, said he; but his person was comely, which made his age appear such as carried in it much comeliness, but no deformity. What need had he to have a lion by his side, as he is commonly painted? His gown came down to his heels, as transparent as crystal, and of the same fashion of that he gave to Reuclin. It was all over painted with tongues of three several colours—some imitated rubies, some emeralds, and others sapphires—and beside the clearness of it, the order set it off very much. *Po.* An imitation, I suppose, of the three tongues that he professed. *Br.* Without doubt: for he said that upon the very borders of the garments were the characters of these three languages inscribed in their different colours.

Po. Had Jerome no company with him? *Br.* No company, do you say? The whole field swarmed with myriads of angels, that filled the air as thick as those little corpuscles they call atoms fly in the sunbeams, pardon the meanness of the comparison. If they had not been as transparent as glass, there would have been no heaven nor earth to have been seen. *Po.* Oh, brave, I am glad with all my heart for Reuclin's sake; but what followed?

Br. Jerome, says he, for honour's sake giving Reuclin the right hand, and embracing him, conducts him into the meadow, and up a hill that was in the middle of it, where they kissed and embraced one another again. In the meantime, the heavens opened over their heads to a prodigious wideness, and there appeared a glory so unutterable as made everything else that passed for wonderful before to look mean and sordid. *Po.* Cannot you give us some representation of it? *Br.* No; how should I, that did not see it? He who did see it says that he was not able to express the very dream of it. He said he would die a thousand deaths to see it over again, if it were but for one moment. *Po.* How then? *Br.* Out of this overture of the heavens there was let down a great pillar of fire that was transparent, and of a very pleasant form. By this the two holy souls were carried into heaven, in one another's embraces, a choir of angels all the while accompanying them with so charming a melody, that the Franciscan says he is never able to think of the delight of it without weeping. And after this there followed a wonderful fragrant smell. When he waked out of his dream, if you will call it a dream, he was just like a madman. He would not believe he was in his cell; he called for his bridge and his meadow; he could not speak or think of anything else but them. The seniors of the convent, when they found the story to be no fable, for it is certain that Reuclin died at the very

instant that the holy man had the vision, they unanimously gave thanks to God that abundantly rewards good men for their good deeds.

Po. What have we to do but to set down this holy man's name in the calendar of saints? *Br.* I should have done that if the Franciscan had seen nothing at all of this, and in gold letters too, I will assure you, next to St. Jerome himself. *Po.* And let me die if I don't put him down in my book so too. *Br.* And besides that, I will set him in gold in my little chapel, among the choicest of my saints. *Po.* And if I had a fortune to my mind, I would have him in diamonds. *Br.* He shall stand in my library the very next to St. Jerome. *Po.* And I will have him in mine too. *Br.* If they were grateful, every one who loves learning and languages, especially the holy tongues, would do so too. *Po.* Truly it is no more than he deserves. But have not you some scruple upon your mind, inasmuch as he is not yet canonised by the authority of the bishop of Rome? *Br.* Why, pray, who canonised (for that is the word) St. Jerome? who canonised St. Paul, or the Virgin Mary? Pray tell me, whose memory is most sacred among all good men? Those that by their eminent piety, and the monuments of their learning and good life, have entitled themselves to the veneration of all men; or Catherine of Sien, that was sainted by Pius the Second, in favour of the order and the city? *Po.* You say true; that is the right worship that by the will of Heaven is paid to the merits of the dead, whose benefits are always sensibly felt.

Br. And can you then deplore the death of this man? If long life be a blessing he enjoyed it. He has left behind him immortal monuments of his virtue, and by his good works consecrated his name to immortality. He is now in heaven, out of the reach of misfortunes, conversing with St. Jerome himself. *Po.* But he suffered a great deal though in his life. *Br.* But yet St. Jerome suffered more. It is a blessing to be persecuted by wicked men for being good. *Po.* I confess so; and St. Jerome suffered many unworthy things from the worst of men for the best of deeds.

Br. That which Satan did formerly by the Scribes and Pharisees against the Lord Jesus, he continues still to do by pharisaical men against good men, who have deserved well from the world by their studies. He now reaps the blessed harvest of the seed he has been sowing. In the meantime it will be our duty to preserve his memory sacred, to honour his name, and to address him often in some such manner as follows: O holy soul, be thou propitious to languages, and to those that cultivate them: favour the holy tongues, and destroy evil tongues that are infected with the poison of hell. *Po.* I will do it myself, and earnestly persuade all my friends to do it. I make no question but there will be those that will desire to have some little form of prayer, according to custom, to celebrate the memory of this most holy hero. *Br.* Do you mean that which they call a collect? *Po.* Yes. *Br.* I have one ready that I provided before his death. *Po.* I pray let us hear it.

Br. "O God, that art the lover of mankind, that hast by thy chosen servant, John Reuclin, renewed to mankind the gift of tongues, by which thy Holy Spirit from above did formerly furnish the apostles for their preaching the gospel; grant that all people may everywhere, in all languages, preach the glory of thy Son Jesus Christ, to the con-

founding of the tongues of false apostles; who, being in a confederacy to uphold the impious tower of Babel, endeavour to obscure thy glory, and to advance their own, when to thee alone, together with thy only Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and the Holy Spirit, is due all glory, to eternal ages. Amen." *Po.* A most elegant and holy prayer. As I live it shall be mine daily. And I account this a happy opportunity that has brought me to the knowledge of so joyful a story. *Br.* Mayst thou long enjoy that comfort, and so farewell. *Po.* Fare you well too. *Br.* I will fare well, but not be a cook.

THE LOVER AND MAIDEN.

Pamphilus and Mary.

Pa. Good morrow, madam cruel, hard heart, inflexible. *Ma.* Good morrow to you, Mr. Pamphilus, as often, and as much, and by what names you please. But you seem to have forgotten my name, it is Mary. *Pa.* It should rather have been Martia. *Ma.* Why so, pray, what is Mars to me? *Pa.* Because just as Mars makes a sport of killing men, so do you; saving that you do it the more cruelly of the two, because you kill *one* that loves you. *Ma.* Say you so! Pray, where is the great slaughter of men that I have made? where is the blood of the slain? *Pa.* You may see one dead corpse before your face, if you look upon me. *Ma.* What strange story is this? Does a dead man talk and walk? I wish I may never meet with more frightful ghosts than you are. *Pa.* Ay, indeed, you make a jest of it; but for all that, you kill poor me, and more cruelly, too, than if you stuck a dagger in my breast. For now I, poor wretch as I am, die a lingering death. *Ma.* Prithee, tell me how many women with child have miscarried at the sight of thee? *Pa.* My paleness shews I have no more blood in my body than a ghost. *Ma.* Indeed you are as pale as a violet. You are as pale as a ripe cherry or purple grape. *Pa.* You coquet with my misery. *Ma.* If you cannot believe me, look in the glass. *Pa.* I would never desire a better glass, nor do I believe there is a better in the world, than I am looking in already. *Ma.* What looking-glass do you mean? *Pa.* Your eyes.

Ma. You banterer! that is like you. But how do you prove yourself to be dead? Do dead folks eat? *Pa.* Yes, they do; but things that have no relish, as I do? *Ma.* What do they feed upon? *Pa.* Mallows, leeks, and lupines. *Ma.* But you feed upon capons and partridges. *Pa.* If I do, I relish them no more than beets without pepper or vinegar. *Ma.* Poor creature! but yet you are in pretty good case for all that. And do dead folks talk too? *Pa.* Just as I do, with a weak voice. *Ma.* But when I heard you rallying your rival a little while ago, your voice was not very low then. But, prithee, do ghosts walk, wear clothes, and sleep? Yes, and enjoy one another too, after their manner. *Ma.* Thou art a merry fellow.

Pa. But what will you say if I prove it by undeniable arguments, that I am dead, and that you have killed me too. *Ma.* God forbid, Pamphilus; but let us hear your arguments, however. *Pa.* In the

first place, I think you will grant me this, that death is only a separation of soul and body. *Ma.* I grant it. *Pa.* But you must grant it so as not to eat your words. *Ma.* No, I will not. *Pa.* You will not deny, I suppose, that the person that takes away another's life is a murderer. *Ma.* I grant that too. *Pa.* I suppose you will grant that which has been allowed by the greatest men of many ages, that the soul of a man is not really where it animates, but where it loves. *Ma.* Make that a little plainer, I cannot well understand it then. *Pa.* You might as well bid me make an adamant sensible of it. *Ma.* I am a maid, not a stone. *Pa.* It is true, but harder than an adamant stone. *Ma.* Go on with your inferences. *Pa.* Those that are in a trance do neither hear, nor see, nor smell, nor feel, if you kill them outright. *Ma.* Indeed I have heard so. *Pa.* What do you think is the reason? *Ma.* Do you, philosopher, tell that. *Pa.* Because their mind is in heaven, where it enjoys what it dearly loves, and therefore is absent from the body. *Ma.* Well, what then? *Pa.* What then, hard-hearted creature? Then it follows that I am dead, and you have killed me. *Ma.* Where is your soul then? *Pa.* Where it loves. *Ma.* Who took this soul of yours away? What do you sigh for? Tell me freely: there is no hurt in it. *Pa.* A cruel maid, that I could not be angry with if she killed me outright. *Ma.* You are very good humoured; but why do not you take her soul from her too, and pay her in her own coin, according to the old proverb. *Pa.* I should be the happiest man in the world if I could make that exchange that her heart would pass as wholly into my breast as mine has into her's.

Ma. But may I play the sophist with you now? *Pa.* The sophistress. *Ma.* Can one and the same body be both alive and dead? *Pa.* Not at the same time. *Ma.* Is the body dead when the soul is out of it? *Pa.* Yes. *Ma.* Nor does it animate it, but when it is in it? *Pa.* No, it does not. *Ma.* How comes it to pass then, that when it is there where it loves, it yet animates the body it is gone out of? And if it animates when it loves anywhere, how is that called a dead body which it animates? *Pa.* Indeed, you argue very cunningly, but you shall not catch me there. That soul, which after some sort governs the body of the lover, is but improperly called a soul, when it is but some small remains of the soul, just as the smell of a rose remains in the hand when the rose is gone. *Ma.* I see it is a hard matter to catch a fox in a trap. But answer me this question, does not the person that kills act? *Pa.* Yes. *Ma.* And does not he suffer who is killed? *Pa.* Yes. *Ma.* And how comes it about, then, that when he that loves acts, and she that is loved suffers, she that is loved should be said to kill, when he that loves rather kills himself? *Pa.* Nay, on the contrary, it is he that loves that suffers, and she is loved that acts. *Ma.* You will never prove that by all your grammar. *Pa.* Well, I will prove it by logic then.

Ma. But do so much as answer me this one question, do you love voluntarily, or against your will? *Pa.* Voluntarily. *Ma.* Then, since a person is at liberty whether he will love or no, he that does love is guilty of *felo de se*, and accuses a maid wrongfully. *Pa.* A maid does not kill in being loved, but in not loving again. He is guilty of killing that can save and does not save. *Ma.* What if a

young man should fall into an unlawful love, as suppose with another man's wife or a vestal virgin, must she love him again to save the lover? *Pa.* But the young man, meaning myself, loves one whom he ought to love, and by right and good reason, and yet am murdered. If murder be a light matter, I could indict you for witchcraft too. *Ma.* God forbid; do you make a Circe of me? *Pa.* You are more barbarous than Circe herself. I had rather be a hog or a bear than as I now am, half dead.

Ma. By what sort of enchantments do I kill men? *Pa.* By the witchcraft of your eyes. *Ma.* Would you have me take my noxious eyes off of you then? *Pa.* No, by no means, rather look more upon me. *Ma.* If my eyes are so infectious, how comes it about they do not throw others I look upon into a consumption too? I therefore rather believe the infection is in your own eyes than mine. *Pa.* Is it not enough for you to kill poor Pamphilus, but you must insult him too? *Ma.* Oh, pretty dead creature! but when must I come to your funeral? *Pa.* Sooner than you think for, if you do not relieve me. *Ma.* Can I perform such a wonderful cure? *Pa.* You can raise a dead man to life again with the greatest ease imaginable. *Ma.* Ay, if I had the grand elixir. *Pa.* You have no need of any medicine; do but love me again. And what is easier than that? Nay, what is more just? You can no other way in the world get clear of the crime of murder.

Ma. In what court must I be tried? In the court of chancery? *Pa.* No, in the court of Venus. *Ma.* They say she is a very merciful goddess. *Pa.* Nay, the most severe in the world. *Ma.* Has she any thunderbolts? *Pa.* No. *Ma.* Has she got a trident? *Pa.* No. *Ma.* Has she got a spear? *Pa.* No; but she is the goddess of the sea. *Ma.* But I do not go to sea. *Pa.* But she has a son. *Ma.* Youth is not very formidable. *Pa.* But he is very revengeful and resolute. *Ma.* What will he do to me? *Pa.* What will he do? That which I cannot wish to be done to one I wish so well to. God forbid I should. *Ma.* Tell me what it is, for I am not afraid to hear it. *Pa.* Well, I will tell you then; if you slight me that love you, and am no way unworthy of your love, I shall be much mistaken if he do not by his mother's order shoot you with a venomous dart, and make you fall deeply in love with some sorry fellow or other that would not love you again. *Ma.* That is a most horrid punishment indeed. I had rather die a thousand deaths than be so bitterly in love with an ugly man, and one that would not love me neither.

Pa. But we had a notable example of this not long since upon a certain maid. *Ma.* Where did she live? *Pa.* At Orleans. *Ma.* How many years ago was it? *Pa.* How many years! not ten months. *Ma.* What was her name? What do you stick at? *Pa.* Nothing at all; I know her as well as I know you. *Ma.* Why don't you tell me her name then? *Pa.* Because I am afraid it is ominous. I wish she had been of some other name. She was your own name-sake. *Ma.* Who was her father? *Pa.* Her father is alive at this time, and is a topping lawyer and a rich man. *Ma.* Tell me his name. *Pa.* Mauritius. *Ma.* His surname. *Pa.* Aglaius. *Ma.* Is her mother alive? *Pa.* No, she died lately. *Ma.* What did she die of, say you? *Pa.* Why of grief; and it had like to have cost her

father his life too, for all he was a man of a strong constitution. *Ma.* May not a person know her mother's name? *Pa.* Yes, Sophrona, everybody knows her name. What do you mean by that question? Do you think I invent a lie? *Ma.* Why should I think so of you? Our sex is most to be suspected for that. But tell me what became of the maid?

Pa. The maid, as I told you before, came of very honest parents, had a good fortune, was very handsome, and in few words, was a match for a prince; a certain gentleman of an equal fortune courted her. *Ma.* What was his name? *Pa.* Ah, me, I cannot bear the thoughts of it; his name was Pamphilus as well as mine. He tried all the ways in the world to gain her good will; but she slighted all his offers. The young man pines away with grief. Presently after she fell deep in love with one more like an ape than a man. *Ma.* How? *Pa.* Ay, so wretchedly in love, that it is impossible to relate it. *Ma.* Such a pretty maid to fall in love with such an ugly fellow? *Pa.* Ay, with a long-visaged, scald-headed, bald-pated, hollow-eyed, snub-nosed, wide-mouthed, rotton-toothed, stuttering, scabby-bearded, humpbacked, gorbellied, bandy-legged fellow. *Ma.* You tell me of a mere Thersites. *Pa.* Nay, they said he had but one ear neither. *Ma.* It may be he had lost the other in the war. *Pa.* No, he lost it in peace. *Ma.* Who dared to cut it off? *Pa.* Jack Ketch. *Ma.* It may be his riches made amends. *Pa.* Over head and ears in debt. And with this husband this charming girl now spends her days, and is now and then drubbed into the bargain. *Ma.* That is a miserable story indeed. *Pa.* But it is a true one. It is a just retaliation upon her for slighting the young gentleman. *Ma.* I should rather choose to be thunderstruck than tied to endure such a husband.

Pa. Then do not provoke justice, but love him that loves you. *Ma.* Well, if that will do, I do love you again. *Pa.* Ay, but I would have that love constant as mine own. I court a wife, not a mistress. *Ma.* I suppose so, but yet we ought to be very deliberate in that which being once done can never be undone again. *Pa.* I have been deliberating too long already. *Ma.* Love is none of the best advisers; see that he has not imposed upon you, for they say he is blind. *Pa.* But that love has eyes in his head that proceeds from judgment; you do not appear so amiable only because I love you, but you are really so, and therefore I love you. *Ma.* But perhaps you do not know me thoroughly. When once a shoe is on, then you will know where it pinches. *Pa.* I will venture it; but I gather from many conjectures that it will be happy for me. *Ma.* What, are you an augur then? *Pa.* Yes, I am.

Ma. Pray by what auguries do you prognosticate all this? What, hath the night-owl appeared luckily? *Pa.* She flies for fools. *Ma.* Did you see a pair of pigeons on your right hand? *Pa.* Nothing of all this; but have for some years been satisfied of the honesty of your father and mother, and in the first place, that is no bad sign. Nor am I ignorant how modestly and religiously you have been brought up by them, and it is a greater advantage to be honestly educated than honourably born. And then there is another good circumstance besides, that as my parents are none of the worst, so yours and mine have been very intimate for many years, and you and I have known

one another from our very childhood, as they use to say; and besides all this, our humours agree very well together. Our age, fortunes, quality, and parentage are pretty equal. And last of all, that which is the chief thing in friendship, your temper seems to agree very well with mine. There are some things that may be very good in themselves that may not agree with others. How acceptable my temper may be to yours I do not know. These are the auguries, my dear, that make me prognosticate that a marriage between you and me would be happy, lasting, comfortable, and pleasant, unless you shall prevent it by a denial.

Ma. What would you have me say? *Pa.* I will sing I am thine first, and you shall sing I am thine after me. *Ma.* That, indeed, is but a short song, but it has a long chorus. *Pa.* What signifies it how long it is, so it be a merry one? *Ma.* I have that respect for you, I would not have you do what you should repent of when done. *Pa.* Leave off teasing me. *Ma.* Perhaps I shall not appear so amiable in your eye when age or sickness have spoiled my beauty. *Pa.* No more, my dear, shall I myself be always so young and lusty. I do not only look at that blooming, lovely body of yours, but it is your guest within it I am most in love with. *Ma.* What guest do you mean? *Pa.* This soul of yours, whose beauty will grow as years increase. *Ma.* In truth, you have a very penetrating sight if you can see that through so many coverings.

Pa. It is with the eyes of my mind that I see your mind, and then, besides, we shall be ever and anon renewing our age by our children. *Ma.* But then I shall lose my maidenhead. *Pa.* Right enough; but prithee, tell me, if you had a fine orchard, would you rather choose never to have nothing but blossoms on the trees, or would you rather that the blossoms should fall off, and see the boughs laden with ripe apples? *Ma.* Oh, how cunningly you can argue! *Pa.* Answer me but this one question, which is the finest sight, a vine lying along upon the ground and rotting, or twining round a stake or an elm tree, laden with ripe grapes of a curious purple colour? *Ma.* And pray do you answer me this question, which is the most pleasant sight, a rose fresh and fair upon the tree, or one gathered and withering in the hand? *Pa.* I look upon that the happier rose that dies in a man's hand, there delighting the sight and smell, than that which withers away upon the bush, for it would die there if it were let alone, as that wine has the most honour done it that is drank before it grows dead. Though this is to be said, that the flower of a maid does not presently fade as soon as she is married; nay, I have seen a great many that before marriage looked pale and languid, and just as if they were dropping into the ground; but having been in the embraces of a husband they have brightened up, just as if they just then began to bloom. *Ma.* But for all that, a maidenhead is accounted a fine thing. *Pa.* A young virgin is indeed a pretty thing, but what is more monstrous than an old maid? If your mother had not shed that blossom, we should never have had this fine flower yourself. And if we do not make a barren match, as I hope we shall not, there will be never a maid the less for us.

Ma. But they say chastity is very well pleasing to God. *Pa.* And for that reason I would marry a chaste maid, that I may live

chastely with her. The union of minds will be more than that of bŏdies. We will get subjects for the king and servants for Christ, and where will the unchastity of this matrimony be? And who can tell but we may live together like Joseph and Mary? And in the meantime we will learn to be virgins, we do not arrive at perfection all at once. *Ma.* What do you talk of? Is virginity to be violated that it may be learned? *Pa.* Why not? As by little and little drinking wine sparingly, we learn to be abstemious. Which do you think is the most temperate person, he that is sitting at a table full of delicacies, and abstains from them, or he who is out of the reach of those things that incite intemperance? *Ma.* I think he is the most temperate person that the greatest plenty cannot debauch. *Pa.* Which is the most laudable for chastity, he that castrates himself, or he that, having his members entire, forbears venery? *Ma.* The latter, in my opinion: I should call the former a madman. *Ma.* Do not they in a manner castrate themselves that abjure matrimony? *Ma.* I think they do. *Pa.* Then it is no virtue to forbear coition. *Ma.* Is it not? *Pa.* I prove it thus: if it were of itself a virtue not to copulate, it were a sin to do it; so that it follows of consequence, it is a fault not to copulate, and a virtue to do it. *Ma.* When does this case happen? *Ma.* As often as the husband requires his due of his wife; especially if he would embrace her for the sake of procreation. *Ma.* But if it be out of wantonness, is it not lawful to deny him? *Pa.* He may be admonished or dissuaded by soft language to forbear; but if he insists upon it, he ought not to be refused. But I hear very few husbands complain of their wives upon this account.

Ma. But liberty is a very sweet thing. *Pa.* Virginity is rather a great burden. I will be your king, and you shall be my queen, and we will govern the family according to our pleasure: and do you think that a bondage? *Ma.* Marriage is called a halter. *Pa.* They deserve a halter that call it so. Pray tell me, is not your soul and body bound together? *Ma.* Yes, I think they are. *Pa.* Just like a bird in a cage; and yet, ask it if it would be freed from it, I believe it will say no: and what is the reason of that? Because it is bound by its own consent.

Ma. But we have neither of us got much portion. *Pa.* We are the safer for that—you shall add to it at home by good housewifery, and that is not without good reason said to be a great revenue, and I will increase it abroad by my industry. *Ma.* But children bring a great many cares along with them. *Pa.* And they bring a great many comforts too, and oftentimes repay their parents' tenderness with much interest. *Ma.* It is a grievous thing to bury one's children. *Pa.* Why, you have none now, have you? What need is there of troubling ourselves with that we do not know will be or not? Pray, tell me, had you rather not be born at all or to be born mortal? *Ma.* Why, indeed, I had rather be born mortal than not to be born at all. *Pa.* And so that destituteness is the most miserable that never has had children, nor ever will have; as those are happier that have lived than those that have not, nor ever will. *Ma.* Who are they that never have been nor ever shall be born? *Pa.* Although he that refuses to bear the chance of fortune, which all are equally liable to, whether we be kings or commoners, must go out of the world; yet, whatsoever

shall happen, you shall bear but half of it, I will take the greatest half upon myself; and if anything happen of felicity, the pleasure will be double; if any infelicity, society will take away one-half of the uneasiness of it: and as for me, if it should be my fate, it would be a pleasure to me to die in your embrace.

Ma. Men can bear the misfortunes that happen according to the common course of nature better than women; but I see what a great deal of grief children bring to some parents by their manners, more than following them to the grave. *Pa.* To prevent that lies pretty much in our own power. *Ma.* How so? *Pa.* Because as to disposition good parents commonly have good children, for doves do not bring kites. Therefore we will do our endeavour to be good ourselves, and then take care to instruct our children in religion and piety from the very cradle. It is of great moment what is first infused into them; and besides, we will take care that at home they may have good examples of life to imitate. *Ma.* That you talk of is very hard to be done. *Pa.* It is hard, because it is good, and for the same reason you are hard to be got; but then we will endeavour the more industriously. *Ma.* You will find me easy to be wrought upon: do you see that you form and model me? *Pa.* But only say three words.

Ma. That is a very easy matter; but words, when they are once out, cannot be called in again. I will give you counsel that shall be better than that for both of us. Do you treat with both our parents that it may be done with their consent. *Pa.* You bid me go a great way about, and you may satisfy me in three words. *Ma.* I cannot tell whether I can or no. I am not at my own disposal. It was the custom in old time to have the consent of parents. The match, in my opinion, is like to be the more happy if we have our parents' consent to it. It is your business to court; it is not handsome for us to do it. We maids love to be forced, though sometimes we love with the strongest passion. *Pa.* I shall not think much to court, if you yourself will not frustrate my endeavours. *Ma.* I promise you I will not, my Pamphilus; do not be discouraged. *Pa.* I wish you were not so scrupulous. *Ma.* Do you first endeavour to know your own mind thoroughly, and don't be governed by your passion, but by reason. The passion of love is but temporary, but what proceeds from reason is lasting.

Pa. In truth, you play the philosopher very prettily, and therefore I will follow your advice. *Ma.* You will not repent of your condescension. But, hark ye, though, here is one scruple comes into my mind, that I cannot well get over. *Pa.* Have done with scruples. *Ma.* Would you have me marry a dead man? *Pa.* No, but I shall come to life again then. *Ma.* Well, you have removed my objection. My Pamphilus, farewell. *Pa.* Do you take care of that. *Ma.* I wish you a good night. Why do you sigh? *Pa.* A good night, say you; I wish you would give me what you wish me. *Ma.* Soft and fair, you are a little too hasty. *Pa.* Must I not carry nothing of you along with me? *Ma.* This sweet ball, it will cheer your heart. *Pa.* But give me a kiss too. *Ma.* No, I have a mind to keep my maidenhead for you entire and untouched. *Pa.* Will a kiss take anything from your virginity? *Ma.* Will you give me leave to kiss other folks? *Pa.* No, by no means; I would have my kisses kept

for myself. *Ma.* Well, I will keep them for you. But there is another reason why I dare not give you a kiss as things are at present. *Pa.* What is that? *Ma.* You say your soul is gone out of your body into mine, so that there is but very little left. I am afraid that in kissing the little that is left in you should jump out of you into me, and so you should be quite dead. Shake hands as a pledge of my love, and so farewell. Do you see that you manage the matter vigorously, and I will pray to God in the meantime that whatsoever be done may be for both our good.

THE VIRGIN AVERSE TO MATRIMONY.

Eubulus, Catherine.

Eu. I am glad, with all my heart, that supper is over at last, that we may have an opportunity to take a walk, which is the greatest diversion in the world. *Ca.* And I was quite tired of sitting so long at table. *Eu.* How green and charming does everything in the world look, surely this is its youth! *Ca.* Ay, so it is. *Eu.* But why is it not spring with you too? *Ca.* What do you mean? *Eu.* Because you look a little dull. *Ca.* Why, don't I look as I used to do? *Eu.* Shall I shew you how you look? *Ca.* With all my heart. *Eu.* Do you see this rose, how it contracts itself now towards night? *Ca.* Yes, I do see it. And what then? *Eu.* Why, just so you look. *Ca.* A very fine comparison. *Eu.* If you will not believe me, see your own face in this fountain here.

What was the meaning you sat sighing at supper so? *Ca.* Pray, do not ask questions about that which does not concern you. *Eu.* But it does very much concern me, since I cannot be cheerful myself without you be so too. See, now, there is another sigh, and a deep one too. *Ca.* There is, indeed, something that troubles my mind, but I must not tell it. *Eu.* What, will you not tell it me, that love you more dearly than I do my own sister. My Katy, don't be afraid to speak, be it what it will, you are safe. *Ca.* If I should be safe enough, yet I am afraid I shall be never the better in telling my tale to one that can do me no good. *Eu.* How do you know that? If I cannot serve you in the thing itself, perhaps I may in counsel or consolation. *Ca.* I cannot speak it out. *Eu.* What is the matter? Do you hate me? *Ca.* I love you more dearly than my own brother, and yet for all that my heart will not let me divulge it. *Eu.* Will you tell me if I guess it? Why do you quibble now? Give me your word, or I will never let you alone till I have it out. *Ca.* Well, then, I do give you my word.

Eu. Upon the whole of the matter, I cannot imagine what you should want of being completely happy. *Ca.* I would I were so. *Eu.* You are in the very flower of your age. If I am not mistaken, you are now in your seventeenth year. *Ca.* That is true. *Eu.* So that, in my opinion, the fear of old age cannot yet be any part of your trouble. *Ca.* Nothing less, I assure you. *Eu.* And you are every way lovely, and that is the singular gift of God. *Ca.* Of my person, such as it is, I neither glory nor complain. *Eu.* And besides, the habit of your body and your complexion bespeak you to be in perfect

health, unless you have some hidden distemper. *Ca.* Nothing of that, I thank God. *Eu.* And besides, your credit is fair. *Ca.* I trust it is. *Eu.* And you are endowed with a good understanding, suitable to the perfections of your body, and such a one as I could wish to myself, in order to my attainment of the liberal sciences. *Ca.* If I have, I thank God for it. *Eu.* And, again, you are of a good agreeable humour, which is rarely met with in great beauties; they are not wanting neither. *Ca.* I wish they were such as they should be. *Eu.* Some people are uneasy at the meanness of their extraction, but your parents are both of them well descended, and virtuous, of plentiful fortunes, and very kind to you. *Ca.* I have nothing to complain of upon that account.

Eu. What need of many words? Of all the young women in the country, you are the person I would choose for a wife, if I were in condition to pretend to it. *Ca.* And I would choose none but you for a husband, if I were disposed to marry. *Eu.* It must needs be some extraordinary matter that troubles your mind so. *Ca.* It is no light matter, you may depend upon it. *Eu.* You will not take it ill, I hope, if I guess at it. *Ca.* I have promised you I will not. *Eu.* I know by experience what a torment love is. Come, confess now, is that it? You promised to tell me. *Ca.* There is love in the case, but not that sort of love that you imagine. *Eu.* What sort of love is it that you mean? *Ca.* Guess. *Eu.* I have guessed all the guesses I can guess; but I am resolved I will never let go this hand till I have gotten it out of you. *Ca.* How violent you are. *Eu.* Whatever your care is, repose it in my breast.

Ca. Since you are so urgent I will tell you. From my very infancy I have had a very strong inclination. *Eu.* To what, I beseech you? *Ca.* To put myself into a cloister. *Eu.* What! to be a nun? *Ca.* Yes. *Eu.* Ho! I find I was out in my notion. To leave a shoulder of mutton for a sheep's head. *Ca.* What is that you say, Eubulus? *Eu.* Nothing, my dear, I did but cough. But go on, tell me it out. *Ca.* This was my inclination, but my parents were violently set against it. *Eu.* I hear you. *Ca.* On the other hand, I strove by entreaties, fair words, and tears, to overcome that pious aversion of my parents. *Eu.* Oh, strange! *Ca.* At length, when they saw I persisted in entreaties, prayers, and tears, they promised me that if I continued in the same mind till I was seventeen years of age, they would leave me to my own liberty. The time is now come. I continue still in the same mind, and they go from their words. This is that which troubles my mind. I have told you my distemper; do you be my physician and cure me, if you can.

Eu. In the first place, my sweet creature, I would advise you to moderate your affections, and if you cannot do all that you would, do all that you can. *Ca.* It will certainly be the death of me if I have not my desire. *Eu.* What was it that gave the first rise to this fatal resolution? *Ca.* Formerly, when I was a little girl, they carried me into one of those cloisters of virgins, carried me all about it, and shewed me the whole college. I was mightily taken with the virgins, they looked so charmingly pretty, just like angels; the chapels were so neat, and smelt so sweet, the gardens looked so delicately well-ordered, that, in short, which way soever I turned my eye everything

seemed delightful. And then I had the prettiest discourse with the nuns; and I found two or three that had been my playfellows when I was a child, and I have had a strange passion for that sort of life ever since. *Eu.* I have no dislike to the nunneries themselves, though the same thing can never agree with all persons. But considering your genius, as far as I can gather from your complexion and manners, I should rather advise you to an agreeable husband, and set up a college in your own house, of which he should be the abbot and you the abbess. *Ca.* I will rather die than quit my resolution of virginity. *Eu.* Nay, it is, indeed, an admirable thing to be a pure virgin; but you may keep yourself so without running yourself into a cloister, from which you never can come out. You may keep your maidenhead at home with your parents. *Ca.* Yes, I may, but it is not so safe there. *Eu.* Much safer truly, in my judgment, there than with those brawny, swill-bellied monks. They are no capons, I will assure you, whatever you may think of them. They are called fathers, and they commonly make good their calling to the very letter. Time was when maids lived nowhere honester than at home with their parents, when the only spiritual father they had was the bishop. But, prithee, tell me what cloister hast thou made choice of among them all to be a slave in? *Ca.* The Chrysertian. *Eu.* Oh! I know it, it is a little way from your father's house. *Ca.* You are right.

Eu. I am very well acquainted with the whole gang. A sweet fellowship to renounce father and mother, friends, and a worthy family for! For the patriarch himself, what with age, wine, and a certain natural drowsiness, has been moped this many a day. He cannot now relish anything but wine; and he has two companions, John and Jodocus, that match him to a hair. And as for John, indeed I cannot say he is an ill man, for he has nothing at all of a man about him but his beard, not a grain of learning in him, and not much more common prudence. And Jodocus, he is so arrant a sot that if he were not tied up to the habit of his order he would walk the streets in a fool's cap, with ears and bells at it. *Ca.* Truly they seem to me to be very good men.

Eu. But, my Kitty, I know them better than you do. They will do good offices, perhaps, between you and your parents, that they may gain a proselyte. *Ca.* Jodocus is very civil to me. *Eu.* A great favour, indeed. But suppose them good and learned men to-day, you will find them the contrary perhaps to-morrow; and let them be what they will then, you must bear with them. *Ca.* I am troubled to see so many entertainments at my father's house, and married folks are so given to talk smutty. I am put to it sometimes when men come to kiss me, and you know one cannot well deny a kiss. *Eu.* He that would avoid everything that offends him must go out of the world. We must accustom our ears to hear everything, but let nothing enter the mind but what is good. I suppose your parents allow you a chamber to yourself. *Ca.* Yes, they do. *Eu.* Then you may retire thither if you find the company grow troublesome; and while they are drinking and joking you may entertain yourself with Christ your spouse,—praying, singing, and giving thanks. Your father's house will not defile you, and you will make it the more pure. *Ca.* But it is a great deal safer to be in virgins' company.

Eu. I do not disapprove of a chaste society. Yet I would not have you delude yourself with false imaginations. When once you come to be thoroughly acquainted there, and see things nearer hand, perhaps things will not look with so good a face as they did once. They are not all virgins that wear veils, believe me. *Ca.* Good words, I beseech you. *Eu.* Those are good words that are true words. I never read of but one virgin that was a mother—*i. e.*, the Virgin Mary—unless the eulogy we appropriate to the Virgin be transferred to a great many to be called virgins after child-bearing. *Ca.* I abhor the thoughts of it. *Eu.* Nay, and more than that, those maids, I will assure you, do more than becomes maids to do. *Ca.* Ay, why so, pray? *Eu.* Because there are more among them that imitate Sappho in manners than are like her in wit. *Ca.* I do not very well understand you. *Eu.* My dear Kitty, I therefore speak in cypher that you may not understand me. *Ca.* But my mind runs strangely upon this course of life, and I have a strong opinion that this disposition comes from God, because it hath continued with me so many years, and grows every day stronger and stronger.

Eu. Your good parents being so violently set against it makes me suspect it. If what you attempt were good, God would have inclined your parents to favour the motion. But you have contracted this affection from the gay things you saw when you were a child; the tittle-tattles of the nuns, and the hankering you have after your old companions, the external pomp and specious ceremonies, and the importunities of the senseless monks which hunt you to make a proselyte of you, that they may tipple more largely. They know your father to be liberal and bountiful, and they will either give him an invitation to them, because they know he will bring wine enough with him to serve for ten lusty soaks, or else they will come to him. Therefore, let me advise you to do nothing without your parents' consent, whom God has appointed your guardians. God would have inspired their minds too, if the thing you were attempting were a religious matter.

Ca. In this matter it is piety to contemn father and mother.

Eu. It is, I grant, sometimes a piece of piety to contemn father or mother for the sake of Christ; but for all that, he would not act piously, that being a Christian, and had a pagan to his father, who had nothing but his son's charity to support him, should forsake him and leave him to starve. If you had not to this day professed Christ by baptism, and your parents should forbid you to be baptized, you would indeed then do piously to prefer Christ before your impious parents; or if your parents should offer to force you to do some impious, scandalous thing, their authority in that case were to be contemned.

But what is this to the case of a nunnery? You have a Christ at home. You have the dictates of nature, the approbation of heaven, the exhortation of St. Paul, and the obligation of human laws for your obedience to parents; and will you now withdraw yourself from under the authority of good and natural parents to give yourself up a slave to a fictitious father, rather than to your real father, and a strange mother instead of your true mother, and to serve masters and mistresses rather than parents? For you are so under your parents' direction that they would have you be at liberty wholly. And there-

fore sons and daughters are called (*liberi*) children, because they are free from the condition of servants. You are now of a free woman about to make yourself voluntarily a slave. The clemency of the Christian religion has in a great measure cast out of the world the old bondage, saving only some obscure footsteps in some few places.

But there is now-a-days found out, under pretence of religion, a new sort of servitude, as they now live indeed in many monasteries. You must do nothing there but by a rule, and then all that you lose they get. If you offer to step but one step out of the door you are lugged back again, just like a criminal that had poisoned her father. And to make the slavery yet the more evident, they change the habit your parents gave you; and after the manner of those slaves in old time, bought and sold in the market, they change the very name that was given you in baptism, and Peter or John are called Francis or Dominic or Thomas. Peter first gives his name up to Christ, and being to be entered into Dominic's order, he is called Thomas. If a military servant casts off the garment his master gave him, is he not looked upon to have renounced his master? And do we applaud him that takes upon him a habit that Christ, the master of us all, never gave him? He is punished more severely for the changing it again than if he had a hundred times thrown away the livery of his lord and emperor, which is the innocency of his mind.

Ca. But they say it is a meritorious work to enter into this voluntary confinement.

Eu. That is a pharisaical doctrine. St. Paul teacheth us otherwise, and will not have him that is called free make himself a servant, but rather endeavour that he may be more free; and this makes the servitude the worse, that you must serve many masters, and those most commonly fools too, and debauchees; and besides that, they are uncertain, being every now and then new. But answer me this one thing, I beseech you, Do any laws discharge you from your duty to your parents? *Ca.* No. *Eu.* Can you buy or sell an estate against your parents' consent? *Ca.* No, I cannot. *Eu.* What right have you then to give away yourself to I know not whom against your parent's consent? Are you not his child, the dearest and most appropriate part of his possession? *Ca.* In the business of religion the laws of nature give place.

Eu. The great point of our religion lies in our baptism. But the matter in question here is only the changing of a habit, or of such a course of life, which in itself is neither good nor evil. And now consider but this one thing, how many valuable privileges you lose together with your liberty. Now, if you have a mind to read, pray, or sing, you may go into your own chamber as much and as often as you please. When you have enough of retirement you may go to church, hear anthems, prayers, and sermons, and if you see any matron or virgin remarkable for piety in whose company you may get good, if you see any man that is endowed with singular probity from whom you may learn what will make for your bettering, you may have their conversation; and you may choose that preacher that preaches Christ most purely. When once you come into a cloister all these things, that are the greatest assistances in the promotion of true piety, you lose at once.

Ca. But in the meantime I shall not be a nun.

Eu. What signifies the name? consider the thing itself. They make their boast of obedience, and will you not be praiseworthy in being obedient to your parents, your bishop, and your pastor, whom God has commanded you to obey? Do you profess poverty? And may not you too, when all is in your parents' hands? Although the virgins of former times were in an especial manner commended by holy men for their liberality towards the poor; but they could never have given anything if they had possessed nothing. Nor will your charity be ever the less for living with your parents. And what is there more in a convent than these?—A vail, a linen shift turned into a stole, and certain ceremonies, which of themselves signify nothing to the advancement of piety, and make nobody more acceptable in the eyes of Christ, who only regards the purity of the mind.

Ca. This is news to me. *Eu.* But it is true news. When you, not being discharged from the government of your parents, cannot dispose of or sell so much as a rag, or an inch of ground, what right can you pretend to for disposing of yourself into the service of a stranger? *Ca.* They say that the authority of a parent does not hinder a child from entering into a religious life. *Eu.* Did you not make profession of religion in your baptism? *Ca.* Yes. *Eu.* And are not they religious persons that conform to the precepts of Christ? *Ca.* They are so.

Eu. What new religion is that, then, which makes that void that the law of nature had established? What the old law hath taught, and the gospel approved, and the apostles confirmed? That is an ordinance that never came from heaven, but was hatched by a company of monks in their cells. And after this manner some of them undertake to justify a marriage between a boy and a girl, though without the privity and against the consent of their parents, if the contract be (as they phrase it) in words of the present tense. And yet that position is neither according to the dictates of nature, the law of Moses, or the doctrine of Christ or his apostles.

Ca. Do you think, then, that I may not espouse myself to Christ without my parents' consent?

Eu. I say you have espoused him already, and so we have all. Where is the woman that marries the same man twice? The question is here only about places, garments, and ceremonies. I don't think duty to parents is to be abandoned for the sake of these things; and you ought to look to it, that instead of espousing Christ you do not espouse somebody else. *Ca.* But I am told that in this case it is a piece of the highest sanctity even to contemn one's parents. *Eu.* Pray, require these doctors to shew you a text for it out of the holy Scriptures that teach this doctrine; but if they cannot do this, bid them drink off a good large bumper of Burgundian wine, that they can do bravely. It is indeed a piece of piety to fly from wicked parents to Christ; but to fly from pious parents to a monkery—that is (as it too often proves) to fly from ought to stark naught. What piety is that, I pray? Although in old time he that was converted from Paganism to Christianity, paid yet as great a reverence to his idolatrous parents as it was possible to be without prejudice to religion itself.

Ca. Are you then against the main institution of a monastic life?

Eu. No, by no means: but as I will not persuade anybody against it that is already engaged in this sort of life to endeavour to get out of it, so I would most undoubtedly caution all young women, especially those of generous tempers, not to precipitate themselves unadvisedly into that state, from whence there is no getting out afterwards. And the rather because their charity is more in danger in a cloister than out of it; and beside that, you may do whatever is done there as well at home. *Ca.* You have indeed urged many and very considerable arguments, yet this affection of mine cannot be removed. *Eu.* If I cannot dissuade you from it, as I wish heartily I could, however, remember this one thing, that Eubulus told you beforehand. In the meantime, out of the love I bear you, I wish your inclinations may succeed better than my counsel.

THE PENITENT VIRGIN.

Eubulus, Catherine.

Eu. I could always wish to have such a porter. *Ca.* And I to have such visitors. *Eu.* But fare you well, Kitty. *Ca.* What is the matter; do you take leave before you salute? *Eu.* I did not come hither to see you cry. What is the matter, that as soon as ever you see me the tears stand in your eyes? *Ca.* Why in such haste? Stay a little; pray stay. I will put on my better looks, and we will be merry together.

Eu. What sort of cattle have we got here? *Ca.* It is the patriarch of the college. Don't go away, they have had their dose of fuddle. Stay but a little while, and as soon as he is gone we will discourse as we use to do. *Eu.* Well, I will be so good natured as to hearken to you, though you would not to me. Now we are alone you must tell me the whole story, I would fain have it from your mouth. *Ca.* Now I have found by experience of all my friends, which I took to be very wise men too, that nobody gave more wise and grave advice than you that are the youngest of them all.

Eu. Tell me how did you get your parents' consent at last? *Ca.* First, by the restless solicitations of the monks and nuns, and then by my own importunities and tears, my mother was at length brought over; but my father stood out stiffly still. But at last, being plied by several engines, he was prevailed upon to yield; but yet rather like one that was forced than that consented. The matter was concluded in their cups, and they preached damnation to him if he refused to let Christ have his spouse. *Eu.* Oh, the villany of fools! But what then?

Ca. I was kept close at home for three days; but in the meantime there were always with me some women of the college that they call convertites, mightily encouraging me to persist in my holy resolution, and watching me narrowly, lest any of my friends or kindred should come at me and make me alter my mind. In the meanwhile my habit was making ready and the provision for the feast. *Eu.* How did you find yourself? Did not your mind misgive you yet? *Ca.* No, not at all; and yet I was so horridly frightened that I had rather die ten

times over than suffer the same again. *Eu.* What was that, pray? *Ca.* It is not to be uttered.

Eu. Come, tell me freely, you know I am your friend. *Ca.* Will you keep counsel? *Eu.* I should do that without promising, and I hope you know me better than to doubt of it. *Ca.* I had a most dreadful apparition. *Eu.* Perhaps it was your evil genius that pushed you on to this. *Ca.* I am fully persuaded it was an evil spirit. *Eu.* Tell me what shape it was in? Was it such as we use to paint with a crooked beak, long horns, harpies' claws, and swinging tail? *Ca.* You make a game of it, but I had rather sink into the earth than see such another. *Eu.* And were your women solicitresses with you then? *Ca.* No, nor I would not so much as open my lips of it to them, though they sifted me most particularly about it when they found me almost dead with the surprise. *Eu.* Shall I tell you what it was? *Ca.* Do, if you can.

Eu. Those women had certainly bewitched you, or conjured your brain out of your head rather. But did you persist in your resolution still for all this. *Ca.* Yes, for they told me that many were thus troubled upon their first consecrating themselves to Christ; but if they got the better of the devil that bout, he would let them alone for ever after. *Eu.* Well, what pomp were you carried out with? *Ca.* They put on all my finery, let down my hair, and dressed me just as if it had been for my wedding. *Eu.* To a fat monk, perhaps; hem! a mischief take this cough. *Ca.* I was carried from my father's house to the college by broad day-light, and a world of people staring at me. *Eu.* Oh, these scaramouches, how they know to wheedle the poor people! How many days did you continue in that holy college of virgins, forsooth? *Ca.* Till part of the twelfth day.

Eu. But what was it that changed your mind, that had been so resolutely bent upon it? *Ca.* I must not tell you what it was, but it was something very considerable. When I had been there six days I sent for my mother. I begged of her and besought her, as she loved my life, to get me out of the college again. She would not hear of it, but bade me hold to my resolution. Upon that I sent for my father; but he chid me too, telling me that I had made him master his affections, and that now he would make me master mine, and not disgrace him by starting from my purpose. At last, when I saw that I could do no good with them this way, I told my father and mother both that, to please them, I would submit to die, and that would certainly be my fate if they did not take me out, and that very quickly too; and upon this they took me home. *Eu.* It was very well that you recanted before you had professed yourself for good and all. But still, I do not hear what it was changed your mind so suddenly. *Ca.* I never told any mortal yet, nor shall. *Eu.* What if I should guess? *Ca.* I am sure you cannot guess it; and if you do, I will not tell you. *Eu.* Well, for all that, I guess what it was. But in the meantime, you have been at a great charge. *Ca.* Above 400 crowns. *Eu.* Oh, these guttling nuptials! Well, but I am glad, though the money is gone, that you are safe. For the time to come, hearken to good counsel when it is given you. *Ca.* So I will. The burnt child dreads the fire.

THE UNEASY WIFE.

Eulalia, Xantippe.

Eu. Most welcome, Xantippe; a good morning to you. *Xa.* I wish you the same, my dear Eulalia. Methinks you look prettier than you use to do. *Eu.* What, do you begin to banter me already? *Xa.* No, upon my word, for you seem so to me. *Eu.* Perhaps, then, my new clothes may set me off to advantage. *Xa.* You guess right; it is one of the prettiest suits I ever beheld in all my life. It is English cloth, I suppose. *Eu.* It is indeed of English wool, but it is a Venetian dye. *Xa.* It is as soft as silk, and it is a charming purple. Who gave you this fine present? *Eu.* My husband. From whom should a virtuous wife receive presents from but from him?

Xa. Well, you are a happy woman, that you are, to have such a good husband. For my part, I wish I had been married to a mushroom when I was married to my Nick. *Eu.* Why so, pray? What, is it come to an open rupture between you already? *Xa.* There is no possibility of agreeing with such a one as I have got. You see what a ragged condition I am in; so he lets me go like a dowdy. May I never stir if I am not ashamed to go out of doors any whither when I see how fine other women are, whose husbands are nothing nigh so rich as mine is.

Eu. The ornament of a matron does not consist in fine clothes or other deckings of the body, as the apostle Peter teaches, for I heard that lately in a sermon; but in chaste and modest behaviour, and the ornaments of the mind. Whores are tricked up to take the eyes of many, but we are well enough dressed if we do but please our own husbands.

Xa. But, meanwhile, this worthy tool of mine, that is so sparing toward his wife, lavishly squanders away the portion I brought along with me, which, by the way, was not a mean one. *Eu.* In what? *Xa.* Why, as the maggot bites, sometimes at the tavern, sometimes upon his whores, sometimes a gaming. *Eu.* Oh, fie! you should never say so of your husband. *Xa.* But I am sure it is too true; and then when he comes home, after I have been waiting for him till I do not know what time at night, as drunk as David's sow, he does nothing but lie snoring all night long by my side, and sometimes bespews the bed too, to say nothing more. *Eu.* Hold your tongue. You disgrace yourself in disgracing your husband. *Xa.* Let me die if I had not rather lie with a swine than such a husband as I have got.

Eu. Don't you scold at him then? *Xa.* Yes; indeed, I use him as he deserves. He finds I have got a tongue in my head. *Eu.* Well, and what does he say to you again? *Xa.* At first he used to hector at me lustily, thinking to frighten me with his big words. *Eu.* Well, and did your words never come to downright blows? *Xa.* Once, and but once, and then the quarrel rose to that height on both sides that we were within an ace of going to fisticuffs. *Eu.* How, woman, say you so! *Xa.* He held up his stick at me, swearing and cursing like a foot-soldier, and threatening me dreadfully. *Eu.* Were you not afraid then? *Xa.* Nay, I snatched up a three-legged stool,

and if he had but touched me with his finger he should have known he had to do with a woman of spirit. *Eu.* Ah, my Xantippe, that was not becoming! *Xa.* What, becoming? If he does not use me like a wife I will not use him like a husband.

Eu. But St. Paul teaches that wives ought to be subject to their own husbands with all reverence. And St. Peter proposes the example of Sarah to us, who called her husband, Abraham, lord. *Xa.* I have heard those things; but the same Paul likewise teaches that men should love their wives as Christ loved his spouse the church. Let him remember his duty and I will remember mine. *Eu.* But, nevertheless, when things are come to that pass that one must submit to the other, it is but reasonable that the wife submit to her husband. *Xa.* Yes, indeed, if he deserves the name of a husband who uses me like a kitchen wench. *Eu.* But tell me, Xantippe, did he leave off threatening after this? *Xa.* He did leave off, and it was his wisdom so to do, or else he would have been thrashed. *Eu.* But did not you leave off scolding at him? *Xa.* No, nor never will. *Eu.* But what does he do in the meantime? *Xa.* What! Why, sometimes he pretends himself to be fast asleep, and sometimes does nothing in the world but laugh at me; sometimes he catches up his fiddle, that has but three strings, scraping upon it with all his might, and drowns the noise of my bawling. *Eu.* And does not that vex you to the heart? *Xa.* Ay, so that it is impossible to be expressed, so that sometimes I can scarce keep my hands off of him.

Eu. Well, my Xantippe, give me leave to talk a little freely with you. *Xa.* I do give you leave. *Eu.* Nay, you shall use the same freedom with me. Our intimacy, which has been in a manner from our very cradles, requires this. *Xa.* You say true; nor was there any of my playfellows that I more dearly loved than you. *Eu.* Let your husband be as bad as bad can be, think upon this, that there is no changing. Heretofore, indeed, divorce was a remedy for irreconcileable disagreements, but now this is entirely taken away. He must be your husband, and you his wife to the very last day of life. *Xa.* The gods did very wrong that deprived us of this privilege. *Eu.* Have a care what you say. It was the will of Christ. *Xa.* I can scarce believe it. *Eu.* It is as I tell you. Now you have nothing left to do but to study to suit your tempers and dispositions, one to another, and agree together. *Xa.* Do you think I can be able to new-make him? *Eu.* It does not a little depend upon the wives what men husbands shall be.

Xa. Do you and your husband agree very well together? *Eu.* All is quiet with us now. *Xa.* Well, then, you had some difference at first? *Eu.* Never anything of a storm; but yet, as it is common with humankind, sometimes a few small clouds would rise, which might have produced a storm if it had not been prevented by condescension. Every one has his humours, and every one their fancies, and if we would honestly speak the truth, every one his faults, more or less, which, if in any state, certainly in matrimony we ought to connive at and not to hate. *Xa.* You speak very right.

Eu. It frequently happens that that mutual love that ought to be between the husband and wife is cooled before they come to be thoroughly acquainted one with another. This is the first thing that

ought to be provided against; for when a spirit of dissension is once sprung up, it is a difficult matter to bring them to a reconciliation, especially if it ever proceeded so far as to come to reproachful reflections. Those things that are joined together with glue are easily pulled one from another, if they be handled roughly as soon as done; but when once they have been fast united together, and the glue is dry, there is nothing more firm. For this reason, all the care possible is to be taken that good will between man and wife be cultivated and confirmed even in the infancy of matrimony. This is principally effected by obsequiousness and an agreeableness of tempers. For that love that is founded only upon beauty is, for the most part, but short-lived.

Xa. But, prithee, tell me by what arts you brought your husband to your humour. *Eu.* I will tell you for this end, that you may copy after me. *Xa.* Well, I will, if I can. *Eu.* It will be very easy to do, if you will; nor is it too late yet, for he is in the flower of his youth, and you are but a girl, and, as I take it, have not been married this twelvemonths yet. *Xa.* You are very right. *Eu.* Then I will tell you, but upon condition that you will not speak of it. *Xa.* Well, I will not.

Eu. It was my first care that I might please my husband in every respect, that nothing might give him offence. I diligently observed his inclinations and temper, and also observed what were his easiest moments, what things pleased him and what vexed him, as they use to do who tame elephants and lions, or such sort of creatures that cannot be mastered by downright strength. *Xa.* And such an animal have I at home. *Eu.* Those that go near elephants wear no garment that is white, nor those who manage bulls, red; because it is found by experience that these creatures are made fierce by these colours, just as tigers are made so raging mad by the sound of a drum that they will tear their own selves; and jockeys have particular sounds and whistles and strokings and other methods to soothe horses that are mettlesome. How much more does it become us to use these acts towards our husbands, with whom, whether we will or no, we must live all our lives at bed and board? *Xa.* Well, go on with what you have begun.

Eu. Having found out his humour, I accommodated myself to him, taking care that nothing should offend him. *Xa.* How could you do that? *Eu.* I was very diligent in the care of my family, which is the peculiar province of women, that nothing was neglected, and that everything should be suitable to his temper, although it were in the most minute things. *Xa.* What things? *Eu.* Suppose my husband peculiarly fancied such a dish of meat, or liked it dressed after such a manner, or if he liked his bed made after such or such a manner. *Xa.* But how could you humour one who was never at home, or was drunk?

Eu. Have patience, I was coming to that point. If at any time my husband seemed to be melancholy and did not much care for talking, I did not laugh and put on a gay humour as some women are used to do; but I put on a grave demure countenance as well as he. For as a looking-glass, if it be a true one, represents the face of the person that looks into it, so a wife ought to frame herself to the temper

of her husband, not to be cheerful when he is melancholy, nor be merry when he is in a passion. And if at any time he was in a passion, I either endeavoured to soothe him with fair words or held my tongue till his passion was over; and having had time to cool, opportunity offered either of clearing myself or of admonishing him. I took the same method if at any time he came home fuddled, and at such a time never gave him anything but tender language, that by kind expressions I might get him to go to bed.

Xa. This is indeed a very unhappy portion for wives if they must only humour their husbands when they are in a passion, and doing everything that they have a mind to do.

Eu. As though this duty were not reciprocal, and that our husbands are not forced to bear with many of our humours. However, there is a time when a wife may take the freedom in a matter of some importance to advise her husband; but as for small faults, it is better to wink at them. *Xa.* But what time is that? *Eu.* When his mind is serene, when he is neither in a passion nor in the hippo, nor in liquor; then, being in private, you may kindly advise him, but rather entreat him, that he would act more prudently in this or that matter relating either to his estate, reputation, or health. And this very advice is to be seasoned with witty jests and pleasantries. Sometimes, by way of preface, I make a bargain with him beforehand that he shall not be angry with me if, being a foolish woman, I take upon me to advise him in anything that might seem to concern his honour, health, or preservation. When I have said what I had a mind to say, I break off that discourse, and turn it into some other more entertaining subject. For, my Xantippe, this is the fault of us women, that when once we have begun we don't know when to make an end. *Xa.* Why, so they say, indeed.

Eu. This chiefly I observed as a rule, never to chide my husband before company, nor to carry any complaints out of doors. What passes between two people is more easily made up than when once it has taken air. Now if anything of that kind shall happen that cannot be borne with, and that the husband cannot be cured by the admonition of his wife, it is more prudent for the wife to carry her complaints to her husband's parents and kindred than to her own, and so to soften her complaint, that she may not seem to hate her husband, but her husband's vices; and not to blab out all neither, that her husband may tacitly own and love his wife for her civility. *Xa.* A woman must needs be a philosopher who can be able to do this. *Eu.* By this deportment we invite our husbands to return the civility. *Xa.* But there are some brutes in the world whom you cannot amend by the utmost good carriage.

Eu. In truth, I don't think it; but put the case there are. First, consider this, a husband must be borne with, let him be as bad as he will. It is therefore better to bear with him as he is, or made a little better by our courteous temper, than by our outrageousness to make him grow every day worse and worse. What if I should give instances of husbands who, by the like civil treatment, have altered their spouses much for the better? How much more does it become us to use our husbands after this manner? *Xa.* You will give an instance, then, of a man that is as unlike my husband as black is from white.

Eu. I have the honour to be acquainted with a gentleman of a noble family, learned, and of singular address and dexterity; he married a young lady, a virgin of seventeen years of age, that had been educated all along in the country in her father's house, as men of quality love to reside in the country for the sake of hunting and fowling. He had a mind to have a raw inexperienced maid, that he might the more easily form her manners to his own humour. He began to instruct her in literature and music, and to use her by degrees to repeat the heads of sermons which she heard, and to accomplish her with other things which would afterwards be of use to her. Now these things being wholly new to the girl which had been brought up at home to do nothing but gossip and play, she soon grew weary of this life, she absolutely refused to submit to what her husband required of her, and when her husband pressed her about it, she would cry continually; sometimes she would throw herself flat on the ground, and beat her head against the ground, as though she wished for death.

Her husband, finding there was no end of this, concealed his resentment, gave his wife an invitation to go along with him into the country to his father-in-law's house for the sake of a little diversion. His wife very readily obliged him in this matter. When they came there, the husband left his wife with her mother and sisters and went a hunting with his father-in-law; there having taken him aside privately, he tells his father-in-law that whereas he was in good hopes to have had an agreeable companion of his daughter, he now had one that was always a crying and fretting herself, nor could she be cured by any admonitions, and entreats him to lend a helping hand to cure his daughter's disorder. His father-in-law made him answer that he had once put his daughter into his hand, and if she did not obey him he might use his authority, and cudgel her into a due submission. The son-in-law replies, I know my own power, but I had much rather she should be reformed by your art or authority, than to come to these extremities. The father-in-law promised him to take some care about the matter.

So a day or two after, he takes a proper time and place, when he was alone with his daughter, and looking austerely upon her, begins in telling her how homely she was, and how disagreeable as to her disposition, and how often he had been in fear that he should never be able to get her a husband. But after much pains, says he, I found you such a one, that the best lady of the land would have been glad of; and yet, you not being sensible of what I have done for you, nor considering that you have such a husband, who, if he were not the best natured man in the world, would scarce do you the honour to take you for one of his maid-servants, you are disobedient to him. To make short of my story, the father grew so hot in his discourse that he seemed to be scarce able to keep his hands off her; for he was so wonderful cunning a man, that he would act any part as well as any comedian. The young lady, partly for fear and partly convinced by the truth of what was told her, fell down at her father's feet, beseeching him to forget past faults, and for the time to come she would be mindful of her duty. Her father freely forgave her, and also promised that he would be to her a very indulgent father provided she performed what she promised.

Xa. Well, what happened after that?

Eu. The young lady, going away after her father's discourse was ended, went directly into her chamber, and finding her husband alone, she fell down on her knees and said, Husband, till this very moment I neither knew you nor myself; but from this time forward you shall find me another sort of person, only I entreat you to forget what is past. The husband received this speech with a kiss, and promised to do everything she could desire, if she did but continue in that resolution. *Xa.* What? did she continue in it? *Eu.* Even to her dying day, nor was anything so mean but she readily and cheerfully went about it, if her husband would have it so. So great a love grew, and was confirmed between them. Some years after the young lady would often congratulate herself that she had happened to marry such a husband, which, had it not happened, said she, I had been the most wretched woman alive.

Xa. Such husbands are as scarce now-a-days as white crows.

Eu. Now, if it will not be tedious to you, I will tell you a story that lately happened in this city, of a husband that was reclaimed by the good management of his wife. *Xa.* I have nothing to do at present, and your conversation is very diverting.

Eu. There is a certain gentleman of no mean descent; he, like the rest of his quality, used often to go a hunting; being in the country, he happened to see a young damsel, the daughter of a poor old woman, and began to fall desperately in love with her. He was a man pretty well in years, and for the sake of this young maid he often lay out at nights, and his pretence for it was hunting. His wife, a woman of an admirable temper, suspecting something more than ordinary, went in search to find out her husband's intrigues, and having discovered them, by I cannot tell what method, she goes to the country cottage and learnt all the particulars where he lay, what he drank, and what manner of entertainment he had at table. There was no furniture in the house, nothing but naked walls. The gentlewoman goes home, and quickly after goes back again, carrying with her a handsome bed and furniture, some plate and money, bidding them to treat him with more respect if at any time he came there again.

A few days after her husband steals an opportunity to go thither, and sees the furniture increased, and finds his entertainment more delicate than it used to be; he inquired from whence this unaccustomed finery came. They said that a certain honest gentlewoman of his acquaintance brought these things, and gave them in charge, that he should be treated with more respect for the future. He presently suspected that this was done by his wife. When he came home, he asked her if she had been there. She did not deny it. Then he asked her for what reason she had sent thither that household furniture? My dear, says she, you are used to a handsomer way of living; I found that you fared hardly there; I thought it my duty, since you took a fancy to the place, that your reception should be more agreeable.

Xa. A wife good even to an excess. I should sooner have sent him a bundle of nettles and thorns than furnished him with a fine bed.

Eu. But hear the conclusion of my story; the gentleman was so touched, seeing so much good nature and temper in his wife, that he never after that violated her bed, but solaced himself with her at home.

I know you know Gilbert the Dutchman. *Xa.* I know him. *Eu.* He, you know, in the prime of his age married a gentlewoman well stricken in years, and in a declining age. *Xa.* It may be he married the portion, and not the woman. *Eu.* So it was. He having an aversion to his wife, was over head and ears in love with a young woman, with whom he used ever and anon to divert himself abroad. He very seldom either dined or supped at home. What would you have done if this had been your case, Xantippe? *Xa.* Why I would have torn his beloved strumpet's head-cloths off, and I would have washed him well with a chamber-pot when he was going to her, that he might have gone thus perfumed to his entertainment. *Eu.* But how much more prudently did this gentlewoman behave herself. She invited his mistress home to her house, and treated her with all the civility imaginable. So she kept her husband without any magical charms. And if at any time he supped abroad with her, she sent them thither some nicety or other, desiring them to be merry together. *Xa.* As for me, I would sooner choose to lose my life than to be bawd to my own husband.

Eu. But in the meantime, pray consider the matter soberly and coolly. Was not this much better than if she had by her ill temper totally alienated her husband's affections from her, and spent her whole life in quarrelling and brawling? *Xa.* I believe that of two evils it was the least, but I could never have submitted to it.

Eu. I will add one more, and then I will have done with examples. A next door neighbour of ours is a very honest, good man, but a little too subject to passion. One day he beat his wife, a woman of commendable prudence. She immediately withdrew into a private room, and there gave vent to her grief by tears and sighs. Soon after, upon some occasion, her husband came into the room and found his wife all in tears. What is the matter, says he, that you are crying and sobbing like a child? To which she prudently replied, Why says she, is it not much better to lament my misfortune here, than if I should make a bawling in the street, as other women do? The man's mind was so overcome and mollified by this answer, so like a wife, that giving her his hand, he made a solemn promise to his wife that he would never lay his hand upon her after as long as he lived. Nor did he ever do it. *Xa.* I have obtained as much from my husband, but by a different conduct. *Eu.* But in the meantime there are perpetual wars between you.

Xa. What then would you have me to do? *Eu.* If your husband offers you any affront, you must take no notice of it, but endeavour to gain his good will by all good offices, courteous carriage, and meekness of spirit, and by these methods you will in time either wholly reclaim him, or at least you will live with him much more easy than you now do. *Xa.* Ay, but he is too ill-natured to be wrought upon by all the kind offices in the world

Eu. Hold, don't say so, there is no beast that is so savage but he may be tamed by good management; therefore do not despair of it as to a man. Do but make the experiment for a few months, and if you do not find that this advice has been of benefit to you, blame me. And there are also some faults that you must wink at, but above all things it is my opinion you ought to avoid ever to begin any quarrel either in the bed-chamber or in bed, and to take a special care that everything there

be cheerful and pleasant. For if that place which is consecrated for the wiping out old miscarriages and the cementing of love, comes to be unhallowed by contention and sourness of temper, all remedy for the reconcilement is taken away. For there are some women of so morose tempers that they will be querulous and scold even while the rites of love are performing, and will by the uneasiness of their tempers render that fruition itself disagreeable which is wont to discharge the minds of men from any heart-burning that they may have had; and by this means they spoil that cordial by which misunderstandings in matrimony might be cured. *Xa.* That has often been my case. *Eu.* And though it ought always to be the care of a wife not to make her husband uneasy in anything, yet that ought to be especially her care to study, in conjugal embraces, to render herself by all ways possible agreeable and delightful to her husband. *Xa.* To a man, indeed! But I have to do with an untractable beast.

Eu. Come, come, leave off railing. For the most part husbands are made bad by our bad conduct. But to return to our argument, those that are conversant in the ancient fables of the poets tell you that Venus (whom they make a goddess, that presides over matrimony) had a girdle or cestus which was made for her by Vulcan's art, in which were interwoven all bewitching ingredients of an amorous medicament, and that she put this on whenever she went to bed to her husband. *Xa.* I hear a fable. *Eu.* It is true: but hear the moral of it. *Xa.* Tell it me. *Eu.* That teaches that a wife ought to use all the care imaginable to be so engaging to her husband in conjugal embraces, that matrimonial affection may be retained and renewed, and if there has been any distaste or aversion, it may be expelled the mind.

Xa. But where can a person get this girdle. *Eu.* There is no need of witchcrafts and spells to procure one. There is no enchantment so effectual as virtue, joined with a sweetness of disposition. *Xa.* I cannot be able to bring myself to humour such a husband as I have got. *Eu.* But this is for your interest, that he would leave off to be such a bad husband. If you could by Circe's art transform your husband into a swine or a bear, would you do it? *Xa.* I cannot tell whether I should or no. *Eu.* Which had you rather have, a swine to your husband or a man? *Xa.* In truth, I had rather have a man. *Eu.* Well, come on. What, if you could by Circe's arts make a sober man of a drunkard, a frugal man of a spendthrift, a diligent man of an idle fellow, would you not do it? *Xa.* To be sure, I would do it. But how shall I attain the art?

Eu. You have the art in yourself, if you would but make use of it. Whether you will or no he must be your husband, and the better man you make him the more you consult your own advantage. You only keep your eyes fixed upon his faults, and those aggravate your aversion to him, and only hold him by this handle, which is such a one that he cannot be held by; but rather take notice of what good qualities he has, and hold him by this handle, which is a handle he may be held by. Before you married him you had time of considering what his defects were. A husband is not to be chosen by the eyes only, but by the ears too. Now it is your time to cure him, and not to find fault with him. *Xa.* What woman ever made choice of a husband by her ears? *Eu.* She chooses a husband by her eyes, who looks at

nothing else but his person and bare outside; she chooses him by her ears who carefully observes what reputation he has in the world.

Xa. This is good advice, but it is too late. *Eu.* But it is not too late to endeavour to amend your husband. It will contribute something to the matter if you could have any children by him. *Xa.* I have had one. *Eu.* When? *Xa.* A long time ago. *Eu.* How many months? *Xa.* Why, about seven. *Eu.* What do I hear! You put me in mind of the joke of the three months lying in. *Xa.* By no means. *Eu.* It must be so, if you reckon from the day of marriage. *Xa.* But I had some private discourse with him before marriage. *Eu.* Are children got by talking? *Xa.* He having by chance got me into a room by myself, began to play with me, tickling me about the arm-pits and sides, to make me laugh, and I not being able to bear being tickled any longer, threw myself flat upon the bed, and he lying upon me, kissed me, and I do not know what he did to me besides; but this is certain, within a few days after, my belly began to swell. *Eu.* Get you gone now, and slight a husband, who if he can get children jesting, what will he do if he sets about it in earnest? *Xa.* I suspect that I am now with child by him again. *Eu.* Oh brave! to a good soil here is a good ploughman to till it. *Xa.* As to this affair he is better than I wish he was. *Eu.* Very few wives have this complaint to make. But, I suppose, the marriage contract was made between you before this happened. *Xa.* It was made. *Eu.* Then the sin was so much the less. Is your child a boy? *Xa.* It is. *Eu.* That will reconcile you both, if you will but qualify yourself a little for it.

What sort of character do your husband's companions give him? and what company does he keep when he is abroad? *Xa.* They give him the character of an exceeding good-humoured, courteous, generous man, and a true friend to his friend. *Eu.* These things give me great hopes that he will become such as we would have him be. *Xa.* But I am the only person he is not so to. *Eu.* Do you but be to him what I have told you, and if he does not begin to be so to you, instead of Eulalia (a good speaker), call me Pseudolalia (a prating liar); and besides, consider this, that he is but a young man yet, I believe not above twenty-four years of age, and does not yet know what it is to be the master of a family. You must never think of a divorce now. *Xa.* But I have thought on it a great many times.

Eu. But if ever that thought comes into your mind again, first of all consider with yourself what an insignificant figure a woman makes when she is parted from her husband. It is the greatest glory of a matron to be obedient to her husband. This Nature dictates, and it is the will of God that the woman should wholly depend upon her husband. Only think, as it really is, he is your husband—you cannot have another. Then call to mind that the little boy belongs to you both. What would you do with him? Would you take him away with you? Then will you defraud your husband of his own. Will you leave him to him? Then you will deprive yourself of that, than which nothing is more dear.

Last of all, tell me is there anybody that wishes you ill? *Xa.* I have a step-mother, and a mother-in-law as like her as may be. *Eu.* And they wish you ill, do they? *Xa.* They wish me in my grave.

Eu. Then think of them likewise. What can you be able to do that would be more grateful to them, than if they should see you divorced from your husband—a widow, nay, to live (a widow bewitched) worse than a widow; for widows may marry again? *Xa.* I approve of your advice, but cannot bear the thoughts of being always a slave.

Eu. Recount what pains you took before you could teach that parrot to prattle. *Xa.* A great deal indeed. *Eu.* And yet you think much to bestow a little pains to mould your husband, with whom you may live a pleasant life all your days. What a deal of pains do men take to render a horse tractable to them. And shall we think much to take a little pains to render our husbands more agreeable? *Xa.* What must I do?

Eu. I have told you already, take care that all things be neat and in order at home, that there be nothing discomposing to make him go out of doors; behave yourself easy and free to him, always remembering that respect which is due from a wife to a husband. Let all melancholy and ill-timed gaiety be banished out of doors; be not morose nor frolicsome. Let your table be handsomely provided. You know your husband's palate, dress that which he likes best. Behave yourself courteously and affably to those of his acquaintance he respects. Invite them frequently to dinner; let all things be pleasant and cheerful at table. Lastly, if at any time he happens to come home a little merry with wine, and shall fall to playing on his fiddle, do you sing to him, so you will gradually inure your husband to keep at home, and also lessen his expenses. For he will thus reason with himself, was not I mad with a witness, who live abroad with a nasty harlot, to the apparent prejudice of my estate and reputation, when I have at home a wife much more entertaining and affectionate to me, with whom I may be entertained more handsomely and more plentifully?

Xa. Do you think I shall succeed, if I try? *Eu.* Look to me for that. I engage that you will. In the meantime I will talk to your husband, and put him in mind of his duty. *Xa.* I approve of your design; but take care that he may not discover anything of what has passed between us two, for he would throw the house out of the windows. *Eu.* Do not fear, I will order my discourse so by turnings and windings, that he shall tell me himself what quarrels have happened between you. When I have brought this about, I will treat him after my way, as engagingly as can be, and I hope shall render him to you better tempered. I will likewise take occasion to tell a lie or two in your favour, how lovingly and respectfully you spoke of him. *Xa.* Heavens prosper both our undertakings. *Eu.* It will, I doubt not, if you are not wanting to yourself.

THE SOLDIER AND THE CARTHUSIAN.

Sold. Good morrow, my brother. *Cart.* Good morrow to you, dear cousin. *Sold.* I scarce knew you. *Cart.* Am I grown so old in two years' time? *Sold.* No; but your bald crown and your new dress make you look to me like another sort of creature. *Cart.* It may be you would not know your own wife, if she should meet you in a new gown. *Sold.* No; not if she was in such a one as yours. *Cart.*

But I know you very well, who are not altered as to your dress, but your face and the whole habit of your body. Why, how many colours are you painted with? No bird had ever such a variety of feathers. How all is cut and slashed! Nothing according to Nature or fashion! your cut hair, your half-shaved beard, and that wood upon your upper lip, entangled and standing out straggling like the whiskers of a cat. Nor is it one single scar that has disfigured your face, that you may very well be taken for one of the *Samian literati* [*q. d.*, burnt in the cheek], concerning whom there is a joking proverb.

Sold. Thus it becomes a man to come back from the wars. But, pray, tell me, was there so great a scarcity of good physicians in this quarter of the world? *Cart.* Why do you ask? *Sold.* Because you did not get the distemper of your brain cured before you plunged yourself into this slavery. *Cart.* Why, do you think I was mad then? *Sold.* Yes, I do. What occasion was there for you to be buried here before your time, when you had enough in the world to have lived handsomely upon? *Cart.* What, do not you think I live in the world now? *Sold.* No, by Jove. *Cart.* Tell me why. *Sold.* Because you cannot go where you list. You are confined in this place as in a coop. Besides, your bald pate and your prodigious strange dress, your lonesomeness, your eating fish perpetually, so that I wonder you are not turned into a fish. *Cart.* If men were turned into what they eat, you had long ago been turned into a hog, for you used to be a mighty lover of pork.

Sold. I do not doubt but you have repented of what you have done long enough before now, for I find but very few that do not repent of it. *Cart.* This usually happens to those who plunge themselves headlong into this kind of life, as if they threw themselves into a well; but I have entered into it warily and considerately, having first made trial of myself, and having duly examined the whole ratio of this way of living, being twenty-eight years of age, at which time every one may be supposed to know himself. And as for the place, you are confined in a small compass as well as I, if you compare it to the extent of the whole world. Nor does it signify anything how large the place is, as long as it wants nothing of the conveniences of life. There are many that seldom stir out of the city in which they were born, which if they were prohibited from going out would be very uneasy, and would be wonderfully desirous to do it. This is a common humour that I am not troubled with. I fancy this place to be the whole world to me, and this map represents the whole globe of the earth, which I can travel over in thought with more delight and security than he that sails to the new-found islands. *Sold.* What you say as to this comes pretty near the truth.

Cart. You cannot blame me for shaving my head, who voluntarily have your own hair clipped for convenience' sake. Shaving to me, if it does nothing else, it certainly keeps my head more clean, and perhaps more healthful too. How many noblemen at Venice shave their heads all over? What has my garment in it that is monstrous? Does it not cover my body? Our garments are for two uses, to defend us from the inclemency of the weather and to cover our nakedness. Does not this garment answer both these ends? But perhaps the colour offends you. What colour is more becoming Christians than

that which was given to all in baptism? It has been said also, "take a white garment;" so that this garment puts me in mind of what I promised in baptism—that is, the perpetual study of innocency.

And besides, if you call that solitude which is only a retiring from the crowd, we have for this the example not only of our own but of the ancient prophets, the ethnic philosophers, and all that had any regard to the keeping a good conscience. Nay, poets, astrologers, and persons devoted to such like arts, whensoever they take in hand anything that is great and beyond the sphere of the common people, commonly betake themselves to a retreat. But why should you call this kind of life solitude? The conversation of one single friend drives away the tedium of solitude. I have here more than sixteen companions, fit for all manner of conversation. And besides, I have friends who come to visit me oftener than I would have them or is convenient. Do I then, in your opinion, live melancholy?

Sold. But you cannot always have these to talk with. *Cart.* Nor is it always expedient, for conversation is the pleasanter for being something interrupted. *Sold.* You do not think amiss; for even to me myself flesh relishes much better after Lent. *Cart.* And more than that, when I seem to be most alone, I do not want companions which are by far more delightful and entertaining than those common jesters. *Sold.* Where are they?

Cart. Look you, here are the four evangelists. In this book, He that so pleasantly communed with the two disciples in the way going to Emmaus, and who by His heavenly discourse caused them not to be sensible of the fatigue of their journey, but made their hearts burn within them with a divine ardour of hearing His sweet words, holds conversation with me. In this I converse with Paul, with Isaiah, and the rest of the prophets. Here the most sweet Chrysostom converses with me, and Basil, and Austin, and Jerome, and Cyprian, and the rest of the dictators that are both learned and eloquent. Do you know any such pleasant companions abroad in the world that you can have conversation with? Do you think I can be weary of retirement in such society as this? And I am never without it. *Sold.* But they would speak to me to no purpose, who do not understand them.

Cart. Now for our diet; what signifies it with what food this body of ours is fed, which is satisfied with very little, if we live according to Nature? Which of us two is in the best plight—you who live upon partridges, pheasants, and capons, and I who live upon fish? *Sold.* If you had a wife, as I have, you would not be so lusty. *Cart.* And for that reason any food serves us, let it be never so little. *Sold.* But in the meantime you live the life of a Jew. *Cart.* Forbear reflections: if we cannot come up to Christianity, at least we follow after it.

Sold. You put too much confidence in habits, meats, forms of prayer, and outward ceremonies, and neglect the study of gospel religion. *Cart.* It is none of my business to judge what others do: as to myself, I place no confidence in these things, I attribute nothing to them; but I put my confidence in purity of mind and in Christ himself. *Sold.* Why do you observe these things then? *Cart.* That I may be at peace with my brethren, and give nobody offence. I would give no offence to any one for the sake of these trivial things,

which it is but a very little trouble to observe. As we are men, let us wear what clothes we will. Men are so humoursome, the agreement or disagreement in the most minute matters either procures or destroys concord. The shaving of the head or colour of the habit does not, indeed, of themselves recommend me to God. But what would the people say if I should let my hair grow, or put on your habit? I have given you my reasons for my way of life. Now, pray, in your turn, give me your reasons for yours, and tell me were there no good physicians in your quarter when you listed yourself for a soldier, leaving a young wife and children at home, and was hired for a pitiful pay to cut men's throats, and that with the hazard of your own life too. For your business did not lie among mushrooms and poppies, but armed men. What do you think is a more unhappy way of living, for a poor pay, to murder a fellow Christian, who never did you harm, and to run yourself body and soul into eternal damnation? *Sold.* Why, it is lawful to kill an enemy. *Cart.* Perhaps it may be so, if he invades your native country. Nay, and it is pious too to fight for your wife, children, your parents and friends, your religion and liberties, and the public peace.. But what is all that to your fighting for money? If you had been knocked on the head, I would not have given a rotten nut to redeem the very soul of you. *Sold.* No? *Cart.* No, by Christ, I would not.

Now, which do you think is the harder task, to be obedient to a good man, whom we call prior, who calls us to prayers and holy lectures, the hearing of the saving doctrine, and to sing to the glory of God; or to be under the command of some barbarous officer, who often calls you out to fatiguing marches at midnight, and sends you out, and commands you back at his pleasure, exposes you to the shot of great guns, assigns you a station where you must either kill or be killed? *Sold.* There are more evils than you have mentioned yet. *Cart.* If I shall happen to deviate from the discipline of my order, my punishment is only admonition, or some such slight matter; but in war, if you do anything contrary to the general's orders, you must either be hanged for it or run the gauntlet—for it would be a favour to have your head cut off. *Sold.* I cannot deny what you say to be true.

Cart. And now your habit bespeaks that you have not brought much money home, after all your brave adventures. *Sold.* As for money, I have not had a farthing this good while; nay, I have gotten a good deal into debt, and for that reason I come hither out of my way that you might furnish me with some money to bear my charges. *Cart.* I wish you had come out of your way hither when you hurried yourself into that wicked life of a soldier. But how come you so bare? *Sold.* Do you ask that? Why, whatsoever I got of pay, plunder, sacrilege, rapine, and theft was spent in wine, whores, and gaming. *Cart.* Oh, miserable creature! and all this while your wife, for whose sake God commanded you to leave father and mother, being forsaken by you, sat grieving at home with her young children. And do you think this is living, to be involved in so many miseries and to wallow in so great iniquities? *Sold.* The having so many companions of my wickedness made me insensible of my evil.

Cart. But I am afraid your wife will not know you again. *Sold.*

Why so? *Cart.* Because your scars have made you the picture of quite another man. What a trench you have got here in your forehead? It looks as if you had had a horn cut out. *Sold.* Nay, if you did but know the matter you would congratulate me upon this scar. *Cart.* Why so? *Sold.* I was within a hairsbreadth of losing my life. *Cart.* Why, what mischief was there? *Sold.* As one was drawing a steel cross-bow it broke, and a splinter of it hit me in the forehead. *Cart.* You have got a scar upon your cheek that is above a span long. *Sold.* I got this wound in a battle. *Cart.* In what battle, in the field? *Sold.* No; but in a quarrel that arose at dice. *Cart.* And I see I cannot tell what sort of rubies on your chin. *Sold.* Oh, they are nothing. *Cart.* I suspect that you have had the pox. *Sold.* You guess very right, brother. It was the third time I had that distemper, and it had like to have cost me my life. *Cart.* But how came it that you walk so stooping, as if you were ninety years of age, or like a mower, or as if your back was broke? *Sold.* The disease has contracted my nerves to that degree.

Cart. In truth you have undergone a wonderful metamorphosis. Formerly you were a horseman, and now of a centaur you are become a kind of semireptile animal. *Sold.* This is the fortune of war. *Cart.* Nay, it is the madness of your own mind. But what spoils will you carry home to your wife and children? *Sold.* The leprosy, for that scab is only a species of the leprosy; and it is only not accounted so, because it is the disease in fashion, and especially among noblemen. *Cart.* And for this very reason it should be the more carefully avoided. And now you will infect with it those that ought to be the dearest to you of any in the world, and you yourself will all your days carry about a rotten carcase. *Sold.* Prithee, brother, have done chiding me. I have enough upon me without chiding.

Cart. As to those calamities I have hitherto taken notice of, they only relate to the body; but what a sort of a soul do you bring back with you? How putrid and ulcerated? With how many wounds is that sore? *Sold.* Just as clean as a Paris common-shore in Maburtus's Road, or a common house of office. *Cart.* I am afraid it stinks worse in the nostrils of God and His angels. *Sold.* Well, but I have had chiding enough; now speak to the matter of something to bear my charges. *Cart.* I have nothing to give you, but I will go and try what the prior will do. *Sold.* If anything was to be given, your hands would be ready to receive it; but now there are a great many difficulties in the way when something is to be paid. *Cart.* As to what others do, let them look to that, I have no hands either to give or take money. But we will talk more of these matters after dinner, for it is now time to sit down at table.

ON SPEAKING UNTRUTHFULLY.

Philetymus and Pseudocheus.

Phil. From what fountain does this flood of lies flow? *Pseud.* From whence do spiders' webs proceed? *Phil.* Then, it is not the product of art, but of nature. *Pseud.* The seeds, indeed, proceed

from nature; but art and use have enlarged the faculty. *Phil.* Why, are you not ashamed of it? *Pseud.* No more than a cuckoo is of her singing. *Phil.* But you can alter your note upon every occasion. The tongue of man was given him to speak the truth. *Pseud.* Ay, to speak those things that tend to his profit. The truth is not to be spoken at all times. *Phil.* It is sometimes for a man's advantage to have pilfering hands, and the old proverb is a witness that that is a vice that is cousin-german to yours of lying. *Pseud.* Both these vices are supported by good authorities. One has Ulysses, so much commended by Homer, and the other has Mercury, that was a god, for its example, if we believe the poets. *Phil.* Why, then, do people in common curse liars and hang thieves? *Pseud.* Not because they lie or steal, but because they do it bunglingly or unnaturally, not rightly understanding the art.

Phil. Is there any author that teaches the art of lying? *Pseud.* Your rhetoricians have instructed in the best part of the art. *Phil.* These, indeed, present us with the art of well speaking. *Pseud.* True: and the good part of speaking well is to lie cleverly. *Phil.* What is clever lying? *Pseud.* Would you have me define it? *Phil.* I would have you do it. *Pseud.* It is to lie so that you may get profit by it, and not be caught in a lie. *Phil.* But a great many are caught in lying every day. *Pseud.* That is because they are not perfect masters of the art. *Phil.* Are you a perfect master in it? *Pseud.* In a manner. *Phil.* See if you can tell me a lie, so as to deceive me. *Pseud.* Yes, best of men, I can deceive you yourself, if I have a mind to it. *Phil.* Well, tell me some lie or other then. *Pseud.* Why, I have told one already, and did you not catch me in it? *Phil.* No. *Pseud.* Come on, listen attentively; now I will begin to lie then. *Phil.* I do listen attentively; tell one. *Pseud.* Why, I have told another lie, and you have not caught me. *Phil.* In truth, I hear no lie yet. *Pseud.* You would have heard some if you understood the art. *Phil.* Do you shew it me then.

Pseud. First of all, I called you the best of men; is not that a swinging lie, when you are not so much as good? And if you were good, you could not be said to be the best; there are a thousand others better than you. *Phil.* Here, indeed, you have deceived me. *Pseud.* Well, now try if you can catch me again in another lie. *Phil.* I cannot. *Pseud.* I want to have you shew that sharpness of wit that you do in other things. *Phil.* I confess I am deficient. Shew me. *Pseud.* When I said now I will begin to lie, did I not tell you a swinging lie then, when I had been accustomed to lie for so many years, and I had also told a lie just the moment before. *Phil.* An admirable piece of witchcraft.

Pseud. Well, but now you have been forewarned; prick up your ears, listen attentively, and see if you can catch me in a lie. *Phil.* I do listen attentively, say on. *Pseud.* I have said already, and you have imitated me in lying. *Phil.* Why, you will persuade me I have neither ears nor eyes by and by. *Pseud.* When men's ears are immovable, and can neither be pricked up nor let down, I told a lie in bidding you prick up your ears. *Phil.* The whole life of man is full of such lies. *Pseud.* Not only such as these, O good man, for these are but jokes. But there are those that bring profit. *Phil.*

The gain that is got by lying is more sordid than that which is got by laying a tax on urine. *Pseud.* That is true, I own; but then it is to those that have not the art of lying. *Phil.* What art is this that you understand? *Pseud.* It is not fit I should teach you for nothing; pay me and you shall hear it. *Phil.* I will not pay for bad arts. *Pseud.* Then, will you give away your estate? *Phil.* I am not so mad neither. *Pseud.* But my gain by this art is more certain than yours from your estate. *Phil.* Well, keep your art to yourself, only give me a specimen, that I may understand that what you say is not all pretence.

Pseud. Here is a specimen for you. I concern myself in all manner of business, I buy, I sell, I receive, I borrow, I take pawns. *Phil.* Well, what then? *Pseud.* And in these affairs I entrap those by whom I cannot easily be caught. *Phil.* Who are those? *Pseud.* The soft-headed, the forgetful, the unthinking, those that live a great way off, and those that are dead. *Phil.* The dead, to be sure, tell no tales. *Pseud.* If I sell anything upon credit I set it down carefully in my book of accounts. *Phil.* And what then? *Pseud.* When the money is to be paid I charge the buyer with more than he had. If he is unthinking or forgetful my gain is certain. *Phil.* But what if he catches you? *Pseud.* I produce my book of accounts. *Phil.* What if he informs you and proves to your face he has not had the goods you charge him with? *Pseud.* I stand to it stiffly; for bashfulness is altogether an unprofitable qualification in this art. My last shift is, I frame some excuse or other.

Phil. But when you are caught openly? *Pseud.* Nothing is more easy; I pretend my servant has made a mistake, or I myself have a treacherous memory. It is a very pretty way to jumble the accounts together, and this is an easy way to impose on a person. As, for example, some are crossed out, the money being paid, and others have not been paid; these I mingle one with another at the latter end of the book, nothing being crossed out. When the sum is cast up we contend about it, and I, for the most part, get the better, though it be by forswearing myself. Then, besides, I have this trick, I make up my account with a person when he is just going a journey, and not prepared for the settling it. For, as for me, I am always ready. If anything be left with me, I conceal it and restore it not again. It is a long time before he can come to the knowledge of it to whom it is sent; and, after all, if I cannot deny the receiving of a thing, I say it is lost, or else affirm I have sent that which I have not sent, and charge it upon the carrier. And, lastly, if I can no way avoid restoring it, I restore but part of it. *Phil.* A very fine art.

Pseud. Sometimes I receive money twice over, if I can; first at home, afterwards there where I have gone, and I am everywhere. Sometimes length of time puts things out of remembrance. The accounts are perplexed, one dies or goes a long journey; and if nothing else will hit, in the meantime I make use of other people's money. I bring some over to my interest by a show of generosity, that they may help me out in lying, but it is always at other people's cost; of my own, I would not give my own mother a doit. And though the gain in each particular may be but small, but being many put together makes a good round sum; for, as I said, I concern myself in a great many

affairs; and, besides all, that I may not be caught, as there are many tricks, this is one of the chief. I intercept all the letters I can, open them and read them. If anything in them makes against me I destroy them, or keep them a long time before I deliver them. And besides all this, I sow discord between those that live at a great distance one from another. *Phil.* What do you get by that?

Pseud. There is a double advantage in it. First of all, if that is not performed that I have promised in another person's name, or in whose name I have received any present, I lay it to this or that man's door that it was not performed, and so these forgeries I make turn to a considerable account. *Phil.* But what if he denies it? *Pseud.* He is a great way off, as suppose at Basil, and I promise to give it in England. And so it is brought about, that both being incensed, neither will believe the one the other if I accuse them of anything. Now you have a specimen of my art.

Phil. But this art is what we dullards call theft, who call a fig a fig and a spade a spade. *Pseud.* O ignoramus in the law! Can you bring an action of theft for trover and conversion, or for one that having borrowed a thing forswears it, that puts a trick upon one by some such artifice? *Phil.* He ought to be sued for theft. *Pseud.* Do but then see the prudence of artists. From these methods there is more gain, or, at least, as much, and less danger. *Phil.* A mischief take you with your cheating tricks and lies, for I have not a mind to learn them. Goodbye to you. *Pseud.* You may go on and be plagued with your ragged truth. In the meantime I will live merrily upon my thieving, lying tricks, with sleight of hand.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Antony and Adolph.

Ant. You tell dreadful stories. Is this going to sea? God forbid that ever any such thing should come into my mind. *Adol.* That which I have related is but a diversion in comparison to what you will hear presently. *Ant.* I have heard calamities enough already; my flesh trembles to hear you relate them, as if I were in danger myself. *Adol.* But dangers that are passed are pleasant to be thought on. One thing happened that night that almost put the pilot out of all hopes of safety. *Ant.* Pray, what was that?

Adol. The night was something lightish, and one of the sailors was got into the scuttle, so I think they call it, at the maintop-mast, looking out if he could see any land. A certain ball of fire began to stand by him, which is the worst sign in the world to sailors, if it be single; but a very good one, if double. The ancients believed these to be Castor and Pollux. *Ant.* What have they to do with sailors, one of which was a horseman and the other a prize-fighter? *Adol.* It was the pleasure of poets so to feign.

The steersman who sat at the helm calls to him, Mate, says he, for so sailors call one another, do you not see what a companion you have by your side? I do see, says he, and I pray that he may be a lucky one. By and by this fiery ball glides down the ropes, and rolls

itself over and over close to the pilot. *Ant.* And was not he frightened out of his wits? *Adol.* Sailors are used to terrible sights.

It stopped a little there, then rolled itself all round the sides of the ship; after that, slipping through the hatches, it vanished away. About noon the storm began to increase. Did you ever see the Alps? *Ant.* I have seen them. *Adol.* Those mountains are molehills if they be compared to the waves of the sea. As often as we were tossed up one might have touched the moon with his finger, and as often as we were let fall down into the sea we seemed to be going directly down to hell, the earth gaping to receive us. *Ant.* Oh, mad folks, that trust themselves to the sea!

Adol. The mariners striving in vain with the storm, at length the pilot, all pale as death, comes to us. *Ant.* That paleness presages some great evil. *Adol.* My friends, says he, I am no longer master of my ship—the wind has got the better of me; all that we have now to do is to place our hope in God, and every one to prepare himself for death. *Ant.* This was cold comfort. *Adol.* But in the first place, says he, we must lighten the ship, necessity requires it, though it is a hard portion. It is better to endeavour to save our lives with the loss of our goods than to perish with them. The truth persuaded, and a great many casks of rich merchandise were thrown over-board. *Ant.* This was casting away according to the letter.

Adol. There was in the company a certain Italian that had been upon an embassy to the king of Scotland. He had a whole cabinet full of plate, rings, cloth, and rich wearing apparel. *Ant.* And he, I warrant you, was unwilling to come to a composition with the sea. *Adol.* No, he would not; he had a mind either to sink or swim with his beloved riches. *Ant.* What said the pilot to this? *Adol.* If you and your trinkets were to drown by yourselves, says he, here is nobody would hinder you, but it is not fit that we should run the risk of our lives for the sake of your cabinet; if you will not consent we will throw you and your cabinet into the sea together. *Ant.* Spoken like a tarpaulin.

Adol. So the Italian submitted, and threw his goods over-board, with many a bitter curse to the gods both above and below, that he had committed his life to so barbarous an element. *Ant.* I know the Italian humour. *Adol.* The winds were nothing the less boisterous for our presents, but by and by burst our cordage and threw down our sails. *Ant.* Lamentable! *Adol.* Then the pilot comes to us again. *Ant.* What, with another preachment? *Adol.* He gives us a salute. My friends, says he, the time exhorts us that every one of us should recommend himself to God, and prepare for death. Being asked by some that were not ignorant in sea affairs how long he thought the ship might be kept above water, he said he could promise nothing, but that it could not be done above three hours. *Ant.* This was yet a harder chapter than the former.

Adol. When he had said this he orders to cut the shrouds and the mast down by the board, and to throw them, sails and all, into the sea. *Ant.* Why was this done? *Adol.* Because the sail either being gone or torn, it would only be a burden but not of use; all our hope was in the helm. *Ant.* What did the passengers do in the meantime? *Adol.* There you might have seen a wretched face of things, the

mariners they were singing their Salve Regina, imploring the virgin mother, calling her the star of the sea, the queen of heaven, the lady of the world, the haven of health, and many other flattering titles, which the sacred scriptures never attributed to her. *Ant.* What has she to do with the sea, who, as I believe, never went a voyage in her life?

Adol. In ancient times Venus took care of mariners, because she was believed to be born of the sea; and because she left off to take care of them, the virgin mother was put in her place, that was a mother, but not a virgin. *Ant.* You joke. *Adol.* Some were lying along upon the boards worshipping the sea, pouring all they had into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some incensed prince. *Ant.* What did they say? *Adol.* Oh, most merciful sea! Oh, most generous sea! Oh, most rich sea! Oh, most beautiful sea, be pacified, save us; and a deal of such stuff they sung to the deaf ocean. *Ant.* Ridiculous superstition! What did the rest do?

Adol. Some did nothing but spue, and some made vows. There was an Englishman there that promised golden mountains to our Lady of Walsingham, so he did but get ashore alive. Others promised a great many things to the wood of the cross which was in such a place; others again to that which was in such a place; and the same was done by the Virgin Mary which reigns in a great many places; and they think the vow is of no effect unless the place be mentioned. *Ant.* Ridiculous! as if the saints did not dwell in heaven. *Adol.* Some made promises to become Carthusians. There was one who promised he would go a pilgrimage to St. James at Compostella bare foot and bare-headed, clothed in a coat of mail, and begging his bread all the way. *Ant.* Did nobody make any mention of St. Christopher? *Adol.* Yes, I heard one, and I could not forbear laughing, who, bawling out aloud, lest St. Christopher should not hear him, promised him who is at the top of a church at Paris, rather a mountain than a statue, a wax taper as big as he was himself. When he had bawled out this over and over as loud as he could, an acquaintance of his jogged him on the elbow and cautioned him: Have a care what you promise, for if you should sell all you have in the world you will not be able to pay for it. He answered him softly, lest St. Christopher should hear him, You fool, says he, do you think I mean as I speak; if I once got safe to shore, I would not give him as much as a tallow candle. *Ant.* O blockhead! I fancy he was a Hollander. *Adol.* No, he was a Zealander. *Ant.* I wonder nobody thought of St. Paul, who has been at sea, and having suffered shipwreck leapt on shore; for he being not unacquainted with the distress knows how to pity those that are in it. *Adol.* He was not so much as named.

Ant. Were they at their prayers all the while? *Adol.* Ay, as if it had been for a wager. One sung his Hail Queen, another, I believe in God. There were some who had certain particular prayers not unlike magical charms against dangers. *Ant.* How affliction makes men religious! In prosperity we neither think of God nor saint. But what did you do all this while? Did you not make vows to some saints? *Adol.* No, none at all. *Ant.* Why so? *Adol.* I make no bargains with saints. For what is this but a bargain in form? I will give you if you do so and so; or I will do so and so if you do so and

so; I will give you a wax taper if I swim out alive; I will go to Rome if you save me. *Ant.* But did you call upon none of the saints for help? *Adol.* No, not so much as that neither. *Ant.* Why so? *Adol.* Because heaven is a large place, and if I should recommend my safety to any saint, as suppose, to St. Peter, who perhaps would hear soonest because he stands at the door, before he can come to God Almighty, or before he could tell Him my condition, I may be lost. *Ant.* What did you do then? *Adol.* I even went the next way to God the Father, saying, Our Father which art in heaven. There is none of the saints hears sooner than He does, or more readily gives what is asked for.

Ant. But in the meantime did not your conscience check you? Was you not afraid to call Him Father whom you had offended with so many wickednesses? *Adol.* To speak ingenuously my conscience did a little terrify me at first, but I presently took heart again, thus reasoning with myself: there is no father so angry with his son but if he sees him in danger of being drowned in a river or pond he will take him, though it be by the hair of the head, and throw him out upon a bank. There was nobody among them all behaved herself more composed than a woman who had a child sucking at her breast. *Ant.* What did she do? *Adol.* She only neither bawled, nor wept, nor made vows, but hugging her little boy, prayed softly. In the meantime the ship dashing ever and anon against the ground, the pilot being afraid she would be beat all to pieces, undergirded her with cables from head to stern. *Ant.* That was a sad shift!

Adol. Upon this up starts an old priest about threescore years of age, his name was Adam. He strips himself to his shirt, throws away his boots and shoes, and bids us all in like manner to prepare ourselves for swimming. Then standing in the middle of the ship he preached a sermon to us upon the five truths of the benefit of confession, and exhorted every man to prepare himself for either life or death. There was a Dominican there too, and they confessed those that had a mind to it. *Ant.* What did you do? *Adol.* I, seeing that everything was in a hurry, confessed privately to God, condemning before Him my iniquity, and imploring His mercy. *Ant.* And whither should you have gone, do you think, if you had perished? *Adol.* I left that to God, who is my judge; I would not be my own judge. But I was not without comfortable hopes neither.

While these things were transacting the steersman comes to us again all in tears: Prepare yourselves every one of you, says he, for the ship will be of no service to us for a quarter of an hour. For now she leaked in several places. Presently after this he brings us word that he saw a steeple a good way off, and exhorts us to implore the aid of that saint, whoever it was, who had the protection of that temple. They all fall down and pray to the unknown saint. *Ant.* Perhaps he would have heard you if ye had called upon him by his name. *Adol.* But that we did not know. In the meantime the pilot steers the ship, torn and leaking everywhere, and ready to fall in pieces, if she had not been undergirt with cables, as much as he could toward that place. *Ant.* A miserable condition. *Adol.* We were now come so near the shore that the inhabitants of the place could see us in distress, and ran down in throngs to the utmost edge of

the shore, and holding up gowns and hats upon spears, invited us to make towards them, and stretching out their arms towards heaven, signified to us that they pitied our misfortune. *Ant.* I long to know what happened.

Adol. The ship was now everywhere full of water, that we were no safer in the ship than if we had been in the sea. *Ant.* Now was your time to betake yourself to divine help. *Adol.* Ay, to a wretched one. The sailors emptied the ship's boat of water and let it down into the sea. Everybody was for getting into it; the mariners cried out amain they will sink the boat, it will not hold so many, that every one should take what he could get and swim for it. There was no time now for long deliberation. One gets an oar, another a pole, another a gutter, another a bucket, another a plank, and every one relying upon their security, they commit themselves to the billows. *Ant.* But what became of the woman that was the only person that made no bawling? *Adol.* She got to shore the first of them all. *Ant.* How could she do that? *Adol.* We set her upon a broad plank, and tied her on so fast that she could not easily fall off, and we gave her a board in her hand to make use of instead of an oar, and wishing her good success we set her afloat, thrusting her off from the ship with poles, that she might be clear of it, whence was the greatest danger. And she held her child in her left hand and rowed with her right hand. *Ant.* O virago! *Adol.* Now when there was nothing else left one pulled up a wooden image of the Virgin Mary, rotten and rat-eaten, and embracing it in his arms, tried to swim upon it.

Ant. Did the boat get safe to land? *Adol.* None perished sooner than they that were in that, and there were above thirty-two that had got into it. *Ant.* By what bad accident was that brought about? *Adol.* It was overset by the rolling of the ship before they could get clear of it. *Ant.* A sad accident; but how then? *Adol.* While I was taking care for others I had like to have been lost myself. *Ant.* How so? *Adol.* Because there was nothing left that was fit for swimming. *Ant.* There corks would have been of good use. *Adol.* In that condition I would rather have had a sorry cork than a gold candlestick. I looked round about me; at length I bethought myself of the stump of the mast, and because I could not get it out alone, I took a partner; upon this we both placed ourselves, and committed ourselves to the sea. I held the right end and my companion the left end. While we lay tumbling and tossing, the old preaching sea-priest threw himself upon our shoulders. He was a huge fellow. We cry out, Who is that third person, he will drown us all? But he very calmly bids us be easy, for there was room enough, God will be with us. *Ant.* How came he to be so late? *Adol.* He was to have been in the boat with the Dominican. For they all paid him this deference. But though they had confessed themselves in the ship, yet having forgotten I know not what circumstances, they confessed over again at the ship-side, and each lays his hand upon the other, and while this was doing the boat was overturned. This I had from Adam himself.

Ant. What became of the Dominican? *Adol.* As the same man told me, having implored the help of his saints, and stripped himself, he threw himself naked into the sea. *Ant.* What saints did he call upon! *Adol.* St. Dominic, St. Thomas, St. Vincent, and one of the Peters,

but I cannot tell which; but his chief reliance was upon Catherina Senensis. *Ant.* Did he not remember Christ? *Adol.* Not as the old priest told me. *Ant.* He would have swam better if he had thrown off his sanctified cowl; but if that had been laid aside, how should Catherine of Siena have known him? But go on, and tell me about yourself.

Adol. While we were yet tumbling and tossing near the ship, which rolled hither and thither at the mercy of the waves, the thigh of him that held the left end of the stump of the mast was broken by a great spike, and so that made him let go his hold. The old priest, wishing him everlasting rest, took his place, encouraging me to maintain my post on the right hand resolutely, and to strike out my feet stoutly. In the meantime we drank in abundance of salt water; for Neptune had provided us not only a salt bath, but a salt potion too, although the old priest prescribed a remedy for it. *Ant.* What was that? *Adol.* Why, as often as a billow met us, he turned his head and shut his mouth. *Ant.* You tell me of a brave old fellow. *Adol.* When we had been some time swimming at this rate and had made some way, the old priest, being a very tall man, cries out, Be of good heart, I feel ground; but I durst not hope for such a blessing. No, no, says I, we are too far from shore to hope to feel ground. Nay, says he, I feel the ground with my feet. Said I, perhaps it is some of the chests that have been rolled thither by the sea. Nay, says he, I am sure I feel ground by the scratching of my toes. Having floated thus a little longer, and he had felt the bottom again, Do you do what you please, says he, I will leave you the whole mast and wade for it. And so he took his opportunity: at the ebbing of the billows he made what haste he could on his feet, and when the billows came again, he took hold of his knees with his hands and bore up against the billows, hiding himself under them as sea-gulls and ducks do, and at the ebbing of the wave he would start up and run for it. I seeing that this succeeded so well to him followed his example.

There stood upon the shore men who had long pikes handed from one to another, which kept them firm against the force of the waves—strong bodied men and accustomed to the waves, and he that was last of them held out a pike to the person swimming towards him. All that came to shore, and laying hold of that, were drawn safely to dry land. Some were saved this way. *Ant.* How many? *Adol.* Seven. But two of these fainted away on being brought to the fire. *Ant.* How many were in the ship? *Adol.* Fifty-eight. *Ant.* O cruel sea. At least it might have been content with the tithes which are enough for priests. Did it restore so few out of so great a number? *Adol.* There we had experience of the wonderful humanity of the nation, that supplied us with all necessaries with exceeding cheerfulness—as lodging, fire, victuals, clothes, and money to bear our charges when we went away. *Ant.* What country was it? *Adol.* Holland. *Ant.* There is no nation more humane, although they are encompassed with such fierce nations. I fancy you will not be going to sea again. *Adol* No, unless God shall please to deprive me of my reason. *Ant.* I had rather hear such stories than feel them.

DIVERSORIA; OR, THE INNS.

Bertulph and William.

Bert. I wonder what is the fancy of a great many for staying two or three days at Lyons? When I have once set out on a journey I am not at rest till I come to my journey's end. *Will.* Nay, I wonder as much that anybody can get away from thence. *Bert.* But why so? *Will.* Because that is a place the companions of Ulysses could not have got away from. There are syrens. Nobody is better entertained at his own house than he is there at an inn. *Bert.* What is done there?

Will. There is a woman always waiting at table, which makes the entertainment pleasant with railleries and pleasant jests; and the women are very handsome there. First, the mistress of the house came and bade us welcome, and to accept kindly what fare we should have; after her comes her daughter, a very fine woman, of so handsome a carriage and so pleasant in discourse that she would make even Cato himself merry were he there. And they don't talk to you as if you were perfect strangers, but as those they have been a long time acquainted with, and familiar friends. *Bert.* Oh, I know the French way of civility very well. *Will.* And because they cannot be always with you, by reason of the other affairs of the house, and the welcoming of other guests, there comes a lass that supplies the place of the daughter till she is at leisure to return again. This lass is so well instructed in the knack of repartees, that she has a word ready for everybody, and no conceit comes amiss to her. The mother, you must know, was somewhat in years. *Bert.* But what was your table furnished with, for stories fill no bellies? *Will.* Truly, so splendid that I was amazed that they could afford to entertain their guests so for so small a price. And then, after dinner they entertain a man with such facetious discourse, that one cannot be tired, that I seemed to be at my own house, and not in a strange place. *Bert.* And how went matters in your chambers?

Will. Why, there was everywhere some pretty lass or other giggling and playing wanton tricks? They asked us if we had any foul linen to wash, which they wash and bring to us again. In a word, we saw nothing there but young lasses and women, except in the stables, and they would every now and then run in there too. When you go away they embrace you, and part with you with as much affection as if you were their own brothers or near kinsfolk.

Bert. This mode, perhaps, may become the French, but methinks the way of the Germans pleases me better, which is more manly. *Will.* I never have seen Germany; therefore, pray don't think much to tell how they entertain a traveller. *Bert.* I cannot tell whether the method of entertaining be the same everywhere; but I will tell you what I saw there. Nobody bids a guest welcome, lest he should seem to court his guests to come to him, for that they look upon to be sordid and mean, and not becoming the German gravity. When you have called a good while at the gate, at length one puts his head out of the stove window (for they commonly live in stoves till midsummer) like

a tortoise from under his shell. Him you must ask if you can have any lodging there; if he does not say no, you may take it for granted that there is room for you. When you ask where the stable is he points to it; there you may curry your horse as you please yourself, for there is no servant will put a hand to it. If it be a noted inn, there is a servant shews you the stable and a place for your horse, but incommodious enough, for they keep the best places for those that shall come afterwards, especially for noblemen. If you find fault with anything they tell you presently, if you don't like look for another inn. In their cities they allow hay, but very unwillingly and sparingly, and that is almost as dear as oats. When you have taken care of your horse, you come whole into the stove, boots, baggage, dirt, and all, for that is a common room for all comers. *Will.* In France they appoint you a separate chamber, where you may change your clothes, clean and warm yourself, or take rest, if you have a mind to it.

Bert. There is nothing of that here. In the stove you pull off your boots, put on your shoes, and, if you will, change your shirt, hang up your wet clothes near the stove iron, and get near it to dry yourself. There is water provided for you to wash your hands if you will; but as for the cleanness of it, it is for the most part such that you will want another water to wash that off. *Will.* I commend this sort of people that have nothing of effeminacy in them. *Bert.* If you come in at four o'clock in the afternoon, you must not go to supper till nine, and sometimes not till ten. *Will.* Why so? *Bert.* They never make anything ready till they see all their company together, that one trouble may serve for all. *Will.* They are for taking the shortest way.

Bert. You are right; so that oftentimes there come all together into the same stove eighty or ninety footmen, horsemen, merchants, mariners, waggoners, husbandmen, children, women, sick and sound. *Will.* This is having all things in common. *Bert.* There one combs his head, another wipes off his sweat, another cleans his spatterdashes or boots, another belches garlic, and, in short, there is as great a confusion of tongues and persons as there was at the building the tower of Babel. And if they see any person of another country, who by his habit looks like a man of quality, they all stare at him so wistfully as if he was a sort of strange animal brought out of Africa. And when they are set at table, and he behind them, they will be still looking back at him, and be staring him in the face, till they have forgot their suppers. *Will.* At Rome, Paris, or Venice there is no person thinks anything strange.

Bert. In the meantime, it is a crime for you to call for anything. When it is grown pretty late, and they don't expect any more guests, out comes an old grey-bearded servant, with his hair cut short, and a crabbed look and a slovenly dress. *Will.* Such fellows ought to be cup-bearers to the cardinals at Rome. *Bert.* He having cast his eyes about, counts to himself how many there are in the stove; the more he sees there the more fire he makes in the stove, although it be at a time when the very heat of the sun would be troublesome; and this with them is accounted a principal part of good entertainment to make them all sweat till they drop again. If any one who is not used to the steam shall presume to open the window never so little that he be not

stifled, presently they cry out to shut it again. If you answer you are not able to bear it, you will presently hear, get you another inn then. *Will.* But, in my opinion, nothing is more dangerous than for so many to draw in the same vapour, especially when their bodies are opened with the heat; and to eat in the same place, and to stay there so many hours, not to mention the belching of garlic, the stinking breaths—for many have secret distempers, and every distemper has its contagion; and, without doubt, many have the Spanish, or, as it is called, the French pox, although it is common to all nations. And it is my opinion there is as much danger from such persons as there is from those that have the leprosy. Tell me, now, what is this short of a pestilence? *Bert.* They are persons of a strong constitution, and laugh at and disregard those niceties. *Will.* But, in the meantime, they are bold at the perils of other men. *Bert.* What would you do in this case? It is what they have been used to, and it is a part of a constant mind not to depart from a custom. *Will.* And yet, within these five and twenty years nothing was more in vogue in Brabant than hot baths, but now they are everywhere grown out of use; but the new scabbado has taught us to lay them down.

Bert. Well, but hear the rest. By and by in comes our bearded Ganymede again, and lays on the table as many napkins as there are guests. But, good God! not damask ones, but such as you would take to have been made out of old sails. There are at least eight guests allotted to every table. Now those that know the way of the country take their places, every one as he pleases, for there is no difference between poor and rich, between the master and the servant. *Will.* This was that ancient equality which now the tyrant custom has driven quite out of the world. I suppose Christ lived after this manner with His disciples. *Bert.* After they are all placed, out comes the sour-looked Ganymede again, and counts his company over again; by and by he comes in again and brings every man a wooden dish and a spoon of the same silver, and then a glass, and then, a little after, he brings bread which the guests may chip every one for themselves at leisure, while the porridge is boiling. For sometimes they sit thus for near an hour. *Will.* Do none of the guests call for meat in the meantime? *Bert.* None who knows the way of the country.

At last the wine is set upon the table: good God! how far from being tasteless! So thin and sharp that sophists ought to drink no other. And if any of the guests should privately offer a piece of money to get a little better wine somewhere else, at first they will say nothing to you, but give you a look, as if they were going to murder you; and if you press it further, they answer you there have been so many counts and marquises that have lodged here, and none of them ever found fault with this wine. If you do not like it, get you another inn. They account only the noblemen of their own nation to be men, and wherever you come they are shewing you their arms. By this time comes a morsel to pacify a barking stomach. And by and by follow the dishes in great pomp; commonly the first has sippits of bread in flesh broth, or, if it be a fish day, in a soup of pulse. After that comes in another soup, and then a service of butcher's meat that has been twice boiled, or salt meats warmed again, and then pulse again, and by and by something of more solid food, until their stomachs

being pretty well staid, they bring roast meat or stewed fish, which is not to be at all contemned; but this they are sparing of, and take it away again quickly. This is the manner they order the entertainment, as comedians do, who intermingle dances among their scenes, so do they their chops and soups by turns. But they take care that the last act shall be the best. *Will.* This is the part of a good poet.

Bert. And it would be a heinous offence if, in the meantime, any body should say, take away this dish, there is nobody eats. You must sit your time appointed, which I think they measure by the hour-glass. At length out comes that bearded fellow, or the landlord himself, in a habit but little differing from his servants, and asks how cheer you? And by and by some better wine is brought. And they like those best that drink most, though he that drinks most pays no more than he that drinks least. *Will.* A strange temper of the nation! *Bert.* There are some of them that drink twice as much wine as they pay for their ordinary. But before I leave this entertainment, it is wonderful what a noise and chattering there is when once they come to be warm with wine. In short, it deafens a man. They oftentimes bring in a mixture of mimics, which these people very much delight in, though they are a detestable sort of men. There is such a singing, prating, bawling, jumping, and knocking, that you would think the stove were falling upon your head, and that one man cannot hear another speak. And this they think is a pleasant way of living, and there you must sit in spite of your heart till near midnight.

Will. Make an end of your meal now, for I myself am tired with such a tedious one. *Bert.* Well, I will. At length the cheese is taken away, which scarcely pleases them, except it be rotten and full of maggots. Then the old bearded fellow comes again with a trencher and many circles and semi-circles drawn upon it with chalk; this he lays down upon the table with a grim countenance and without speaking. You would say he was some Charon. They that understand the meaning of this lay down their money one after another till the trencher is filled. Having taken notice of those who lay down, he reckons it up himself, and if all is paid he gives you a nod. *Will.* But what if there should be anything over and above? *Bert.* Perhaps he will give it you again, and they oftentimes do so. *Will.* Does nobody find fault with the reckoning? *Bert.* Nobody that is wise. For they will say, what sort of a fellow are you? you pay no more than the rest. *Will.* This is a frank sort of men you are speaking of.

Bert. If any one is weary with his journey, and desires to go to bed as soon as he has supped, he is bid to stay till the rest go too. *Will.* This seems to me to be Plato's city. *Bert.* Then every one is shewn to his chamber, and truly it is nothing else but a chamber; there is only a bed there, and nothing else that you can either make use of or steal. *Will.* Are things very clean there? *Bert.* As clean as they were at the table. Sheets washed perhaps six months ago. *Will.* What becomes of your horses all this while? *Bert.* They are treated after the manner that the men are. *Will.* But is there the same treatment everywhere? *Bert.* It is a little more civil in some places and worse in others than I have told you, but in general it is thus. *Will.* What if I should now tell you how they treat their guests in that part of Italy called Lombardy, and in Spain, and in England, and

in Wales, for the English have the manners both of the French and the Germans, being a mixture of those two nations. The Welsh boast themselves to be the original English. *Bert.* Pray relate it. I never had the opportunity of travelling in them. *Will.* I have not leisure now, and the master of the ship bid me be on board by three o'clock, unless I would lose my passage. Another time we shall have an opportunity of prating our bellyful.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE HARLOT.

Lucretia, Sophronius.

Lu. Oh, brave! My pretty Sophronius, have I gotten you again? It is an age, methinks, since I saw you. I did not know you at first sight. *So.* Why so, my Lucretia? *Lu.* Because you had no beard when you went away, but you are come back with something of a beard. What is the matter, my little heart, you look duller than you used to do? *So.* I want to have a little talk with you in private. *Lu.* Ah, ah, are we not by ourselves already, my cocky? *So.* Let us go out of the way somewhere, into a more private place. *Lu.* Come on then, we will go into my inner bedchamber, if you have a mind to anything. *So.* I don't think this place is private enough yet. *Lu.* How comes it about you are so bashful all on a sudden? Well, come, I have a closet where I lay up my clothes, a place so dark that we can scarce see one another there. *So.* See if there be no chink. *Lu.* There is not so much as a chink. *So.* Is there nobody near to hear us? *Lu.* Not so much as a fly, my dear; why do you lose time?

So. Can we escape the eye of God here? *Lu.* No, He sees all things clearly. *So.* And of the angels? *Lu.* No, we cannot escape their sight. *So.* How comes it about then, that men are not ashamed to do that in the sight of God, and before the face of the holy angels, that they would be ashamed to do before men? *Lu.* What sort of an alteration is this? Did you come hither to preach a sermon? Prithee, put on a Franciscan's hood, and get up into a pulpit, and then we will hear you hold forth, my little bearded rogue. *So.* I should not think much to do that, if I could but reclaim you from this kind of life, that is the most shameful and miserable life in the world. *Lu.* Why so, good man? I am born, and I must be kept; every one must live by his calling. This is my business; this is all I have to live on. *So.* I wish with all my heart, my Lucretia, that, setting aside for a while that infatuation of mind, you would seriously weigh the matter. *Lu.* Keep your preachment till another time; now let us enjoy one another, my Sophronius. *So.* You do what you do for the sake of gain. *Lu.* You are much about the matter. *So.* Thou shalt lose nothing by it. Do but hearken to me, and I will pay you four times over.

Lu. Well, say what you have a mind to say. *So.* Answer me this question in the first place: Are there any persons that owe you any ill-will? *Lu.* Not one. *So.* Is there anybody that you have a spleen against? *Lu.* According as they deserve. *So.* And if you could do anything that would gratify them, would you do it? *Lu.* I would poison them sooner. *So.* But then do you but consider with yourself;

is there anything that you can do that gratifies them more than to let them see you live this shameful and wretched life? And what is there thou canst do that would be more afflicting to them that wish thee well? *Lu.* It is my destiny. *So.* Now that which uses to be the greatest hardship to such as are transported, or banished into the most remote parts of the world, this you undergo voluntarily. *Lu.* What is that? *So.* Hast thou not of thine own accord renounced all thy affections to father, mother, brother, sisters, aunts (by father's and mother's side), and all thy relations? For thou makest them all ashamed to own thee, and thyself ashamed to come into their sight. *Lu.* Nay, I have made a very happy exchange of affections; for instead of a few, now I have a great many, of which you are one, and whom I have always esteemed as a brother.

So. Leave off jesting, and consider the matter seriously, as it really is. Believe me, my Lucretia, she who has so many friends has never a one; for they that follow thee do it not as a friend, but as a house of office rather. Do but consider, poor thing, into what a condition thou hast brought thyself. Christ loved thee so dearly as to redeem thee with His own blood, and would have thee be a partaker with Him in an heavenly inheritance, and thou makest thyself a common sewer, into which all the base, nasty, pocky fellows resort, and empty their filthiness. And if that leprous infection they call the French pox has not yet seized thee, thou wilt not escape it long. And if once thou gettest it, how miserable wilt thou be, though all things should go favourably on thy side?—I mean thy substance and reputation. Thou wouldest be nothing but a living carcase. Thou thoughtest much to obey thy mother, and now thou art a mere slave to a filthy bawd. You could not endure to hear your parents' instructions; and here you are often beaten by drunken fellows and mad whoremasters. It was irksome to thee to do any work at home to get a living; but here, how many quarrels art thou forced to endure, and how late at nights art thou obliged to sit up? *Lu.* How came you to be a preacher? *So.* And do you but seriously consider, this flower of thy beauty that now brings thee so many gallants will soon fade, and then, poor creature, what wilt thou do? Thou wilt be pissed upon by everybody. It may be thou thinkest, instead of a mistress I will then be a bawd. All whores cannot attain to that; and if thou shouldest, what employment is more impious, and more like the devil himself?

Lu. Why, indeed, my Sophronius, almost all you say is very true. But how came you to be so religious all of a sudden? Thou usedst to be the greatest rake in the world—one of them. Nobody used to come hither more frequently, nor at more unseasonable hours, than you did. I hear you have been at Rome. *So.* I have so. *Lu.* Well, but other people used to come from thence worse than they went. How comes it about it is otherwise with you? *So.* I will tell you; because I did not go to Rome with the same intent, and after the same manner that others do. Others commonly go to Rome on purpose to come home worse, and there they meet with a great many opportunities of becoming so. I went along with an honest man, by whose advice I took along with me a book instead of a bottle—the New Testament, with Erasmus's Paraphrase. *Lu.* Erasmus's? They say that he is half a heretic. *So.* Has his name reached to this place too? *Lu.*

There is no name more noted among us. *So.* Did you ever see him? *Lu.* No, I never saw him; but I should be glad to see him, I have heard so many bad reports of him. *So.* It may be you have heard them from them that are bad themselves. *Lu.* Nay, from men of the gown. *So.* Who are they? *Lu.* It is not convenient to name names. *So.* Why so? *Lu.* Because if you should blab it out, and it should come to their ears, I should lose a great many good cullies. *So.* Don't be afraid, I will not speak a word of it. *Lu.* Whisper then. *So.* You foolish girl, what need is there to whisper when there is nobody but ourselves? What, lest God should hear? Ah, good God! I perceive you are a religious whore, that relievest mendicants. *Lu.* I get more by them beggars than by you rich men. *So.* They rob honest women to lavish it away upon naughty strumpets. *Lu.* But go on as to your book.

So. So I will, and that is best. In that book Paul, that cannot lie, told me that neither whores nor whoremongers shall obtain the kingdom of heaven. When I read this, I began thus to think with myself: It is but a small matter that I look for from my father's inheritance, and yet I can renounce all the whores in the world rather than be disinherited by my father; how much more then ought I to take care lest my heavenly Father should disinherit me? And human laws do afford some relief in the case of a father's disinheriting or discarding a son. But here is no provision at all made in case of God's disinheriting; and upon that I immediately tied myself up from all conversation with lewd women. *Lu.* It will be well if you can hold it.

So. It is a good step towards continence to desire to be so. And last of all, there is one remedy left, and that is a wife. When I was at Rome I emptied the whole jakes of my sins into the bosom of a confessor. And he exhorted me very earnestly to purity both of mind and body, and to the reading of the holy scripture, to frequent prayer, and to sobriety of life, and enjoined me no other penance but that I should, upon my bended knees before the high altar, say this psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God;" and that if I had any money, I should give one penny to some poor person. And I wondering that for so many whoring tricks he enjoined me so small a penance, he answered me very pleasantly, "My son," says he, "if you truly repent and change your life, I don't lay much stress upon the penance; but if thou shalt go on in it, the very lust itself will at last punish thee very severely, although the priest impose none upon thee." Look upon me, I am blear-eyed, troubled with the palsy, and go stooping. Time was I was such a one as you say you have been heretofore. And thus I repented.

Lu. Then, as far as I perceive, I have lost my Sophronius. *So.* Nay, you have rather gained him, for he was lost before, and was neither his own friend nor thine neither. Now he loves thee in reality, and longs for the salvation of thy soul. *Lu.* What would you have me do then, my Sophronius? *So.* To leave off that course of life out of hand. Thou art but a girl yet, and that stain that you have contracted may be wiped off in time. Either marry, and I will give you something toward a portion, or go into some cloister that takes in cracked maids, or go into some strange place and get into some honest family. I will lend you my assistance to any of these.

Lu. My Sophronius, I love thee dearly; look out for one for me, I will follow thy advice. *So.* But in the meantime get away from hence. *Lu.* Whoo! what, so suddenly! *So.* Why not to-day rather than to-morrow, if delays are dangerous? *Lu.* Whither shall I go? *So.* Get all your things together, give them to me in the evening, my servant shall carry them privately to a faithful matron; and I will come a little after and take you out as if it were to take a little walk. You shall live with her some time upon my cost, till I can provide for you, and that shall be very quickly. *Lu.* Well, my Sophronius, I commit myself wholly to thy management. *So.* In time to come you will be glad you have done so.

THE POETICAL BANQUET.

Hilary, Leonard, Crato, Guests, Margaret, Carinus, Eubulus, Sbrulius, Parthenius, Mus, Hilary's Servant.

Hi. Levis apparatus, animus est lautissimus.
Le. Cœnam sinistro es auspicatus omine.
Hi. Imo absit omen triste. Sed cur hoc putas?
Le. Cruenti iambi haud congruunt convivio.

Hi. I have but slender fare, but a very liberal mind.
Le. You have begun the banquet with a bad omen.
Hi. Away with bad presages. But why do you think so?
Le. Bloody iambics are not fit for a feast.

Cr. Oh brave! I am sure the muses are amongst us, verses flow so from us when we don't think of them.

Si rotatiles trochæos mavelis, en, accipe:
Vilis apparatus hic est, animus est lautissimus.

If you had rather have whirling trochees, lo, here they are for you:

"Here is but mean provision, but I have a liberal mind."

Although iambics in old time were made for contentions and quarrels, they were afterwards made to serve any subject whatsoever. O melons! here you have melons that grew in my own garden. These are creeping lettuces of a very milky juice, like their name. What man in his wits would not prefer these delicacies before brawn, lampreys, and moor-hens? *Ca.* If a man may be allowed to speak truth at a poetic banquet, those you call lettuces are beets. *Hi.* God forbid. *Cr.* It is as I tell you. See the shape of them, and besides, where is the milky juice? where are their soft prickles? *Hi.* Truly you make me doubt. Soho, call the wench.

Margaret, you hag, what did you mean to give us beets instead of lettuces? *Ma.* I did it on purpose. *Hi.* What do you say, you witch? *Ma.* I had a mind to try among so many poets if any could know a lettuce from a beet. For I know you don't tell me truly who it was that discovered them to be beets. *Co.* Crato. *Ma.* I thought it was no poet who did it. *Hi.* If ever you serve me so again, I will

call you Blitea instead of Margarita. *Co.* Ha, ha, ha. *Ma.* Your calling me will neither make me fatter nor leaner. He calls me by twenty names in a day's time: when he has a mind to wheedle me, then I am called Galatea, Euterpe, Calliope, Callirhoe, Melissa, Venus, Minerva, and what not; when he is out of humour at anything, then presently I am Tisiphone, Megæra, Alecto, Medusa, Baucis, and whatsoever comes into his head in his mad mood. *Hi.* Get you gone with your beets, Blitea. *Ma.* I wonder what you called me for. *Hi.* That you may go whence you came. *Ma.* It is an old saying and a true, it is an easier matter to raise the devil than it is to lay him. *Co.* Ha, ha, ha: very well said. As the matter is, Hilary, you stand in need of some magic verse to lay her with. *Hi.* I have got one ready.

Φευγετε καν∂άριδες λύκος ἄγριος ὔμμε διώκει.

"Be gone, ye beetles, for the cruel wolf pursues you."

Ma. What says Æsop? *Cr.* Have a care, Hilary, she will hit you a slap on the face. This is your laying her with your Greek verse. A notable conjuror indeed! *Hi.* Crato, what do you think of this jade? I could have laid ten great devils with such a verse as this. *Ma.* I do not care a straw for your Greek verses. *Hi.* Well, then, I must make use of a magical spell, or, if that will not do, Mercury's mace. *Cr.* My Margaret, you know we poets are a sort of enthusiasts, I won't say madmen; prithee, let me entreat you to let alone this contention till another time, and treat us with good humour at this supper for my sake. *Ma.* What does he trouble me with his verses for? Often when I am to go to market he has never a penny of money to give me, and yet he is a humming of verses. *Cr.* Poets are such sort of men. But however, prithee, do as I say. *Ma.* Indeed I will do it for your sake, because I know you are an honest gentleman that never beat your brain about such fooleries. I wonder how you came to fall into such company. *Cr.* How come you to think so? *Ma.* Because you have a full nose, sparkling eyes, and a plump body. Now do but see how he leers and sneers at me. *Cr.* But, prithee, sweetheart, keep your temper for my sake. *Ma.* Well, I will go, and it is for your sake, and nobody's else. *Hi.* Is she gone? *Ma.* Not so far but she can hear you. *Mus.* She is in the kitchen now, muttering something to herself I cannot tell what. *Cr.* I will assure you your maid is not dumb.

Hi. They say a good maid-servant ought especially to have three qualifications—to be honest, ugly, and high-spirited, which the vulgar call evil. An honest servant will not waste, an ugly one sweethearts will not woo, and one that is high-spirited will defend her master's right, for sometimes there is occasion for hands as well as a tongue. This maid of mine has two of these qualifications—she is as ugly as she is surly; as to her honesty, I cannot tell what to say to that. *Cr.* We have heard her tongue, we were afraid of her hands upon your account.

Hi. Take some of these pompions: we have done with the lettuces, for I know if I should bid her bring any lettuces she would bring thistles. Here are melons too, if anybody likes them better. Here are new figs too, just gathered, as you may see by the milk in the stalks.

It is customary to drink water after figs, lest they clog the stomach. Here is very cool clear spring water that runs out of this fountain, that is good to mix with wine. *Cr.* But I cannot tell whether I had best to mix water with my wine, or wine with water, this wine seems to me so likely to have been drawn out of the muses' fountain. *Hi.* Such wine as this is good for poets to sharpen their wits. You dull fellows love heavy liquors. *Cr.* I wish I was that happy Crassus. *Hi.* I had rather be Codrus or Ennius. And seeing I happen to have the company of so many learned guests at my table, I will not let them go away without learning something of them. There is a place in the prologue of Eunuchus that puzzles many; for most copies have it thus:

Sic existimet, sciat,
Responsum, non dictum esse, quia læsit prior,
Qui benè vertendo, et eas describendo malè, &c.

"Let him so esteem or know, that it is an answer, not a common saying; because he first did the injury, who by well translating and ill describing them," &c.

In these words I want a witty sense, and such as is worthy of Terence. For he did not therefore do the wrong first, because he translated the Greek comedies badly, but because he had found fault with Terence's. *Eu.* According to the old proverb, he that sings worst let him begin first. When I was at London, in Thomas Linacre's house, who is a man though well skilled in all manner of philosophy, yet he is very ready in all criticisms in grammar, he shewed me a book of great antiquity which had it thus:

Sic existimat, sciat,
Responsum non dictum esse, quale sit prius
Qui benè vertendo, èt eas describendo malè,
Ex Græcis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas:
Idem Menandri phasma nunc nuper dedit.

The sentence is so to be ordered, that *quale sit* may shew that an example of that which is spoken before is to be subjoined. He threatened that he would again find fault with something in his comedies who had found fault with him, and he here denies that it ought to seem a reproach, but an answer. He that provokes begins the quarrel; he that being provoked replies, only makes his defence or answer. He promises to give an example thereof, *quale sit* being the same with οἷον in Greek, and *quod genus, veluti*, or *videlicet*, or *puta* in Latin. Then afterwards he brings a reproof, wherein the adverb *prius* hath relation to another adverb, as it were a contrary one, which follows, viz., *nuper*, even as the pronoun *qui* answers to the word *idem*. For he altogether explodes the old comedies of Lavinius, because they were now lost out of the memory of men. In those which he had lately published, he sets down the certain places. I think that this is the proper reading and the true sense of the comedian, if the chief and ordinary poets dissent not from it. *Gu.* We are all entirely of your opinion. *Eu.* But I again desire to be informed by you of one small and very easy thing, how this verse is to be scanned—

Ex Græcis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas.

Scan it upon your fingers. *Hi.* I think that according to the custom of the ancients *s* is to be cut off, so that there be an anapæstus in the second place. *Eu.* I should agree to it, but that the ablative case ends in *is*, and is long by nature; therefore though the consonant should be taken away, yet nevertheless a long vowel remains. *Hi.* You say right. *Cr.* If any unlearned person or stranger should come in, he would certainly think we were bringing up again among ourselves the countrymen's play of holding up our fingers (*dimicatione digitorum, i. e.*, the play of love). *Le.* As far as I see we scan it upon our fingers to no purpose. Do you help us out if you can. *Eu.* To see how small a matter sometimes puzzles men, though they be good scholars. The preposition *ex* belongs to the end of the foregoing verse.

Qui benè vertendo, et eas describendo maleè, ex
Græcis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas.

Thus there is no scruple. *Le.* It is so, by the muses. Since we have begun to scan upon our fingers, I desire that somebody would put this verse out of Andria into its feet:

Sine invidia laudem invenias, et amicos pares.

For I have often tried and could do no good on it. *Le. Sine* is an iambic, *vidia* an anapæstus, *laudem* is a spondee, *venias* an anapæstus, and *ami* another anapæstus. *Ca.* You have five feet already, and there are three syllables yet behind, the first of which is long, so that thou canst neither make it an iambic nor a tribrach. *Le.* Indeed you say true. We are aground; who shall help us off? *Eu.* Nobody can do it better than he that brought us into it. Well, Carinus, if thou canst say anything to the matter, do not conceal it from your poor sincere friends. *Ca.* If my memory does not fail me, I think I have read something of this nature in Priscian, who says that among the Latin comedians *v* consonant is cut off as well as the vowel, as oftentimes in this word *enimvero*; so that the part *enime* makes an anapæstus. *Le.* Then scan it for us. *Ca.* I will do it. *Sine invidi* is a proseleusmatic foot, unless you had rather have it cut off by syneresis, as when Virgil puts *aureo* at the end of an heroic verse for *auro*. But if you please, let there be a tribrach in the first place, *a lau* is a spondee, *d' inveni* a dactyl, *as et a* a dactyl, *micos* a spondee, *pares* an iambic. *Sb.* Carinus hath indeed got us out of these briars. But in the same scene there is a place which I cannot tell whether anybody has taken notice of or not. *Hi.* Prithee, let us have it. *Sb.* There Simo speaks after this manner—

Sine ut eveniat quod volo;
In Pamphilo ut nihil sit moræ; restat Chremes.

"Suppose it happen, as I desire, that there be no delay in Pamphilus, Chremes remains."
What is it that troubles you in these words? *Sb. Sine* being a term of threatening, there is nothing follows in this place that makes for a threatening. Therefore it is my opinion that the poet wrote it—

Sin eveniat quod volo,

that *sin* may answer to the *si* that went before.

Si propter amorem uxorem nolit ducere.

For the old man propounds two parts differing from one another: *Si.*, etc. "If Pamphilus for the love of Glycerie refuseth to marry, I shall have some cause to chide him; but if he shall not refuse, then it remains that I must entreat Chremes." Moreover, the interruption of Sosia, and Simo's anger against Davus made too long a transposition of the words. *Hi.* Mouse, reach me that book. *Cr.* Do you commit your book to a mouse? *Hi.* More safely than my wine. Let me never stir, if Sbrulius has not spoken the truth. *Ca.* Give me the book, I will shew you another doubtful place. This verse is not found in the prologue of—Eunuchus.

Habeo alia multa, quæ nunc condonabuntur.

"I have many other things which shall now be delivered."

Although the Latin comedians especially take great liberty to themselves in this kind of verse, yet I do not remember that they anywhere conclude a trimetre with a spondee, unless it be read *condonabitur* impersonally, or *condonabimus*, changing the number of the person.

Ma. Oh, this is like poets' manners indeed! As soon as ever they are set down to dinner they are at play, holding up their fingers and poring upon their books. It were better to reserve your plays and your scholarship for the second course. *Cr.* Margaret gives us no bad counsel, we will humour her. When we have filled our bellies we will go to our play again; now we will play with our fingers in the dish. *Hi.* Take notice of poetic luxury. You have three sorts of eggs—boiled, roasted, and fried; they are all very new laid within these two days. *Ca.* I cannot abide to eat butter. If they are fried with oil I shall like them very well. *Hi.* Boy, go ask Margaret what they are fried in. *Mo.* She says they are fried in neither. *Hi.* What! neither in butter nor oil. In what then? *Mo.* She says they are fried in lye. *Cr.* She has given you an answer like your question. What a great difficulty it is to distinguish butter from oil! *Ca.* Especially for those that can so easily know a lettuce from a beet. *Hi.* Well, you have had the ovation, the triumph will follow in time. Soho, boy! look about you, do you perceive nothing to be wanting? *Mo.* Yes, a great many things. *Hi.* These eggs lack sauce to allay their heat. *Mo.* What sauce would you have? *Hi.* Bid her send us some juice of the tendrils of a vine pounded. *Mo.* I will tell her, sir. *Hi.* What! do you come back empty handed? *Mo.* She says juice is not used to be squeezed out of vine tendrils. *Le.* A fine maid-servant, indeed!

Sb. Well, we will season our eggs with pleasant stories. I found a place in the Epodes of Horace not corrupted as to the writing, but wrong interpreted, and not only by Mancinellus and other later writers, but by Porphyry himself. The place is in the poem where he sings a recantation to the witch Canidia.

Tuusque venter partum ejus, et tuo
Cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
Utcunque fortis exilis puerpera.

For they all take *exilis* to be a noun in this place, when it is a verb.

I will write down Porphyry's words, if we can believe them to be his: She is *exilis*, says he, under that form, as though she were become deformed by travel; by slenderness of body he means a natural leanness. A shameful mistake, if so great a man did not perceive that the law of the metre did contradict the sense. Nor does the fourth place admit of a spondee. But the poet makes a jest of it. That she did indeed bear a child, though she was not long weak, nor kept her bed long after her delivery, but presently jumped out of bed, as some lusty lying-in women used to do. *Hi.* We thank you, Sbrulius, for giving us such fine sauce to our eggs.

Le. There is another thing in the first book of Odes that is not much unlike this. The ode begins thus, *Tu ne quæsieris.* Now, the common reading is this, *Neu Babylonios tentaris numeros, ut melius quicquid erit pati.* The ancient interpreters pass this place over, as if there were no difficulty in it. Only Mancinellus, thinking the sentence imperfect, bids us add *possis.* *Sb.* Have you anything more that is certain about this matter? *Le.* I do not know whether I have or not; but, in my opinion, Horace seems here to have made use of the Greek idiom, and this he does more than any other of the poets. For it is a very common thing with the Greeks to join an infinitive mood with the word ὡς and ὥστι. And so Horace uses *ut pati* for *ut patiaris;* although what Mancinellus guesses is not altogether absurd. *Hi.* I like what you say very well. Run, Mouse, and bring what is to come, if there be anything.

Cr. What new dainty dish is this? *Hi.* This is a cucumber sliced. This is the broth of the pulp of a gourd boiled; it is good to make the belly loose. *Sb.* We will change thy name, and call thee Apicius instead of Hilary. *Hi.* Well, laugh now as much as you will, it may be you will highly commend this supper to-morrow. *Sb.* Why so? *Hi.* When you find that your dinner has been well seasoned. *Sb.* What, with a good stomach? *Hi.* Yes, indeed.

Cr. Hilary, do you know what task I would have you take upon you? *Hi.* I shall know when you have told me. *Cr.* The choir sings some hymns that are indeed learned ones, but are corrupted in many places by unlearned persons. I desire that you would mend them; and to give you an example, we sing thus—

Hostis, Herodes, impie,
Christum venire quid times?

"Thou wicked enemy, Herod, why dost thou dread the coming of Christ?"

The misplacing of one word spoils the verse two ways. For the word *hostis,* making a trochee, has no place in an iambic verse, and *Hero,* being a spondee, will not stand in the second place. Nor is there any doubt but the verse at first was thus written—

Herodes hostis impie.

For the epithet *impie* better agrees with *hostis* than with Herod. Besides, Herodes being a Greek word η is turned into ε in the vocative; as, Σωκράτης, ὦ Σώκρατες; and so Ἀγαμέμνων in the nominative case is turned into ο. So again we sing the hymn—

Jesu, corona virginum,
Quem mater illa concepit,
Quæ sola virgo parturit.

"O Jesus, the crown of virgins,
Whom she, the mother, conceived,
Which was the only person of a virgin that brought forth."

There is no doubt but the word should be pronounced *concipit;* for the change of the sense sets off a word, and it is ridiculous for us to find fault with *concipit* when *parturit* follows. *Hi.* Truly I have been puzzled at a great many such things; nor will it be amiss if, hereafter, we bestow a little time upon this matter. For methinks Ambrose has not a little grace in this kind of verse, for he does commonly end a verse of four feet with a word of three syllables, and commonly places a cæsura in the end of a word. It is so common with him that it cannot seem to have been by chance. If you would have an example, *Deus Creator.* Here is a penthemimeris, it follows *omnium; Polique rector,* then follows *vestiens; diem decoro,* and then *lumine; noctem soporis,* then follows *gratia. Hi.* But here is a good fat hen that has laid me eggs and hatched me chickens for ten years together. *Cr.* It is pity that she should have been killed.

Ca. If it were fit to intermingle anything of graver studies, I have something to propose. *Hi.* Yes, if it be not too crabbed. *Ca.* That it is not. I lately began to read Seneca's "Epistles," and stumbled, as they say, at the very threshold. The place is in the first epistle. And if, says he, thou wilt but observe it, great part of our life passes away while we are doing what is ill, the greatest part while we are doing nothing, and the whole of it while we are doing that which is to no purpose. In this sentence he seems to affect I cannot tell what sort of witticism, which I do not well understand. *Le.* I will guess, if you will. *Ca.* Do so.

Le. No man offends continually. But, nevertheless, a great part of one's life is lost in excess, lust, ambition, and other vices, but a much greater part is lost in doing nothing. Moreover, they are said to do nothing, not who live in idleness, but they who are busied about frivolous things which conduce nothing at all to our happiness. And thence comes the proverb, It is better to be idle than to be doing but to no purpose. But the whole life is spent in doing another thing. He is said, *aliud agere,* who does not mind what he is about. So that the whole of life is lost; because, when we are viciously employed, we are doing that we should not do; when we are employed about frivolous matters we do that we should not do; and when we study philosophy, in that we do it negligently and carelessly, we do something to no purpose. If this interpretation do not please you, let this sentence of Seneca be set down among those things of this author that Aulus Gellius condemns in this writer as frivolously witty. *Hi.* Indeed I like it very well.

But in the meantime let us fall manfully upon the hen. I would not have you mistaken, I have no more provision for you, and it agrees with what went before. That is the basest loss that comes by negligence, and he shews it by this sentence consisting of three parts. But, methinks, I see a fault a little after. We foresee not death—a

great part of it is past already. It is my opinion it ought to be read, we foresee death. For we foresee those things which are a great way off from us when death, for the most part, is gone by us. *Le.* If philosophers do sometimes give themselves leave to go aside into the meadows of the muses, perhaps it will not be amiss for us if we, to gratify our fancy, take a turn into their territories. *Hi.* Why not?

Le. As I was lately reading over again Aristotle's book that he entitles Περι τῶν Ἐλέγχων, the argument of which is, for the most part, common both to rhetoricians and philosophers, I happened to fall upon some egregious mistakes of the interpreters; and there is no doubt but that they that are unskilled in the Greek have often missed it in many places. For Aristotle proposes a sort of such kind of ambiguity as arises from a word of a contrary signification. Ὅτι μανθάνουσιν οἱ ἐπιστάμενοι· τὰ γὰρ ἀποσοματιζόμενα μανθάνουσιν οἱ Γραμματικοὶ· τὸ γὰρ μανθάνειχὸ μώνυμον, τὸ τε ξυνιέναι χρωωενον τῇ ἐπισήμῃ, καὶ τὸ λαμβάνειν την ἐπισήμην. And they turn it thus. Because intelligent persons learn, for grammarians are only tongue-learned; for to learn is an equivocal word, proper both to him that exerciseth and to him that receiveth knowledge. *Hi.* Methinks you speak Hebrew, and not English. *Le.* Have any of you heard any equivocal word? *Hi.* No.

Le. What then can be more foolish than to desire to turn that which cannot possibly be turned. For although the Greek word μανθάνειν signifies as much as μαθεῖν and μαθετευειν, so among the Latins, *discere*, to learn, signifies as much as *doctrinam accipere*, or *doctrinam tradere*. But whether this be true or not I cannot tell. I rather think μανθάνειν is of doubtful signification with the Grecks, as *cognoscere* is among the Latins. For he that informs, and the judge that learns, both of them know the cause. And so I think among the Greeks the master is said μανθάνειν whilst he hears his scholars, as also the scholars who learn of him. But how gracefully hath he turned that τα' γὰρ ἀποσοματιζόμενα μανθάνουσιν οἱ Γραμματικοὶ, *nam secundum os Grammatici discunt:* for the grammarians are tongue-learned; since it ought to be translated, *Nam Grammatici, quæ dictitant, docent*, Grammarians teach what they dictate. Here the interpreters ought to have given another expression, which might not express the same words, but the same kind of thing. Though I am apt to suspect here is some error in the Greek copy, and that it ought to be written ὁμώνυμον τῶ τε ξυνιέναι καὶ τῶ λαμβάνειν.

And a little after he subjoins another example of ambiguity, which arises not from the diversity of the signification of the same word, but from a different connection. Τὸ βούλεσθαι λαβεῖν με τοὺς πολεμίους, *volle me accipere pugnantes*, to be willing that I should receive the fighting men; for so he translates it, instead of *velle me capere hostes*, to be willing that I take the enemies; and if one should read βούλεσθε it is more perspicuous. *Vultis ut ego capiam hostes?* will ye that I take the enemies? For the pronoun may both go before and follow the verb *capere*. If it go before it the sense will be this, Will ye that I take the enemies? If it follows, then this will be the sense, Are you willing that the enemies should take me? He adds also another

example of the same kind, Ἆρα ὅ τις γινώσκει, τοῦτο γινώσκει, i. e., *An quod quis novit hoc novit.* The ambiguity lies in τοῦτο. If it should be taken in the accusative case, the sense will be this, Whatsoever it is that anybody knows, that thing he knows to be. But if in the nominative case, the sense will be this, That thing which anybody knows, it knows; as though that could not be known that knows not again by course. Again, he adds another example, Ἆρα ὅ τις ὁρᾷ, τοῦτο ὁρᾷ; ὁρᾷ δὲ τὸν κίονα, ὥσε ὁρᾷ ὁ κίων, that which any one sees, does that thing see; but he sees a post, does the post therefore see? The ambiguity lies again in τοῦτο, as we shewed before.

But these sentences may be rendered into Latin well enough; but that which follows cannot possibly by any means be rendered, Ἆρα ὅ σὺ φὴς εἶναι, τοῦτο σὺ φὴς εἶναι: φὴς δὲ λίθον εἶναι, σὺ ἄρα φὴς λίθος εἶναι. Which they thus render, *putas quod tu dicis esse; hoc tu dicis esse, dicis autem lapidem esse, tu ergo lapis dicis esse.* Pray, tell me what sense can be made of these words? For the ambiguity lies partly in the idiom of the Greek phrase, which is in the major and minor. Although in the major there is another ambiguity in the two words ὅ and τοῦτο, which if they be taken in the nominative case the sense will be, That which thou sayest thou art, that thou art; but if in the accusative case the sense will be, Whatsoever thou sayest is, that thou sayest is; and to this sense he subjoins λίθον φὴς εἶναι, but to the former sense he subjoins σὺ ἄρα φὴς λίθος εἶναι. Catullus once attempted to imitate the propriety of the Greek tongue:

> Phaselus iste, quem videtis, hospites,
> Ait fuisse naviom celerrimus.
>
> "My guests, that galley which you see,
> The most swift of the navy is, says he."

For so was this verse in the old edition. Those who write commentaries on these places being ignorant of this, must of necessity err many ways. Neither, indeed, can that which immediately follows be perspicuous in the Latin. Καὶ ἄρα ἐστι σιγῶντα λέγειν; δίτροπον γὰρ ἐστι, τὸ σιγῶντα λέγειν; τό τε τὸν λέγοντα σιγᾶν, καὶ τὸ τὰ λέγομενα. That they have rendered thus: *Et putas, est tacentem dicere? Duplex enim est, tacentem dicere; et hunc dicere tacentem, et quæ dicuntur.* Are not these words more obscure than the books of the Sibyls? *Hi.* I am not satisfied with the Greek.

Le. I will interpret it as well as I can. Is it possible for a man to speak while he is silent? This interrogation has a twofold sense, the one of which is false and absurd, and the other may be true; for it cannot possibly be that he who speaks should not speak what he does speak; that is, that he should be silent while he is speaking; but it is possible that he who speaks may be silent of him who speaks. Although this example falls into another form that he adds a little after. And again, I admire that a little after, in that kind of ambiguity that arises from more words conjoined, the Greeks have changed the word *seculum* into the letters ἐπίστασθαι τὰ γράμματα, seeing that the Latin copies have it *scire seculum.* For here arises a

double sense, either that the age itself might know something, or that somebody might know the age. But this is an easier translation of it into *αἰῶνα* or *κόσμον*, than into *γράμματα*. For it is absurd to say that letters know anything; but it is no absurdity to say, something is known to our age, or that any one knows his age. And a little after, where he propounds an ambiguity in the accent, the translator does not stick to put Virgil's words instead of Homer's, when there was the same necessity in that example, *quicquid dices esse, hoc est*, what thou sayest is, it is. Aristotle out of Homer says, *οὗ καταπύθεται ὄμβρῳ*, if *οὗ* should be aspirated and circumflected, it sounds in Latin thus, *cujus computrescit pluviâ*, by whose rain it putrefies; but if *οὗ* be acuted and exile, it sounds *non computrescit pluviâ*, it does not putrefy with rain; and this indeed is taken out of the Iliad *ψ*. Another is, *διδόμεν δὲ οἱ εὖχος ἀρέσθαι*: the accent being placed upon the last syllable but one signifies, grant to him; but placed upon the first syllable *δίδομεν*, signifies, we grant. But the poet did not think Jupiter said, we grant to him; but commands the dream itself to grant him to whom it is sent to obtain his desire. For *διδόμεν* is used for *διδόνκαι*. For these two of Homer these two are added out of our poets; as that out of the Odes of Horace:

Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia dormis.

For if the accent be on *me* being short, and *tu* be pronounced short, it is one word, *metuo;* that is *timeo*, I am afraid; although this ambiguity lies not in the accent only, but also arises from the composition. They have brought another example out of Virgil:

Heu! quia nam tanti cinxerunt æthera nimbi.

Although here also the ambiguity lies in the composition. *Hi.* Leonard, these things are indeed niceties worthy to be known; but in the meantime, I am afraid our entertainment should seem rather a sophistical one than a poetical one. At another time, if you please, we will hunt niceties and criticisms for a whole day together. *Le.* That is as much as to say, we will hunt for wood in a grove, or seek for water in the sea.

Hi. Where is my Mouse? *Mou.* Here he is. *Hi.* Bid Margaret bring up the sweetmeats. *Mou.* I go, sir. *Hi.* What! do you come again empty-handed? *Mou.* She says she never thought of any sweetmeats, and that you have sat long enough already. *Hi.* I am afraid, if we should philosophise any longer she will come and overthrow the table, as Xantippe did to Socrates; therefore it is better for us to take our sweetmeats in the garden; and there we may walk and talk freely, and let every one gather what fruit he likes best off of the trees. *Guests.* We like your motion very well. *Hi.* There is a little spring sweeter than any wine.

Ca. How comes it about that your garden is neater than your hall. *Hi.* Because I spend most of my time here. If you like anything that is here, do not spare whatever you find. And now if you think you have walked enough, what if we should sit down together

under this teil tree, and rouse up our muses. *Pa.* Come on then, let us do so. *Hi.* The garden itself will afford us a theme. *Pa.* If you lead the way, we will follow you. *Hi.* Well, I will do so. He acts very preposterously who has a garden neatly trimmed up, and furnished with various delicacies, and at the same time has a mind adorned with no sciences nor virtues. *Le.* We shall believe the muses themselves are amongst us, if thou shalt give us the same sentence in verse. *Hi.* That is a great deal more easy to me to turn prose into verse than it is to turn silver into gold. *Le.* Let us have it then.

Hi. Cui renidet hortus undiquaque flosculis,
Animumque nullis expolitum dotibus
Squallere patitur, is facit præpostere.

"Whose garden is all graced with flowers sweet,
His soul meanwhile being impolite,
Is far from doing what is meet."

Here are verses for you, without the muses or Apollo; but it will be very entertaining if every one of you will render this sentence into several different kinds of verse. *Le.* What shall be his prize that gets the victory? *Hi.* This basket full either of apples, or plums, or cherries, or medlars, or pears, or of anything else he likes better. *Le.* Who should be the umpire of the trial of skill? *Hi.* Who shall but Crato? And therefore he shall be excused from versifying, that he may attend the more diligently. *Cr.* I am afraid you will have such a kind of judge as the cuckoo and nightingale once had, when they vied one with the other who should sing best. *Hi.* I like him if the rest do. *Gu.* We like our umpire. Begin, Leonard.

Le. Cui tot deliciis renidet hortus,
Herbis, floribus, arborumque fœtu,
Et multo et vario, nec excolendum
Curat pectus et artibus probatis,
Et virtutibus, is mihi videtur
Lævo judicio, parumque recto.

"Who that his garden shine doth mind
With herbs and flowers, and fruits of various kind;
And in meanwhile his mind neglected lies
Of art and virtue void, he is not wise."

I have said. *Hi.* Carinus bites his nails—we look for something elaborate from him. *Ca.* I am out of the poetical vein.

Cura cui est, ut niteat hortus flosculis ac fœtibus,
Negligenti excolere pectus disciplinis optimis;
Hic labore, mihi ut videtur, ringitur præpostero.

"Whose only care is that his gardens be
With flowers and fruits furnished most pleasantly,
But disregards his mind with art to grace,
Bestows his pains and care much like an ass."

Hi. You have not bit your nails for nothing. *Eu.* Well, since my turn is next, that I may do something:

Qui studet ut variis niteat cultissimus hortus
Deliciis, patiens animum squallere, nec ullis
Artibus expoliens, huic est præpostera cura.

"Who cares to have his garden neat and rare,
And doth of ornaments his mind leave bare,
Acts but with a preposterous care."

We have no need to spur Sbrulius on, for he is so fluent at verses that he oftentimes tumbles them out before he is aware.

Sb. Cui vernat hortus cultus et elegans,
Nec pectus ullis artibus excolit,
Præpostera is cura laborat.
Sit ratio tibi prima mentis.

"Who to make his garden spring much care imparts,
And yet neglects his mind to grace with arts,
Acts wrong. Look chiefly to improve thy parts."

Pa. Quisquis accurat variis ut hortus
Floribus vernet, neque pectus idem.
Artibus sanctis colit, hunc habet præpostera cura.

"Who to his soul prefers a flower or worse,
May well be said to set the cart before the horse."

Hi. Now let us try to which of us the garden will afford the most sentences. *Le.* How can so rich a garden but do that? even this rose-bed will furnish me with what to say: As the beauty of a rose is fading, so is youth soon gone: you make haste to gather your rose before it withers; you ought more earnestly to endeavour that your youth passes not away without fruit. *Hi.* It is a theme very fit for a verse. *Ca.* As among trees, every one hath its fruits, so among men every one hath his natural gift. *Eu.* As the earth, if it be tilled, brings forth various things for human use, and being neglected is covered with thorns and briars, so the genius of a man, if it be accomplished with honest studies, yields a great many virtues; but if it be neglected, is overrun with various vices. *Sb.* A garden ought to be dressed every year, that it may look handsome. The mind being once furnished with good learning, does always flourish and spring forth. *Pa.* As the pleasantness of gardens does not draw the mind off from honest studies, but rather invites it to them, so we ought to seek for such recreations and divertisements as are not contrary to learning. *Hi.* Oh, brave! I see a whole swarm of sentences.

Now for verse; but before we go upon that, I am of the mind it will be no improper nor unprofitable exercise to turn the first sentence into Greek verse as often as we have turned it into Latin. And let Leonard begin, that has been an old acquaintance of the Greek poets. *Le.* I will begin, if you bid me. *Hi.* I both bid and command you.

Le. Ὦ κῆπός ἐστιν ἀνδεσι γελῶν καλοῖς,
Ὦ δὲ νοῦς, μάλ' αὐχμῶν, τοῖς καλοῖς μαθήμασιν

Οὐκ ἔσι κομψὸς, οὗτος οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖς,
Περὶ πλείονος ποιῶν τὰ φαῦλ' ἢ κρείττονα.

"He never entered wisdom's doors
Who delights himself in simple flowers,
And his foul soul neglects to cleanse.
This man knows not what virtue means."

I have begun, let him follow me that will. *Hi.* Carinus. *Ca.* Nay, Hilary. *Le.* But I see here is Margaret coming upon us of a sudden; she is bringing I know not what dainties. *Hi.* If she does so she will do more than I thought she would do. My Fury, what hast brought us? *Ma.* Mustard-seed to season your sweetmeats. Are you not ashamed to stand prating here till I cannot tell what time of night? And yet you poets are always reflecting against women's talkativeness. *Cr.* Margaret says very right; it is high time for every one to go home to bed. At another time we will spend a day in this commendable kind of contest. *Hi.* But who do you give the prize to? *Cr.* For this time I allot it to myself, for nobody has overcome but I. *Hi.* How did you overcome that did not contend at all. *Cr.* You have contended, but not tried it out. I have overcome Margaret, and that is more than any of you could do. *Ca.* He demands what is his right; let him have the basket.

CONCERNING FAITH.

Aulus, Barbatus.

Au. Salute freely is a lesson for children. But I cannot tell whether I should bid you be well or no. *Ba.* In truth, I had rather any one would make me well than bid me so. *Au.* Why do you say that? *Ba.* Why? Because if you have a mind to know, you smell of brimstone or Jupiter's thunderbolt. There are mischievous deities, and there are harmless thunderbolts, that differ much in their original from those that are ominous. For I fancy you mean something about excommunication. *Au.* You are right. *Ba.* I have indeed heard dreadful thunders, but I never yet felt the blow of the thunderbolt. *Au.* How so? *Ba.* Because I have never the worse stomach, nor my sleep the less sound. *Au.* But a distemper is commonly so much the more dangerous the less it is felt. But these brute thunderbolts, as you call them, strike the mountains and the seas. *Ba.* They do strike them indeed, but with strokes that have no effect upon them. There is a sort of lightning that proceeds from a glass or a vessel of brass. *Au.* Why, and that affrights too. *Ba.* It may be so, but, then, none but children are frightened at it. None but God has thunderbolts that strike the soul. *Au.* But suppose God is in His vicar. *Ba.* I wish He were.

Au. A great many folks admire that you are not become blacker than a coal before now. *Ba.* Suppose I were so, then the salvation of a lost person were so much the more to be desired if men followed the doctrine of the gospel. *Au.* It is to be wished indeed, but not to be spoken of. *Ba.* Why so? *Au.* That he that is smitten with the thunderbolt may be ashamed and repent. *Ba.* If God had done so

by us we had been all lost. *Au.* Why so? *Ba.* Because when we were enemies to God and worshippers of idols fighting under Satan's banner, that is to say, every way most accursed, then in an especial manner He spake to us by His Son, and by His treating with us restored us to life when we were dead. *Au.* That thou sayest is indeed very true. *Ba.* In truth it would go very hard with all such persons if the physician should avoid speaking to them whensoever any poor wretch was seized with a grievous distemper, for then he has most occasion for the assistance of a doctor. *Au.* But I am afraid that you will sooner infect me with your distemper than I shall cure you of it. It sometimes falls out that he that visits a sick man is forced to be a fighter instead of a physician. *Ba.* Indeed, it sometimes happens so in bodily distempers; but in the diseases of the mind you have an antidote ready against every contagion. *Au.* What is that? *Ba.* A strong resolution not to be removed from the opinion that has been fixed in you. But, besides, what need you fear to become a fighter where the business is managed by words? *Au.* There is something in what you say, if there be any hope of doing any good. *Ba.* While there is life there is hope; and according to St. Paul, charity cannot despair, because it hopes all things.

Au. You observe very well, and upon this hope I may venture to discourse with you a little; and if you will permit me, I will be a physician to you. *Ba.* Do, with all my heart. *Au.* Inquisitive persons are commonly hated, but yet philosophers are allowed to be inquisitive after every particular thing. *Ba.* Ask me anything that you have a mind to ask me. *Au.* I will try. But you must promise me you will answer me sincerely. *Ba.* I will promise you. But let me know what you will ask me about. *Au.* Concerning the apostles' creed. *Ba.* Symbolum is indeed a military word. I will be content to be looked upon an enemy to Christ, if I shall deceive you in this matter.

Au. Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, and who made the heaven and earth. *Ba.* Yes, and whatsoever is contained in the heaven and earth, and the angels also, which are spirits. *Au.* When thou sayest God, what dost thou understand by it? *Ba.* I understand a certain eternal mind which neither had beginning nor shall have any end, than which nothing can be either greater, wiser, or better. *Au.* Thou believest, indeed, like a good Christian. *Ba.* Who by His omnipotent beck made all things visible or invisible; who by His wonderful wisdom orders and governs all things; who by His goodness feeds and maintains all things, and freely restored mankind when fallen.

Au. These are indeed three especial attributes in God. But what benefit dost thou receive by the knowledge of them? *Ba.* When I conceive Him to be omnipotent I submit myself wholly to Him, in comparison of whose majesty the excellency of men and angels is nothing. Moreover, I firmly believe whatsoever the Holy Scriptures teach to have been done, and also that what He hath promised shall be done by Him, seeing He can by His single beck do whatsoever He pleases, how impossible soever it may seem to man. And upon that account, distrusting my own strength, I depend wholly upon Him who can do all things. When I consider His wisdom I attribute nothing at all to my own, but I believe all things are done by Him righteously and

justly, although they may seem to human sense absurd or unjust. When I animadvert on His goodness I see nothing in myself that I do not owe to free grace, and I think there is no sin so great but He is willing to forgive to a true penitent, nor nothing but what He will freely bestow on him that asks in faith. *Au.* Dost thou think that it is sufficient for thee to believe Him to be so? *Ba.* By no means. But with a sincere affection I put my whole trust and confidence in Him alone, detesting Satan, and all idolatry, and magic arts. I worship Him alone, preferring nothing before Him, nor equalling nothing with Him, neither angel, nor my parents, nor children, nor wife, nor prince, nor riches, nor honours, nor pleasures; being ready to lay down my life if He call for it, being assured that he cannot possibly perish who commits himself wholly to Him.

Au. What, then, dost thou worship nothing, fear nothing, love nothing but God alone? *Ba.* If I reverence anything, fear anything, or love anything, it is for His sake I love it, fear it, and reverence it; referring all things to His glory, always giving thanks to Him for whatsoever happens, whether prosperous or adverse, life or death. *Au.* In truth your confession is very sound so far. What do you think concerning the second person? *Ba.* Examine me.

Au. Dost thou believe Jesus was God and man? *Ba.* Yes. *Au.* Could it be that the same should be both immortal God and mortal man? *Ba.* That was an easy thing for Him to do who can do what He will. And by reason of His divine nature, which is common to Him with the Father, whatsoever greatness, wisdom, and goodness I attribute to the Father, I attribute the same to the Son; and whatsoever I owe to the Father I owe also to the Son, but only that it hath seemed good to the Father to create the world by His Son, and to bestow all things on us through Him. *Au.* Why then do the Holy Scriptures more frequently call the Son Lord than God? *Ba.* Because God is a name of authority—that is to say, of sovereignty, which in an especial manner belongeth to the Father, who is absolutely the original of all things, and the fountain even of the Godhead itself. Lord is the name of a redeemer and deliverer, although the Father also redeemed us by His Son, and the Son is God, but of God the Father. But the Father only is from none, and obtains the first place among the divine persons.

Au. Then, dost thou put thy confidence in Jesus? *Ba.* Why not? *Au.* But the prophet calls him accursed who puts his trust in man. *Ba.* But to this Man alone hath all the power in heaven and earth been given, that at His name every knee should bow, both of things in heaven, things in earth, and things under the earth. Although I would not put my chief confidence and hope in Him unless He were God. *Au.* Why do you call Him son? *Ba.* Lest any should imagine Him to be a creature. *Au.* Why an only son? *Ba.* To distinguish the natural son from the sons by adoption, the honour of which sirname He imputes to us also, that we may look for no other besides this Son. *Au.* Why would He have Him to be made man who was God? *Ba.* That being man, He might reconcile man to God.

Au. Dost thou believe He was conceived without the help of man, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, and born of the undefiled Virgin

Mary, taking a mortal body of her substance? *Ba.* Yes. *Au.* Why would He be so born? *Ba.* Because it so became God to be born; because it became Him to be born in this manner, who was to cleanse away the filthiness of our conception and birth. God would have Him to be born the Son of man, that we being regenerated unto Him, might be made the sons of God. *Au.* Dost thou believe that He lived here upon earth, did miracles, taught those things that are recorded to us in the gospel? *Ba.* Ay, more certainly than I believe you to be a man. *Au.* I am not an Apuleius turned inside out, that you should suspect that an ass lies hid under the form of a man. But do you believe this very person to be the very Messiah whom the types of the law shadowed out, which the oracle of the prophets promised, which the Jews looked for so many ages? *Ba.* I believe nothing more firmly. *Au.* Dost thou believe His doctrine and life are sufficient to lead us to perfect piety? *Ba.* Yes, perfectly sufficient.

Au. Dost thou believe that the same was really apprehended by the Jews, bound, buffeted, beaten, spit upon, mocked, scourged under Pontius Pilate, and lastly nailed to the cross, and there died? *Ba.* Yes, I do. *Au.* Do you believe Him to have been free from all the law of sin whatsoever? *Ba.* Why should I not? A lamb without spot. *Au.* Dost thou believe He suffered all these things of His own accord? *Ba.* Not only willingly, but even with great desire; but according to the will of His Father. *Au.* Why would the Father have His only Son, being innocent and most dear to Him, suffer all these things? *Ba.* That by this sacrifice He might reconcile to Himself us who were guilty, we putting our confidence and hope in His name. *Au.* Why did God suffer all mankind thus to fall? And if He did suffer them, was there no other way to be found out to repair our fall? *Ba.* Not human reason, but faith hath persuaded me of this, that it could be done no way better nor more beneficially for our salvation.

Au. Why did this kind of death please Him best? *Ba.* Because in the esteem of the world it was the most disgraceful, and because the torment of it was cruel and lingering; because it was meet for Him who would invite all the nations of the world unto salvation, with His members stretched out into every coast of the world, and call off men who were glued unto earthly cares to heavenly things; and, last of all, that He might represent to us the brazen serpent that Moses set up upon a pole, that whoever should fix his eyes upon it should be healed of the wounds of the serpent, and fulfil the prophet's promise who prophesied, "Say ye among the nations God hath reigned from a tree." *Au.* Why should He be buried also, and that so curiously anointed with myrrh and ointments, inclosed in a new tomb cut out of a hard and natural rock, the door being sealed, and also public watchmen set there? *Ba.* That it might be the more manifest that He was really dead. *Au.* Why did He not rise again presently? *Ba.* For the very same reason; for if His death had been doubtful, His resurrection had been doubtful too; but He would have that to be as certain as possible could be.

Au. Do you believe His soul descended into hell? *Ba.* St. Cyprian affirms that this clause was not formerly inserted either in the Roman creed or in the creed of the eastern churches, neither is it

recorded in Tertullian, a very ancient writer. And yet notwithstanding, I do firmly believe it, both because it agrees with the prophecy of the psalm, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;" and again, "O Lord, thou hast brought my soul out of hell." And also because the apostle Peter, in the third chapter of his first epistle (of the author whereof no man ever doubted), writes after this manner, "Being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, in which also He came and preached by His spirit to those that were in prison." But though I believe He descended into hell, yet I believe He did not suffer anything there. For He descended not to be tormented there, but that He might destroy the kingdom of Satan. *Au.* Well, I hear nothing yet that is impious; but He died that He might restore us to life again, who were dead in sin.

But why did He rise to life again? *Ba.* For three reasons especially. *Au.* Which are they? *Ba.* First of all, to give us an assured hope of our resurrection. Secondly, that we might know that He in whom we have placed the safety of our resurrection is immortal, and shall never die. Lastly, that we being dead in sins by repentance, and buried together with Him by baptism, should by His grace be raised up again to newness of life.

Au. Do you believe that the very same body that died upon the cross, which revived in the grave, which was seen and handled by the disciples, ascended into heaven? *Ba.* Yes, I do. *Au.* Why would He leave the earth? *Ba.* That we might all love Him spiritually, and that no man should appropriate Christ to himself upon the earth, but that we should equally lift up our minds to heaven, knowing that our Head is there. For if men now so much please themselves in the colour and shape of the garment, and do boast so much of the blood of the foreskin of Christ, and the milk of the Virgin Mary, what do you think would have been had He abode on the earth eating and discoursing? What dissensions would those peculiarities of His body have occasioned?

Au. Dost thou believe that He, being made immortal, sitteth at the right hand of the Father? *Ba.* Why not? As being lord of all things, and partaker of all His Father's kingdom, He promised His disciples that this should be, and He presented this sight to His martyr Stephen. *Au.* Why did He shew it? *Ba.* That we may not be discouraged in anything, well knowing what a powerful defender and lord we have in heaven.

Au. Do you believe that He will come again in the same body to judge the quick and the dead? *Ba.* As certain as I am that those things the prophets have foretold concerning Christ hitherto have come to pass, so certain I am that whatsoever He would have us look for for the future shall come to pass. We have seen His first coming according to the predictions of the prophets, wherein He came in a low condition to instruct and save. We shall also see His second, when He will come on high in the glory of His Father, before whose judgment-seat all men of every nation and of every condition, whether kings or peasants, Greeks or Scythians, shall be compelled to appear; and not only those whom at that coming He shall find alive, but also all those who have died from the beginning of the world, even until that time, shall suddenly be raised and behold his Judge, every one in

his own body. The blessed angels also shall be there as faithful servants, and the devils to be judged. Then He will from on high pronounce that unvoidable sentence, which will cast the devil, together with those that have taken his part, into eternal punishment, that they may not after that be able to do mischief to any. He will translate the godly, being freed from all trouble, to a fellowship with Him in His heavenly kingdom—although He would have the day of His coming unknown to all. *Au.* I hear no error yet. Let us now come to the third person. *Ba.* As you please.

Au. Dost thou believe in the Holy Spirit? *Ba.* I do believe that it is true God, together with the Father and the Son. I believe they that wrote us the books of the Old and New Testaments were inspired by it, without whose help no man attains salvation. *Au.* Why is he called a spirit? *Ba.* Because as our bodies do live by breath, so our minds are quickened by the secret inspiration of the Holy Spirit. *Au.* Is it not lawful to call the Father a spirit? *Ba.* Why not? *Au.* Are not then the persons confounded? *Ba.* No, not at all, for the Father is called a spirit, because He is without a body, which thing is common to all the persons according to their divine nature; but the third person is called a spirit, because he breathes out and transfuses himself insensibly into our minds, even as the air breathes from the land or the rivers. *Au.* Why is the name of Son given to the second person? *Ba.* Because of His perfect likeness of nature and will. *Au.* Is the Son more like the Father than the Holy Spirit? *Ba.* Not according to the divine nature, except that He resembles the property of the Father the more in this, that the spirit proceeds from Him also. *Au.* What hinders then but that the Holy Spirit may be called Son. *Ba.* Because, as St. Hilary saith, I nowhere read that he was begotten, neither do I read of his father; I read of the Spirit, and that proceeding from.

Au. Why is the Father alone called God in the creed? *Ba.* Because He, as I have said before, is simply the author of all things that are, and the fountain of the whole deity. *Au.* Speak in plainer terms. *Ba.* Because nothing can be named which hath not its original from the Father. For, indeed, in this very thing, that the Son and Holy Spirit is God, they acknowledge that they received it from the Father; therefore the chief authority, that is to say, the cause of beginning, is in the Father alone, because He alone is of none. But yet, in the creed it may be so taken, that the name of God may not be proper to one person, but used in general; because it is distinguished afterwards by the term of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit into one God; which word of nature comprehends the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that is to say, the three persons.

Au. Dost thou believe in the holy church? *Ba.* No. *Au.* What say you? Do you not believe in it? *Ba.* I believe in the holy church which is the body of Christ—that is to say, a certain congregation of all men throughout the whole world, who agree in the faith of the gospel, who worship one God the Father, who put their whole confidence in his Son, who are guided by the same Spirit of Him, from whose fellowship he is cut off that commits a deadly sin. *Au.* But why do you stick to say, I believe in the holy church? *Ba.* Because St. Cyprian hath taught me, that we must believe in God

alone, in whom we absolutely put all our confidence. Whereas the church, properly so called, although it consists of none but good men, yet it consists of men who of good may become bad, who may be deceived, and deceive others.

Au. What do you think of the communion of saints? *Ba.* This article is not at all meddled with by Cyprian, when he particularly shews what in such and such churches is more or less used; for he thus connects them: For there followeth after this saying, the holy church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of this flesh. And some are of opinion that this part does not differ from the former, but that it explains and enforces what before was called the holy church; so that the church is nothing else but the profession of one God, one gospel, one faith, one hope, the participation of the same spirit and the same sacraments. To be short, such a kind of communion of all good things, among all godly men, who have been from the beginning of the world, even to the end of it, as the fellowship of the members of the body is between one another. So that the good deeds of one may help another, until they become lively members of the body. But out of this society even one's own good works do not further his salvation, unless he be reconciled to the holy congregation; and therefore it follows the forgiveness of sins, because out of the church there is no remission of sins, although a man should pine himself away with repentance, and exercise works of charity. In the church, I say, not of heretics, but the holy church—that is to say, gathered by the spirit of Christ, there is forgiveness of sins by baptism, and after baptism by repentance, and the keys given to the church. *Au.* Thus far they are the words of a man that is sound in the faith.

Do you believe that there will be a resurrection of the flesh? *Ba.* I should believe all the rest to no purpose, if I did not believe this, which is the head of all. *Au.* What dost thou mean when thou sayest the flesh? *Ba.* A human body animated with a soul. *Au.* Shall every soul receive its own body which is left dead? *Ba.* The very same from whence it went out; and therefore, in Cyprian's creed, it is added, of this flesh. *Au.* How can it be that the body which hath been now so often changed out of one thing into another can rise again the same? *Ba.* He who could create whatsoever He would out of nothing, is it a hard matter for Him to restore to its former nature that which hath been changed in its form? I do not dispute anxiously which way it can be done; it is sufficient to me that He who hath promised that it shall be so is so true that He cannot lie, and so powerful as to be able to bring to pass with a beck whatsoever He pleases. *Au.* What need will there be of a body then? *Ba.* That the whole man may be glorified with Christ, who in this world was wholly afflicted with Christ.

Au. What means that which He adds, and life everlasting? *Ba.* Lest any one should think that we shall so rise again, as the frogs revive at the beginning of the spring, to die again. For here is a two-fold death of the body that is common to all men, both good and bad; and of the soul, and the death of the soul is sin. But after the resurrection the godly shall have everlasting life, both of body and soul. Nor shall the body be then any more obnoxious to disease, old age, hunger, thirst, pain, weariness, death, or any inconveniences; but being made

spiritual, it shall be moved as the spirit will have it. Nor shall the soul be any more solicited with any vices or sorrows, but shall for ever enjoy the chiefest good, which is God himself. On the contrary, eternal death, both of body and soul, shall seize upon the wicked. For their body shall be made immortal, in order to the enduring everlasting torments, and their soul to be continually vexed with the gripes of their sins, without any hope of pardon.

Au. Dost thou believe these things from thy very heart, and unfeignedly? *Ba.* I believe them so certainly, I tell you, that I am not so sure that you talk with me. *Au.* When I was at Rome I did not find all so sound in the faith. *Ba.* Nay; but if you examine thoroughly, you will find a great many others, in other places too, which do not so firmly believe these things. *Au.* Well, then, since you agree with us in so many and weighty points, what hinders that you are not wholly on our side? *Ba.* I have a mind to hear that of you; for I think that I am orthodox. Although I will not warrant for my life; yet I endeavour all I can that it may be suitable to my profession. *Au.* How comes it about, then, that there is so great a war between you and the orthodox?

Ba. Do you inquire into that. But hark you, doctor, if you are not displeased with this introduction, take a small dinner with me; and after dinner you may inquire of everything at leisure: I will give you both arms to feel my pulse, and you shall see both stool and urine; and after that, if you please, you shall anatomise this whole breast of mine, that you may make a better judgment of me. *Au.* But I make it a matter of scruple to eat with thee. *Ba.* But physicians use to eat with their patients, that they might better observe what they love, and wherein they are irregular. *Au.* But I am afraid lest I should seem to favour heretics. *Ba.* Nay, but there is nothing more religious than to favour heretics. *Au.* How so? *Ba.* Did not Paul wish to be made an anathema for the Jews, which were worse than heretics? Does not he favour him that endeavours that a man may be made a good man of a bad man? *Au.* Yes, he does so. *Ba.* Well, then, do you favour me thus, and you need not fear anything. *Au.* I never heard a sick man answer more to the purpose. Well, come on, let me dine with you then. *Ba.* You shall be entertained in a physical way, as it becomes a doctor by his patient, and we will so refresh our bodies with food, that the mind shall be never the less fit for disputation. *Au.* Well, let it be so, with good birds (i.e., with good success). *Ba.* Nay, it shall be with bad fishes, unless you chance to have forgot that it is Friday. *Au.* Indeed, that is besides our creed.

THE OLD MEN'S DIALOGUE.

Eusebius, Pampirus, Polygamus, Glycion, Huguitio, and Harry the coachman.

Eu. What new faces do I see here? If I am not mistaken, or do not see clear, I see three old companions sitting by me—Pampirus, Polygamus, and Glycion; they are certainly the very same. *Pa.* What do you mean, with your glass eyes, you wizard? Pray, come nearer a

little, Eusebius. *Po.* Hail, heartily, my wished-for Eusebius. *Gl.* All health to you the best of men. *Eu.* One blessing upon you all, my dear friends. What god or providential chance has brought us together now, for I believe none of us have seen the one the other for this forty years. Why, Mercury with his mace could not have more luckily brought us together into a circle; but what are you doing here? *Pa.* We are sitting. *Eu.* I see that, but what do you sit for? *Po.* We wait for the Antwerp waggon. *Eu.* What, are you going to the fair? *Po.* We are so, but rather spectators than traders, though one has one business and another has another. *Eu.* Well, and I am going thither myself too. But what hinders you that you are not going? *Po.* We have not agreed with the waggoner yet.

Eu. These waggoners are a surly sort of people; but are you willing that we put a trick upon them? *Po.* With all my heart, if it can be done fairly. *Eu.* We will pretend that we will go thither afoot together. *Po.* They will sooner believe that a crabfish will fly, than that such heavy fellows as we will take such a journey on foot. *Eu.* Will you follow good wholesome advice? *Po.* Yes, by all means. *Gl.* They are a drinking, and the longer they are a fuddling the more danger we shall be in of being overturned in the dirt. *Po.* You must come very early, if you find a waggoner sober. *Gl.* Let us hire the waggon for us four by ourselves, that we may get to Antwerp the sooner; it is but a little more charge, not worth minding, and this expense will be made up by many advantages, we shall have the more room, and shall pass the journey more pleasantly in mutual conversation. *Po.* Glycion is much in the right of it. For good company in a journey does the office of a coach, and according to the Greek proverb, we shall have more liberty of talking, not about a waggon, but in a waggon.

Gl. Well, I have made a bargain, let us get up. Now I have a mind to be merry, seeing I have had the good luck to see my old dear comrades after so long a separation. *Eu.* And methinks I seem to grow young again. *Po.* How many years do you reckon it since we lived together at Paris? *Eu.* I believe it is not less than two and forty years. *Pa.* Then we seemed to be all pretty much of an age. *Eu.* We were so, pretty near the matter, for if there was any difference it was very little. *Pa.* But what a great difference does there seem to be now? For Glycion has nothing of an old man about him, and Polygamus looks old enough to be his grandfather. *Eu.* Why, truly he does so, but what should be the reason of it? *Pa.* What? why either the one loitered and stopped in his course, or the other run faster (outrun him). *Eu.* Oh, time does not stay, how much soever men may loiter.

Po. Come, tell us, Glycion, truly, how many years do you number. *Gl.* More than ducats in my pocket. *Po.* Well, but how many? *Gl.* Threescore and six. *Eu.* Why, thou wilt never be old. *Po.* But by what arts hast thou kept off old age, for you have no grey hairs, nor wrinkles in your skin, your eyes are lively, your teeth are white and even, you have a fresh colour and a plump body. *Gl.* I will tell you my art, upon condition you will tell us your art of coming to be old so soon. *Po.* I agree to the condition, I will do it. Then tell us whither you went when you left Paris? *Gl.* I went directly into my own country, and by that time I had been there almost a year, I began to be-

think myself what course of life to choose, which I thought to be a matter of great importance as to my future happiness; so I cast my thoughts about what had been successful to some, and what had been unsuccessful to others. *Po.* I admire you had so much prudence, when you were as great a maggot as any in the world when you were at Paris. *Gl.* Then my age did permit a little wildness. But, my good friend, you must know, I did not do all this neither of my own mother-wit. *Po.* Indeed I stood in admiration. *Gl.* Before I engaged in anything, I applied to a certain citizen, a man of gravity, of the greatest prudence by long experience, and of a general reputation with his fellow-citizens, and in my opinion the most happy man in the world. *Eu.* You did wisely.

Gl. By this man's advice I married a wife. *Po.* Had she a very good portion? *Gl.* An indifferent good one, and according to the proverb, in a competent proportion to my own. For I had just enough to do my business, and this matter succeeded to my mind. *Po.* What was your age then? *Gl.* Almost two and twenty. *Po.* O happy man! *Gl.* But do not mistake the matter, all this was not owing to fortune neither. *Po.* Why so? *Gl.* I will tell you, some love before they choose, I made my choice with judgment first, and then loved afterwards, and nevertheless I married this woman more for the sake of posterity than for any carnal satisfaction. With her I lived a very pleasant life, but not above eight years. *Po.* Did she leave you no children? *Gl.* Nay, I have four alive, two sons and two daughters.

Po. Do you live as a private person, or in some public office? *Gl.* I have a public employ. I might have happened to have got into a higher post, but I chose this because it was credible enough to secure me from contempt, and is free from troublesome attendance. And it is such that nobody need object against me that I live only for myself; I have also something to spare now and then to assist a friend. With this I live content, and it is the very height of my ambition. And then I have taken care so to execute my office, to give more reputation to my office than I received from it; this I account to be more honourable than to borrow my dignity from the splendour of my office. *Eu.* Without all controversy. *Gl.* By this means I am advanced in years and the affections of my fellow-citizens. *Eu.* But that is one of the most difficult things in the world, when with very good reason there is this old saying: He that has no enemies has no friends; and, envy is always an attendant on felicity.

Gl. Envy always is a concomitant of a pompous felicity, but a mediocrity is safe; this was always my study, not to make any advantage to myself from the disadvantages of other people. I embraced as much as I could that which the Greeks call freedom from the encumbrance of business. I intermeddled with no one's affairs; but especially I kept myself clear from those that could not be meddled with without gaining the ill will of a great many. If a friend wants my assistance, I so serve him as thereby not to procure any enemies to myself. In case of any misunderstanding between me and any persons, I endeavour to soften it by clearing myself of suspicion, or to set all right again by good offices, or to let it die without taking notice of it. I always avoid contention; but, if it shall happen, I had rather lose my money than my friend. Upon the whole, I act the part of Mitio in the comedy,—

I affront no man, I carry a cheerful countenance to all, I salute and re-salute affably, I find no fault with what any man purposes to do or does. I do not prefer myself before other people, I let every one enjoy his opinion; what I would have kept as a secret I tell to nobody. I never am curious to pry into the privacies of other men. If I happen to come to the knowledge of anything, I never blab it. As for absent persons, I either say nothing at all of them, or speak of them with kindness and civility. Great part of the quarrels that arise between men come from the intemperance of the tongue. I never breed quarrels or heighten them; but wherever opportunity happens, I either moderate them or put an end to them. By these methods I have hitherto kept clear of envy, and have maintained the affections of my fellow-citizens.

Pa. Did you not find a single life irksome to you? *Gl.* Nothing happened to me in the whole course of my life more afflicting than the death of my wife, and I could have passionately wished that we might have grown old together, and might have enjoyed the comfort of the common blessing, our children. But since Providence saw it meet it should be otherwise, I judged that it was best for us both, and therefore did not think there was cause for me to afflict myself with grief, that would do no good neither to me nor the deceased. *Po.* What, had you never an inclination to marry again, especially the first having been so happy a match to you? *Gl.* I had an inclination so to do; but as I married for the sake of children, so for the sake of my children I did not marry again. *Po.* But it is a miserable case to lie alone whole nights without a bedfellow.

Gl. Nothing is hard to a willing mind. And then do but consider the benefits of a single life. There are some people in the world who will be for making the worst of everything; such a one Crates seemed to be, or an epigram under his name, summing up the evils of human life. And the resolution is this, that it is best not to be born at all. Now Metrodorus pleases me a great deal better, who picks out what is good in it; this makes life the pleasanter. And I brought my mind to that temper of indifference never to have a violent aversion or fondness for anything. And by this it comes to pass, that if any good fortune happens to me, I am not vainly transported or grow insolent; or if anything falls out cross, I am not much perplexed. *Pa.* Truly, if you can do this, you are a greater philosopher than Thales himself. *Gl.* If any uneasiness in my mind rises (as mortal life produces many of them), I cast it immediately out of my thoughts, whether it be from the sense of an affront offered or anything done unhandsomely. *Po.* Well, but there are some provocations that would raise the anger of the most patient man alive, as the saucinesses of servants frequently are. *Gl.* I suffer nothing to stay long enough in my mind to make an impression. If I can cure them I do it, if not I reason thus with myself, What good will it do me to torment myself about that which will be never the better for it? In short, I let reason do that for me at first which, after a little while, time itself would do. And this I be sure to take care of, not to suffer any vexation, be it never so great, to go to bed with me. *Eu.* No wonder that you do not grow old, who are of that temper. *Gl.* Well, and that I may not conceal anything from friends, in an especial manner I have kept this guard upon

myself, never to commit anything that might be a reflection either on my own honour or that of my children. For there is nothing more troublesome than a guilty conscience. And if I have committed a fault, I don't go to bed before I have reconciled myself to God. To be at peace with God is the fountain of true tranquillity of mind, or as the Greeks call it, *ἐνθυμία*. For they who live thus, men can do them no great injury.

Eu. Have you never any anxious thoughts upon the apprehension of death? *Gl.* No more than I have for the day of my birth. I know I must die, and to live in the fear of it may possibly shorten my life, but to be sure it would never make it longer. So that I care for nothing else but to live piously and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence; and a man cannot live happily that does not live piously. *Pa.* But I should grow old with the tiresomeness of living so long in the same place, though it were Rome itself. *Gl.* The changing of place has indeed something of pleasure in it; but then, as for long travels, though perhaps they may add to a man's experience, yet they are liable to a great many dangers. I seem to myself to travel over the whole world in a map, and can see more in histories than if I had rambled through sea and land for twenty years together, as Ulysses did. I have a little country house about two miles out of town, and there sometimes of a citizen I become a countryman, and having recreated myself there, I return again to the city a new comer, and salute and am welcomed as if I had returned from the new found islands. *Eu.* Don't you assist nature with a little physic? *Gl.* I never was let blood, or took pills nor potions in my life yet. If I feel any disorder coming upon me, I drive it away with spare diet or the country air.

Eu. Do you not study sometimes? *Gl.* I do. In that is the greatest pleasure of my life. But I make a diversion of it, but not a toil. I study either for pleasure or profit of my life, but not for ostentation. After meat I have a collation of learned stories, or else somebody to read to me, and I never sit to my books above an hour at a time. Then I get up and take my violin and walk about in my chamber and sing to it, or else ruminate upon what I have read; or if I have a good companion with me, I relate it, and after a while I return to my book again. *Eu.* But tell me, now, upon the word of an honest man, do you feel none of the infirmities of old age, which are said to be a great many? *Gl.* My sleep is not so sound nor my memory so good, unless I fix anything deeply in it. Well, I have now acquitted myself of my promise. I have laid open to you those magical arts by which I have kept myself young, and now let Polygamus tell us fairly how he brought old age upon him to that degree. *Po.* Indeed, I will hide nothing from such trusty companions. *Eu.* You will tell it to those that will not make a discourse of it.

Po. You very well know I indulged my appetite when I was at Paris. *Eu.* We remember it very well. But we thought that you had left your rakish manners and your youthful way of living at Paris. *Po.* Of the many mistresses I had there I took one home, who was big with child. *Eu.* What, into your father's house? *Po.* Directly thither; but I pretended she was a friend's wife, who was to come to her in a little time. *Gl.* Did your father believe it? *Po.* He smelt

the matter out in three or four days' time, and then there was a cruel scolding. However, in this interim I did not leave off feasting, gaming, and other extravagant diversions. And, in short, my father continuing to rate me, saying he would have no such cackling gossips under his roof, and ever and anon threatening to discard me, I marched off, removed to another place with my pullet, and she brought me some young chickens. *Pa.* Where had you money all the while? *Po.* My mother gave me some by stealth, and I ran over head and ears in debt. *Eu.* Had anybody so little wit as to lend you? *Po.* There are some persons who will trust nobody more readily than they will a spendthrift. *Pa.* And what next?

Po. At last my father was going about to disinherit me in good earnest. Some friends interposed and made up the breach upon this condition, that I should renounce the French woman and marry one of our own country. *Eu.* Was she your wife? *Po.* There had passed some words between us in the future tense, but there had been carnal copulation in the present tense. *Eu.* How could you leave her then? *Po.* It came to be known afterwards that my French woman had a French husband that she had eloped from some time before. *Eu.* But it seems you have a wife now. *Po.* None besides this, which is my eighth. *Eu.* The eighth! Why, then you were named Polygamus by way of prophecy. Perhaps they all died without children. *Po.* Nay, there was not one of them but left me a litter, which I have at home. *Eu.* I had rather have so many hens at home, which would lay me eggs. Are you not weary of wifeing? *Po.* I am so weary of it that if this eighth should die to-day I would marry the ninth to-morrow. Nay, it vexes me that I must not have two or three, when one cock has so many hens. *Eu.* Indeed I don't wonder, Mr. Cock, that you are no fatter, and that you have brought old age upon you to that degree; for nothing brings on old age faster than excessive and hard drinking, keeping late hours, and whoring, extravagant love of women, and immoderate venery. But who maintains your family all this while?

Po. A small estate came to me by the death of my father, and I work hard with my hands. *Eu.* Have you given over study then? *Po.* Altogether. I have brought a noble to ninepence, and of a master of seven arts I am become a workman of but one art. *Eu.* Poor man! So many times you were obliged to be a mourner and so many times a widower. *Po.* I never lived single above ten days, and the new wife always put an end to the mourning for the old one. So you have in truth the epitome of my life; and I wish Pampirus would give us a narration of his life. He bears his age well enough, for, if I am not mistaken, he is two or three years older than I. *Pa.* Truly, I will tell it you, if you are at leisure to hear such a romance. *Eu.* Nay, it will be a pleasure to hear it.

Pa. When I went home my ancient father began to press me earnestly to enter into some course of life that might make some addition to what I had, and after long consultation merchandising was what I took to. *Po.* I admire this way of life pleased you more than any other. *Pa.* I was naturally greedy to know new things, to see various countries and cities, to learn languages and the customs and manners of men, and merchandise seemed the most apposite to

that purpose, from which a general knowledge of things proceeds. *Po.* But a wretched one, which is often purchased with inconveniences. *Pa.* It is so; therefore my father gave me a good large stock, that I might begin to trade upon a good foundation. And at the same time I courted a wife with a good fortune, but handsome enough to have gone off without a portion. *Eu.* Did you succeed? *Pa.* No. Before I came home I lost all, stock and block. *Eu.* Perhaps by shipwreck. *Pa.* By shipwreck indeed! For we ran upon more dangerous rocks than those of Scilly. *Eu.* In what sea did you happen to run upon that rock? or what is the name of it? *Pa.* I cannot tell what sea it is in, but it is a rock that is infamous for the destruction of a great many, they call it *Alea* (dice, the devil's bones) in Latin; how you call it in Greek I cannot tell. *Eu.* O fool! *Pa.* Nay, my father was a greater fool to trust a young fop with such a sum of money.

Gl. And what did you do next? *Pa.* Why, nothing at all; but I began to think of hanging myself. *Gl.* Was your father so implacable then? for such a loss might be made up again, and an allowance is always to be made to one that makes the first essay, and much more it ought to be to one that tries all things. *Pa.* Though what you say may be true, I lost my wife in the meantime. For as soon as the maid's parents came to understand what they must expect, they would have no more to do with me, and I was over head and ears in love. *Gl.* I pity thee. But what did you propose to yourself after that? *Pa.* To do as it is usual in desperate cases. My father had cast me off, my fortune was consumed, my wife was lost, I was everywhere called a sot, a spendthrift, a rake, and what not. Then I began to deliberate seriously with myself whether I should hang myself or no, or whether I should throw myself into a monastery. *Eu.* You were cruelly put to it. I know which you would choose, the easier way of dying. *Pa.* Nay, sick as I was of life itself, I pitched upon that which seemed to me the most painful. *Gl.* And yet many people cast themselves into monasteries that they may live more comfortable there. *Pa.* I having got together a little money to bear my charges, I stole out of my own country.

Gl. Whither did you go at last? *Pa.* Into Ireland. There I became a (canon) regular of that order that wear linen outwards and woollen next their skin. *Gl.* Did you spend your winter in Ireland? *Pa.* No; but by that time I had been among them two months I sailed into Scotland. *Gl.* What displeased you among them? *Pa.* Nothing, but that I thought their discipline was not severe enough for the deserts of one that once hanging was too good for. *Gl.* Well, what passed in Scotland? *Pa.* Then I changed my linen habit for a leathern one among the Carthusians. *Eu.* These are the men that in strictness of profession are dead to the world. *Pa.* It seemed so to me when I heard them singing. *Gl.* What! do dead men sing? But how many months did you spend among the Scotch? *Pa.* Almost six. *Gl.* A wonderful constancy! *Eu.* What offended you there? *Pa.* Because it seemed to me to be a lazy, delicate sort of life; and then I found there many that were not of a very sound brain, by reason of their solitude. I had but a little brain myself, and I was afraid I should lose it all. *Po.* Whither did you take your next flight?

Pa. Into France. There I found some clothed all in black, of the order of St. Benedict, who intimate by the colour of their clothes that they are mourners in this world; and among these there were some that for their upper garment wore haircloth like a net. *Gl.* A grievous mortification of the flesh. *Pa.* Here I stayed eleven months.

Eu. What was the matter that you did not stay there for good and all? *Pa.* Because I found there were more ceremonies than true piety. And besides, I heard that there were some who were much holier, which Bernard had enjoined a more severe discipline, the black habit being changed into a white one. With these I lived ten months. *Eu.* What disgusted you here? *Pa.* I did not much dislike anything, for I found them very good company; but the Greek proverb ran in my mind, Δεῖ τὰς χελώνας ἢ φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν, one must either eat snails or eat nothing at all. Therefore I came to a resolution either not to be a monk or to be a monk to perfection. I had heard there were some of the order of St. Bridget that were really heavenly men. I betook myself to these. *Eu.* How many months did you stay there? *Pa.* Two days, but not quite that. *Gl.* Did that kind of life please you no better than so? *Pa.* They take nobody in but those that will profess themselves presently; but I was not yet come to that pitch of madness so easily to put my neck into such a halter that I could never get off again. And as often as I heard the nuns singing, the thoughts of my mistress that I had lost tormented my mind. *Gl.* Well, and what after this?

Pa. My mind was inflamed with the love of holiness, nor yet had I met with anything that could satisfy it. At last, as I was walking up and down, I fell in among some cross-bearers. This badge pleased me at first sight, but the variety hindered me from choosing which to take to. Some carried a white cross, some a red cross, some a green cross, some a particoloured cross, some a single cross, some a double one, some a quadruple, and others some of one form and some of another; and I, that I might leave nothing untried, carried some of every sort. But I found in reality that there was a great difference between carrying a cross on a gown or a coat and carrying it in the heart. At last, being tired with inquiry, it came into my mind that to arrive at universal holiness all at once I would take a journey to the Holy Land, and so would return home with a backload of sanctimony. *Po.* And did you go thither? *Pa.* Yes.

Po. Where did you get money to bear your charges? *Pa.* I wonder it never came into your head to ask that before now, and not to have inquired after that a great while ago. But you know the old proverb, A man of art will live anywhere. *Gl.* What art do you carry with you? *Pa.* Palmistry. *Gl.* Where did you learn it? *Pa.* What signifies that? *Gl.* Who was your master? *Pa.* My belly, the great master of all arts. I foretold things past, present, and to come. *Gl.* And did you know anything of the matter? *Pa.* Nothing at all, but I made bold guesses, and ran no risk neither, having got my money first. *Po.* And was so ridiculous an art sufficient to maintain you? *Pa.* It was, and two servants too. There is everywhere such a number of foolish young fellows and wenches. However, when I came to Jerusalem I put myself into the train of a rich nobleman, who, being seventy years of age, said he could never

have died in peace unless he had first visited Jerusalem. *Eu.* What, did he leave a wife at home? *Pa.* Yes, and six children. *Eu.* Oh, impious pious old man! Well, and did you come back holy from thence? *Pa.* Shall I tell you the truth? Somewhat worse than I went. *Eu.* So, as I hear, your religion was grown cool. *Pa.* Nay, it grew more hot. So I went back into Italy, and entered into the army.

Eu. What, then, did you look for religion in the camp, than which what is there that there can be more impious? *Pa.* It was a holy war. *Eu.* Perhaps against the Turks. *Pa.* Nay, more holy than that, as they indeed gave out at that time. *Eu.* What was that? *Pa.* Pope Julius the Second made war upon the French; and the experience of many things that it gives a man made me fancy a soldier's life. *Eu.* Of many things, indeed, but wicked ones. *Pa.* So I found afterwards. But, however, I lived harder here than I did in the monasteries. *Eu.* And what did you do after this? *Pa.* Now my mind began to be wavering whether I should return to my business of a merchant, that I had laid aside, or press forward in pursuit of religion, that fled before me. In the meantime it came into my mind that I might follow both together. *Pa.* What, be a merchant and a monk both together? *Pa.* Why not? There is nothing more religious than the order of Mendicants, and there is nothing more like to trading. They fly over sea and land, they see many things, they hear many things, they enter into the houses of common people, noblemen, and kings. *Eu.* Ay, but they do not trade for gain. *Pa.* Very often with better success than we do.

Eu. Which of these orders did you make choice of? *Pa.* I tried them all. *Eu.* Did none of them please you? *Pa.* I liked them all well enough, if I might but presently have gone to trading; but I considered in my mind I must labour a long time in the choir before I could be qualified for the trust. So now I began to think how I might get to be made an abbot; but, I thought with myself, kissing goes by favour, and it will be a tedious pursuit. So having spent eight years after this manner, hearing of my father's death I returned home, and by my mother's advice I married, and betook myself to my old business of traffic. *Gl.* Prithee, tell me when you changed your habit so often, and were transformed, as it were, into another sort of creature, how could you behave yourself with a proper decorum? *Pa.* Why not, as well as those who in the same comedy act several parts?

Eu. Tell us now in good earnest, you that have tried every sort of life, which you most approve of. *Pa.* So many men, so many minds. I like none better than this which I follow. *Eu.* But there are a great many inconveniences attend it. *Pa.* There are so. But seeing there is no state of life that is entirely free from incommodities, this being my lot, I make the best of it. But now here is Eusebius still; I hope he will not think much to acquaint his friends with some scenes of his course of life. *Eu.* Nay, with the whole play of it, if you please to hear it, for it does not consist of many acts. *Gl.* It will be a very great favour.

Eu. When I returned to my own country, I took a year to deliberate what way of living to choose, and examined myself, to what employment my inclination led me, and I was fit for. In the mean-

time a prebendary was offered me, as they call it: it was a good fat benefice, and I accepted it. *Gl.* That sort of life has no good reputation among people. *Eu.* As human affairs go, I thought it was a thing well worth the accepting. Do you look upon it a small happiness to have so many advantages to fall into a man's mouth, as though they dropped out of heaven; handsome houses well furnished, a large revenue, an honourable society, and a church at hand to serve God in, when you have a mind to it? *Pa.* I was scandalised at the luxury of the persons, and the infamy of their concubines, and because a great many of that sort of men have an aversion to learning. *Eu.* I do not mind what others do, but what I ought to do myself, and associate myself with the better sort, if I cannot make them that are bad better.

Po. And is that the state of life you have always lived in? *Eu.* Always, except four years that I lived at Padua. *Pa.* What did you do there? *Eu.* These years I divided in this manner—I studied physic a year and a half, and the rest of the time divinity. *Po.* Why so? *Eu.* That I might the better manage both soul and body, and also sometimes be helpful by way of advice to my friends. I preached sometimes (upon occasion) according to my talent. And under these circumstances I have led a very quiet life, being content with a single benefice, not being ambitiously desirous of any more, and should have refused it if it had been offered me. *Pa.* I wish we could learn how the rest of our old companions have lived, that were our familiars. *Eu.* I can tell you somewhat of some of them; but I see we are not far from the city, therefore, if you are willing, we will all take up the same inn, and there we will talk over the rest at leisure.

Hu. [a waggoner.] You blinking fellow, where did you take up this rubbish? *Ha.* [the waggoner.] Where are you carrying that harlotry, you pimp? *Hu.* You ought to throw these frigid old fellows somewhere into a bed of nettles to make them grow warm again. *Ha.* Do you see that you shoot that herd of yours somewhere into a pond to cool them, to lay their concupiscence, for they are too hot. *Hu.* I am not used to overturn my passengers. *Ha.* No; but I saw you a little while ago overturn half a dozen Carthusians into the mire, so that though they went in white they came out black, and you stood grinning at it, as if you had done some noble exploit. *Hu.* I was in the right of it: they were all asleep, and added a dead weight to my waggon. *Ha.* But these old gentlemen, by talking merrily all the way, have made my waggon go light. I never had a better fare. *Hu.* But you do not use to like such passengers. *Ha.* But these are good old men. *Hu.* How do you know that? *Ha.* Because they made me drink humming ale three times by the way. *Hu.* Ha, ha, ha; then they are good to you.

THE FRANCISCANS; OR, RICH BEGGARS.

Conrade, a Bernardine Monk, a Parson, an Innkeeper and his wife.

Con. Hospitality becomes a pastor. *Par.* But I am a pastor of sheep; I do not love wolves. *Con.* But perhaps you do not hate a wench so much. But what harm have we done you that you have

such an aversion to us, that you will not so much as admit us under your roof? We will not put you to the charge of a supper. *Par.* I will tell you, because if you spy but a hen or a chicken in a person's house, I should be sure to hear of it to-morrow in the pulpit. This is the gratitude you shew for your being entertained. *Con.* We are not all such blabs. *Par.* Well, be what you will, I would scarce put confidence in St. Peter himself, if he came to me in such a habit. *Con.* If that be your resolution, at least tell us where is an inn. *Par.* There is a public inn here in the town. *Con.* What sign has it? *Par.* Upon a board that hangs up, you will see a dog thrusting his head into a porridge-pot. This is acted to the life in the kitchen, and a wolf sits at the bar. *Con.* That is an unlucky sign. *Par.* You may even make your best of it.

Con. What sort of a pastor is this? we might be starved for him. *Ber.* If he feeds his sheep no better than he feeds us, they must needs be very lean. In a difficult case we had need of good counsel. What shall we do? *Con.* We must set a good face on it. *Ber.* There is little to be got by modesty in a case of necessity. *Con.* Very right, St. Francis will be with us. *Ber.* Let us try our fortune then. *Con.* We will not stay for our host's answer at the door, but we will rush directly into the stove, and we will not easily be got out again. *Ber.* Oh, impudent trick! *Con.* This is better than to lie abroad all night and be frozen to death. In the meantime put bashfulness in your wallet to-day, and take it out again to-morrow. *Ber.* Indeed, the matter requires it.

Innk. What sort of animals do I see here? *Con.* We are the servants of God and the sons of St. Francis, good man. *Innk.* I do not know what delight God may take in such servants; but I would not have many of them in my house. *Con.* Why so? *Innk.* Because at eating and drinking you are more than men; but you have neither hands nor feet to work. Ha, ha! you sons of St. Francis, you used to tell us in the pulpit that he was a pure bachelor, and has he got so many sons? *Con.* We are the children of the spirit, not of the flesh. *Innk.* A very unhappy father, for your mind is the worst part about you; but your bodies are too lusty, and as to that part of you, it is better with you than it is for our interest, who have wives and daughters. *Con.* Perhaps you suspect that we are some of those that degenerate from the institutions of our founder; we are strict observers of them. *Innk.* And I will observe you too that you do not do me any damage, for I have a mortal aversion for this sort of cattle. *Con.* Why so, I pray? *Innk.* Because you carry teeth in your head, but no money in your pocket; and such sort of guests are very unwelcome to me. *Con.* But we take pains for you.

Innk. Shall I shew you after what manner you labour for me? *Con.* Do, shew us. *Innk.* Look upon that picture there, just by you; on your left hand there you will see a wolf preaching, and behind him a goose thrusting her head out of a cowl. There, again, you will see a wolf absolving one at confession, but a piece of a sheep, hid under his gown, hangs out. There you see an ape in a Franciscan's habit; he holds forth a cross in one hand, and has the other hand in the sick man's purse. *Con.* We do not deny but sometimes wolves, foxes, and apes are clothed with this habit; nay, we confess oftentimes that swine,

dogs, horses, lions, and basilisks are concealed under it; but then the same garment covers many honest men. As a garment makes nobody better, so it makes nobody worse. It is unjust to judge a man by his clothes; for if so, the garment that you wear sometimes were to be accounted detestable, because it covers many thieves, murderers, conjurers, and whoremasters.

Innk. Well, I will dispense with your habit, if you will but pay your reckonings. *Con.* We will pray to God for you. *Innk.* And I will pray to God for you, and there is one for the other. *Con.* But there are some persons that you must not take money of. *Innk.* How comes it that you make a conscience of touching any? *Con.* Because it does not consist with our profession. *Innk.* Nor does it stand with my profession to entertain guests for nothing. *Con.* But we are tied up by a rule not to touch money. *Innk.* And my rule commands me quite the contrary. *Con.* What rule is yours? *Innk.* Read those verses:

> Guests at this table, when you 've ate while your able,
> Rise not hence before you have first paid your score.

Con. We will be no charge to you. *Innk.* But they that are no charge to me are no profit to me neither. *Con.* If you do us any good office here God will make it up to you sufficiently. *Innk.* But these words will not keep my family. *Con.* We will hide ourselves in some corner of the stove, and will not be troublesome to anybody. *Innk.* My stove will not hold such company. *Con.* What, will you thrust us out of doors then? It may be we shall be devoured by wolves to-night. *Innk.* Neither wolves nor hogs will prey upon their own kind. *Con.* If you do so you will be more cruel than the Turks. Let us be what we will, we are men. *Innk.* I have lost my hearing. *Con.* You indulge your corpus, and lie naked in a warm bed behind the stove, and will you thrust us out of doors to be perished with cold, if the wolves should not devour us? *Innk.* Adam lived so in Paradise. *Con.* He did so, but then he was innocent. *Innk.* And so am I innocent. *Con.* Perhaps so, leaving out the first syllable. But take care, if you thrust us out of your paradise, lest God should not receive you into His. *Innk.* Good words, I beseech you.

Wife. Prithee, my dear, make some amends for all your ill deeds by this small kindness, let them stay in our house to-night. They are good men, and thou wilt thrive the better for it. *Innk.* Here is a reconciler for you. I am afraid you are agreed upon the matter. I do not very well like to hear this good character from a woman, good men. *Wife.* Phoo, there is nothing it. But think with yourself how often you have offended God with dicing, drinking, brawling, quarrelling. At least, make an atonement for your sins by this act of charity, and do not thrust these men out of doors whom you would wish to be with you when you are upon your deathbed. You oftentimes harbour rattles and buffoons, and will you thrust these men out of doors? *Innk.* What does this petticoat-preacher do here? get you in, and mind your kitchen. *Wife.* Well, so I will.

Bert. The man softens, methinks, and he is taking his shirt; I hope all will be well by and by. *Con.* And the servants are laying the cloth. It is happy for us that no guests come, for we should have

been sent packing if they had. *Bert.* It fell out very happily that we brought a flagon of wine from the last town we were at and a roasted leg of lamb, or else, for what I see here, he would not have given us so much as a mouthful of hay. *Con.* Now the servants are set down, let us take part of the table with them, but so that we do not incommode anybody.

Innk. I believe I may put it to your score that I have not a guest to-day, nor any besides my own family and you good for nothing ones. *Con.* Well, put it to our score, if it has not happened to you often. *Innk.* Oftener than I would have it so. *Con.* Well, do not be uneasy; Christ lives, and He will never forsake his servants. *Innk.* I have heard you are called evangelical men; but the gospel forbids carrying about satchels and bread, but I see you have great sleeves for wallets, and you do not only carry bread, but wine too, and flesh also, and that of the best sort. *Con.* Take part with us, if you please. *Innk.* My wine is hog-wash to it. *Con.* Eat some of the flesh, there is more than enough for us. *Innk.* Oh happy beggars! my wife has dressed nothing to-day but coleworts and a little rusty bacon. *Con.* If you please, let us join our stocks; it is all one to us what we eat. *Innk.* Then why do not you carry with you coleworts and dead wine? *Con.* Because the people where we dined to-day would needs force this upon us. *Innk.* Did your dinner cost you nothing? *Con.* No. Nay, they thanked us, and when we came away gave us these things to carry along with us. *Innk.* From whence did you come? *Con.* From Basil. *Innk.* Whoo! what, so far? *Con.* Yes.

Innk. What sort of fellows are you that ramble about thus without horses, money, servants, arms, or provisions? *Con.* You see in us some footsteps of the evangelical life. *Innk.* It seems to me to be the life of vagabonds, that stroll about with budgets. *Con.* Such vagabonds the apostles were, and such was the Lord Jesus himself. *Innk.* Can you tell fortunes? *Con.* Nothing less. *Innk.* How do you live then? *Con.* By Him who hath promised. *Innk.* Who is he? *Con.* He that said, "take no care, but all things shall be added unto you." *Innk.* He did so promise, but it was to them that seek the kingdom of God. *Con.* That we do with all our might. *Innk.* The apostles were famous for miracles; they healed the sick, so that it is no wonder how they lived everywhere, but you can do no such thing. *Con.* We could, if we were like the apostles, and if the matter required a miracle. But miracles were only given for a time for the conviction of the unbelieving; there is no need of anything now but a religious life. And it is oftentimes a greater happiness to be sick than to be well, and more happy to die than to live. *Innk.* What do you do then? *Con.* That we can; every man according to the talent that God has given him. We comfort, we exhort, we warn, we reprove, and when opportunity offers, sometimes we preach, if we anywhere find pastors that are dumb. And if we find no opportunity of doing good, we take care to do nobody any harm, either by our manners or our words.

Innk. I wish you would preach for us to-morrow, for it is a holy-day. *Con.* To St. Antony. He was indeed a good man. But how came he to have a holy-day? *Innk.* I will tell you. This town abounds with swineherds, by reason of a large wood hard by that produces plenty of acorns, and the people have an opinion that St. Antony takes charge

of the hogs, and therefore they worship him, for fear he should grow angry if they neglect him. *Con.* I wish they would worship him as they ought to do. *Innk.* How is that? *Con.* Whosoever imitates the saints in their lives worships as he ought to do. *Innk.* To-morrow the town will ring again with drinking and dancing, playing, scolding, and boxing. *Con.* After this manner the heathens once worshipped their Bacchus. But I wonder if this is their way of worshipping, that St. Antony is not enraged at this sort of men that are more stupid than hogs themselves.

What sort of a pastor have you—a dumb one, or a wicked one? *Innk.* What he is to other people I do not know, but he is a very good one to me, for he drinks all day at my house, and nobody brings more customers or better, to my great advantage. And I wonder he is not here now. *Con.* We have found by experience he is not a very good one for our turn. *Innk.* What! did you go to him then? *Con.* We entreated him to let us lodge with him, but he chased us away from the door as if we had been wolves, and sent us hither. *Innk.* Ha, ha! Now I understand the matter, he would not come because he knew you were to be here. *Con.* Is he a dumb one? *Innk.* A dumb one! There is nobody is more noisy in the stove, and he makes the church ring again. But I never heard him preach. But no need of more words. As far as I understand he has made you sensible that he is none of the dumb ones. *Con.* Is he a learned divine? *Innk.* He says he is a very great scholar; but what he knows is what he has learned in private confession, and therefore it is not lawful to let others know what he knows. What need many words? I will tell you, in short, like people like priest; and the dish, as we say, wears its own cover.

Con. It may be he will not give a man liberty to preach in his place. *Innk.* Yes, I will undertake he will, but upon this condition, that you do not have any flirts at him, as it is a common practice for you to do. *Con.* They have used themselves to an ill custom that do so. If a pastor offends in anything I admonish him privately, the rest is the bishop's business. *Innk.* Such birds seldom fly hither. Indeed, you seem to be good men yourselves. But, pray, what is the meaning of this variety of habits, for a great many people take you to be ill men by your dress? *Con.* Why so? *Innk.* I cannot tell, except it be that they find a great many of you to be so. *Con.* And many again take us to be holy men because we wear this habit. They are both in error. But they err less that take us to be good men by our habit than they that take us for base men. *Innk.* Well, so let it be. But what is the advantage of so many different dresses? *Con.* What is your opinion? *Innk.* Why, I see no advantage at all, except in processions or war. For in processions there are carried about various representations of saints, of Jews, and heathens, and we know which is which by the different habits. And in war the variety of dress is good, that every one may know his own company and follow his own colours, so that there may be no confusion in the army.

Con. You say very well. This is a military garment, one of us follows one leader, and another another; but we all fight under one general, Christ. But in a garment there are three things to be considered. *Innk.* What are they? *Con.* Necessity, use, and decency.

Why do we eat? *Innk.* That we may not be starved with hunger. *Con.* And for the very same reason we take a garment that we may not be starved with cold. *Innk.* I confess it. *Con.* This garment of mine is better for that than yours. It covers the head, neck, and shoulders, from whence there is the most danger. Use requires various sorts of garments. A short coat for a horseman, a long one for one that sits still, a thin one in summer, a thick one in winter. There are some at Rome that change their clothes three times a day: in the morning they take a coat lined with fur, about noon they take a single one, and towards night one that is a little thicker; but every one is not furnished with this variety; therefore this garment of ours is contrived so that this one will serve for various uses. *Innk.* How is that? *Con.* If the north wind blow, or the sun shines hot, we put on our cowl; if the heat is troublesome we let it down behind. If we are to sit still, we let down our garment about our heels; if we are to walk, we hold or tuck it up. *Innk.* He was no fool, whosoever he was, that contrived it. *Con.* And it is the chief thing in living happily for a man to accustom himself to be content with a few things. For if once we begin to indulge ourselves with delicacies and sensualities there will be no end; and there is no one garment could be invented that could answer so many purposes. *Innk.* I allow that.

Con. Now let us consider the decency of it. Pray, tell me honestly if you should put on your wife's clothes, would not every one say that you acted indecently? *Innk.* They would say I was mad. *Con.* And what would you say if she should put on your clothes? *Innk.* I should not say much, perhaps, but I should cudgel her handsomely. *Con.* But then, how does it signify nothing what garment any one wears? *Innk.* Oh, yes, in this case it is very material. *Con.* Nor is that strange; for the laws of the very pagans inflict a punishment on either man or woman that shall wear the clothes of a different sex. *Innk.* And they are in the right for it. *Con.* But, come on. What if an old man of fourscore should dress himself like a boy of fifteen, or if a young man dress himself like an old man, would not every one say he ought to be banged for it? Or if an old woman should attire herself like a young girl, and the contrary? *Innk.* No doubt. *Con.* In like manner, if a layman should wear a priest's habit, and a priest a layman's. *Innk.* They would both act unbecomingly. *Con.* What if a private man should put on the habit of a prince, or an inferior clergyman that of a bishop? Would he act unhandsomely or no? *Innk.* Certainly he would. *Con.* What if a citizen should dress himself like a soldier, with a feather in his cap, and other accoutrements of a hectoring soldier? *Innk.* He would be laughed at. *Con.* What if an English ensign should carry a white cross in his colours, a Swiss a red one, a Frenchman a black one? *Innk.* He would act imprudently.

Con. Why then do you wonder so much at our habit? *Innk.* I know the difference between a private man and a prince, between a man and a woman; but I do not understand the difference between a monk and no monk. *Con.* What difference is there between a poor man and a rich man? *Innk.* Fortune. *Con.* And yet it would be unbecoming a poor man to imitate a rich man in his dress? *Innk.* Very true, as rich men go now a-days. *Con.* What difference is there between a fool and a wise man? *Innk.* Something more than there is

between a rich man and a poor man. *Con.* Are not fools dressed up in a different manner from wise men? *Innk.* I cannot tell how well it becomes you, but your habit does not differ much from theirs, if it had but ears and bells. *Con.* These indeed are wanting, and we are the fools of this world if we really are what we pretend to be.

Innk. What you are I do not know; but this I know that there are a great many fools that wear ears and bells that have more wit than those that wear caps lined with furs, hoods, and other ensigns of wise men; therefore it seems a ridiculous thing to me to make a show of wisdom by the dress rather than in fact. I saw a certain man, more than a fool, with a gown hanging down to his heels, a cap like our doctors, and had the countenance of a grave divine; he disputed publicly with a show of gravity, and he was as much made on by great men as any of their fools, and was more a fool than any of them. *Con.* Well, what would you infer from that? That a prince who laughs at his jester should change coats with him? *Innk.* Perhaps decorum would require it to be so, if your proposition be true, that the mind of a man is represented by his habit.

Con. You press this upon me indeed, but I am still of the opinion that there is good reason for giving fools distinct habits. *Innk.* What reason? *Con.* That nobody might hurt them if they say or do anything that is foolish. *Innk.* But, on the contrary, I will not say that their dress does rather provoke some people to do them hurt, insomuch that oftentimes of fools they become madmen. Nor do I see any reason why a bull that gores a man or a dog, or a hog that kills a child, should be punished, and a fool who commits greater crimes should be suffered to live under the protection of his folly. But I ask you, what is the reason that you are distinguished from others by your dress? For if every trifling cause is sufficient to require a different habit, then a baker should wear a different dress from a fisherman, and a shoemaker from a tailor, an apothecary from a vintner, a coachman from a mariner. And you, if you are priests, why do you wear a habit different from other priests? If you are laymen, why do you differ from us?

Con. In ancient times monks were only the purer sort of the laity, and there was then only the same difference between a monk and a layman, as between a frugal honest man that maintains his family by his industry, and a swaggering highwayman that lives by robbing. Afterwards the bishop of Rome bestowed honours upon us, and we ourselves gave some reputation to the habit, which now is neither simply laic nor sacerdotal; but such as it is, some cardinals and popes have not been ashamed to wear it. *Innk.* But as to the decorum of it, whence comes that? *Con.* Sometimes from the nature of things themselves, and sometimes from custom and the opinions of men. Would not all men think it ridiculous for a man to wear a bull's hide, with the horns on his head, and the tail trailing after him on the ground? *Innk.* That would be ridiculous enough. *Con.* Again, if any one should wear a garment that should hide his face and his hands, and shew his privy members? *Innk.* That would be more ridiculous than the other. *Con.* The very pagan writers have taken notice of them that have worn clothes so thin that it were indecent even for women themselves to wear such.

It is more modest to be naked, as we found you in the stove, than

to wear a transparent garment. *Innk.* I fancy that the whole of this matter of apparel depends upon custom and the opinion of people. *Con.* Why so? *Innk.* It is not many days ago since some travellers lodged at my house, who said that they had travelled through diverse countries lately discovered, which are wanting in the ancient maps. They said they came to an island of a very temperate air, where they looked upon it as the greatest indecency in the world to cover their bodies. *Con.* It may be they lived like beasts. *Innk.* Nay, they said they lived a life of great humanity—they lived under a king, they attended him to work every morning daily, but not above an hour in a day. *Con.* What work did they do? *Innk.* They plucked up a certain sort of roots, that serves them instead of bread, and is more pleasant and more wholesome than bread; and when this was done they every one went to his business, what they had a mind to do. They bring up their children religiously, they avoid and punish vices, but none more severely than adultery. *Con.* What is the punishment? *Innk.* They forgive the women, for it is permitted to that sex; but for men that are taken in adultery this is the punishment, that all his life after he should appear in public with his privy parts covered. *Con.* A mighty punishment indeed. *Innk.* Custom has made it to them the very greatest punishment that is.

Con. When I consider the force of persuasion, I am almost ready to allow it. For if a man would expose a thief or a murderer to the greatest ignominy, would it not be a sufficient punishment to cut off a piece of the hinder part of his clothes, and sew a piece of a wolf's skin upon his buttocks, to make him wear a particoloured pair of stockings, and to cut the forepart of his doublet in the fashion of a net, leaving his shoulders and his breast bare, to shave off one side of his beard and leave the other hanging down, and curl one part of it, and to put a cap on his head, cut and slashed with a huge plume of feathers, and so expose him publicly—would not this make him more ridiculous than to put on him a fool's cap with long ears and bells? And yet soldiers dress themselves every day in this trim, and are well enough pleased with themselves, and find fools enough that like the dress too, though there is nothing more ridiculous. *Innk.* Nay, there are topping citizens too who imitate them as much as they can possibly. *Con.* But now if a man should dress himself up with birds' feathers like an Indian, would not the very boys all of them think he was a madman? *Innk.* Stark mad.

Con. And yet that which we admire savours of a greater madness still. Now, as it is true that nothing is so ridiculous but custom will bear it out, so it cannot be denied but that there is a certain decorum in garments, which all wise men always account a decorum; and that there is also an unbecomingness in garments, which will to wise men always seem unbecoming. Who does not laugh when he sees a woman dragging a long train at her heels, as if her quality were to be measured by the length of her tail? And yet some cardinals are not ashamed to follow this fashion in their gowns, and so prevalent a thing is custom that there is no altering of a fashion that has once obtained. *Innk.* Well, we have had talk enough about custom; but tell me now whether you think it better for monks to differ from others in habit, or not to differ? *Con.* I think it to be more agreeable to Christian

simplicity not to judge of any man by his habit, if it be but sober and decent. *Innk.* Why don't you cast away your cowls then? *Con.* Why did not the apostles presently eat of all sorts of meat? *Innk.* I cannot tell. Do you tell me that. *Con.* Because an invincible custom hindered it; for whatsoever is deeply rooted in the minds of men, and has been confirmed by long use, and is turned as it were into nature, can never be removed on a sudden without endangering the public peace; but must be removed by degrees, as a horse's tail is plucked off by single hairs.

Innk. I could bear well enough with it if the monks had all but one habit, but who can bear so many different habits? *Con.* Custom has brought in this evil which brings in everything. Benedict did not invent a new habit, but the same that he wore himself and his disciples, which was the habit of a plain, honest layman. Neither did Francis invent a new dress, but it was the dress of poor country fellows. Their successors have by new additions turned it into superstition. Do not we see some old women at this day that keep to the dress of their times, which is more different from the dress now in fashion than my dress is from yours? *Innk.* We do see it. *Con.* Therefore, when you see this habit you see only the relics of ancient times. *Innk.* Why, then, has your garment no holiness in it? *Con.* None at all. *Innk.* There are some of you that make their boasts that these dresses were divinely directed by the holy Virgin Mother. *Con.* These stories are but mere dreams. *Innk.* Some despair of being able to recover from a fit of sickness unless they be wrapped up in a Dominican's habit; nay, nor will not be buried but in a Franciscan's habit. *Con.* They that persuade people of those things are either cheats or fools, and they that believe them are superstitious. God will know a wicked man as well in a Franciscan's habit as in a soldier's coat.

Innk. There is not so much variety in the feathers of birds of the air as there is in your habits. *Con.* What then, is it not a very good thing to imitate Nature? But it is a better thing to outdo it. *Innk.* I wish you would outdo it in the variety of your beaks too. *Con.* But, come on. I will be an advocate for variety if you will give me leave. Is not a Spaniard dressed after one fashion, an Italian after another, a Frenchman after another, a German after another, a Greek after another, a Turk after another, and a Saracen after another? *Innk.* Yes. *Con.* And then in the same country what variety of garments is there in persons of the same sex, age, and degree? How different is the dress of the Venetian from the Florentine, and of both from the Roman, and this only within Italy alone? *Innk.* I believe it. *Con.* And from thence also came our variety. Dominic, he took his dress from the honest ploughmen in that part of Spain in which he lived, and Benedict from the country fellows of that part of Italy in which he lived, and Francis from the husbandmen of a different place, and so for the rest. *Innk.* So that for aught I find, you are no holier than we, unless you live holier. *Con.* Nay, we are worse than you, in that if we live wickedly we are a greater stumbling to the simple.

Innk. Is there any hope of us, then, who have neither patron, nor habit, nor rule, nor profession? *Con.* Yes, good man, see that you hold it fast. Ask your godfathers what you promised in baptism, what profession you then made. Do you want a human rule who have

made a profession of the gospel rule? or do you want a man for a patron who have Jesus Christ for a patron? Consider what you owe to your wife, to your children, to your family, and you will find you have a greater load upon you than if you had professed the rule of Francis. *Innk.* Do you believe that any innkeepers go to heaven· *Can.* Why not? *Innk.* There are a great many things said and done in this house that are not according to the gospel. *Con.* What are they? *Innk.* One fuddles, another talks bawdy, another brawls, and another slanders, and last of all, I cannot tell whether they keep themselves honest or not. *Con.* You must prevent these things as much as you can, and if you cannot hinder them, however, do not for profit's sake encourage or draw on these wickednesses. *Innk.* Sometimes I do not deal very honestly as to my wine. *Con.* Wherein? *Innk.* When I find my guests grow a little too hot, I put more water into the wine. *Con.* That is a smaller fault than selling of wine made up with unwholesome ingredients.

Innk. But tell me truly, how many days have you been in this journey? *Con.* Almost a month. *Innk.* Who takes care of you all the while? *Con.* Are not they taken care enough of that have a wife, and children, and parents, and kindred? *Innk.* Oftentimes. *Con.* You have but one wife, we have a hundred; you have but one father, we have a hundred; you have but one house, we have a hundred; you have but a few children, we have an innumerable company; you have but a few kindred, we have an infinite number. *Innk.* How so? *Con.* Because the kindred of the spirit extends more largely than the kindred of the flesh; so Christ has promised, and we experience the truth of what He has promised. *Innk.* In truth, you have been a good companion for me; let me die if I do not like this discourse better than to drink with our parson. Do us the honour to preach to the people to-morrow, and if ever you happen to come this way again, know that here is a lodging for you. *Con.* But what if others should come? *Innk.* They shall be welcome if they be but such as you. *Con.* I hope they will be better? *Innk.* But among so many bad ones, how shall I know which are good? *Con.* I will tell you in a few words, but in your ear. *Innk.* Tell me. *Con.* —— *Innk.* I will remember it, and do it.

THE ABBOT AND THE LEARNED WOMAN.

Antronius, Magdada.

Ant. What sort of household stuff do I see? *Mag.* Is it not that which is neat? *Ant.* How neat it is, I cannot tell, but I am sure it is not very becoming either a maid or a matron. *Mag.* Why so? *Ant.* Because here are books lying about everywhere. *Mag.* What, have you lived to this age, and are both an abbot and a courtier, and never saw any books in a lady's apartment? *Ant.* Yes I have seen books, but they were French, but here I see Greek and Latin ones. *Mag.* Why, are there no other books but French ones that teach wisdom? *Ant.* But it becomes ladies to have something that is diverting, to pass away

their leisure hours. *Mag.* Must none but ladies be wise and live pleasantly? *Ant.* You very improperly connect being wise and living pleasantly together; women have nothing to do with wisdom, pleasure is ladies' business. *Mag.* Ought not every one to live well? *Ant.* I am of opinion they ought so to do. *Mag.* Well, can anybody live a pleasant life that does not live a good life? *Ant.* Nay, rather how can anybody live a pleasant life that does not live a good life? *Mag.* Why, then, do you approve of living illy, if it be but pleasantly? *Ant.* I am of the opinion that they live a good life that live a pleasant life.

Mag. Well, but from whence does that pleasure proceed—from outward things or from the mind? *Ant.* From outward things. *Mag.* O subtle abbot, but thick-skulled philosopher! Pray, tell me in what you suppose a pleasant life to consist? *Ant.* Why, in sleeping and feasting, and liberty of doing what you please in wealth and in honours. *Mag.* But suppose to all these things God should add wisdom, should you live pleasantly then? *Ant.* What is that you call by the name of wisdom? *Mag.* This is wisdom, to know that a man is only happy by the goods of the mind; that wealth, honour, and descent, neither make a man happier or better. *Ant.* If that be wisdom, fare it well for me. *Mag.* Suppose now that I take more pleasure in reading a good author than you do in hunting, drinking, or gaming, will not you think I live pleasantly? *Ant.* I would not live that sort of life. *Mag.* I do not inquire what you take most delight in, but what is it that ought to be most delighted in?

Ant. I would not have my monks mind books much. *Mag.* But my husband approves very well of it. But what reason have you why you would not have your monks bookish? *Ant.* Because I find they are not so obedient, they answer again out of the decrees and decretals of Peter and Paul. *Mag.* Why then do you command them the contrary to what Peter and Paul did? *Ant.* I cannot tell what they teach, but I cannot endure a monk that answers again; nor would I have any of my monks wiser than I am myself. *Mag.* You might prevent that well enough, if you did but lay yourself out to get as much wisdom as you can. *Ant.* I have not leisure. *Mag.* Why so? *Ant.* Because I have not time. *Mag.* What, not at leisure to be wise? *Ant.* No. *Mag.* Pray what hinders you? *Ant.* Long prayers, the affairs of my household, hunting, looking after my horses, attending at court. *Mag.* Well, and do you think these things are better than wisdom? *Ant.* Custom has made it so.

Mag. Well, but now answer me this one thing, suppose God should grant you this power, to be able to turn yourself and your monks into any sort of animal that you had a mind, would you turn them into hogs, and yourself into a horse? *Ant.* No, by no means. *Mag.* By doing so you might prevent any of them from being wiser than yourself? *Ant.* It is not much matter to me what sort of animals my monks are, if I am but a man myself. *Mag.* Well, and do you look upon him to be a man that neither has wisdom nor desires to have it? *Ant.* I am wise enough for myself. *Mag.* And so are hogs wise enough for themselves. *Ant.* You seem to be a sophistress, you argue so smartly. *Mag.* I will not tell you what you seem to me to be. But why does this household stuff displease you? *Ant.* Because a spinning-wheel is a woman's weapon. *Mag.* Is it not a woman's business to mind the affairs

of her family, and to instruct her children? *Ant.* Yes, it is. *Mag.* And do you think so weighty an office can be executed without wisdom? *Ant.* I believe not. *Mag.* This wisdom I learn from books.

Ant. I have threescore and two monks in my cloister, and you will not see one book in my chamber. *Mag.* The monks are finely looked after all this while. *Ant.* I could dispense with books, but I cannot bear Latin books. *Mag.* Why so? *Ant.* Because that tongue is not fit for a woman. *Mag.* I want to know the reason. *Ant.* Because it contributes nothing towards the defence of their chastity. *Mag.* Why then do French books that are stuffed with the most trifling novels contribute to chastity? *Ant.* But there is another reason. *Mag.* Let it be what it will, tell me it plainly. *Ant.* They are more secure from the priests, if they do not understand Latin. *Mag.* Nay, there is the least danger from that quarter, according to your way of working, because you take all the pains you can not to know anything of Latin. *Ant.* The common people are of my mind, because it is such a rare unusual thing for a woman to understand Latin. *Mag.* What do you tell me of the common people for, who are the worst examples in the world that can be followed? What have I to do with custom, that is the mistress of all evil practices? We ought to accustom ourselves to the best things, and by that means, that which was uncustomary would become habitual, and that which was unpleasant would become pleasant, and that which seemed unbecoming would look graceful. *Ant.* I hear you.

Mag. Is it becoming a German woman to learn to speak French? *Ant.* Yes it is. *Mag.* Why is it? *Ant.* Because then she will be able to converse with those that speak French. *Mag.* And why then is it unbecoming in me to learn Latin that I may be able daily to have conversation with so many eloquent, learned, and wise authors, and faithful counsellors? *Ant.* Books destroy women's brains, who have little enough of themselves. *Mag.* What quantity of brains you have left I cannot tell. And as for myself, let me have never so little, I had rather spend them in study than in prayers mumbled over without the heart going along with them, or sitting whole nights in quaffing off bumpers. *Ant.* Bookishness makes folks mad. *Mag.* And does not the rattle of your pot companions, your banterers, and drolls make you mad? *Ant.* No, they pass the time away. *Mag.* How can it be, then, that such pleasant companions should make me mad? *Ant.* That is the common saying. *Mag.* But I by experience find quite the contrary. How many more do we see grow mad by hard drinking, unseasonable feasting, and sitting up all night tippling, which destroys the constitution and senses, and has made people mad? *Ant.* By my faith, I would not have a learned wife. *Mag.* But I bless myself that I have got a husband that is not like yourself. Learning both endears him to me and me to him. *Ant.* Learning costs a great deal of pains to get, and after all we must die.

Mag. Notable sir, pray tell me, suppose you were to die to-morrow, had you rather die a fool or a wise man? *Ant.* Why, a wise man, if I could come at it without taking pains. *Mag.* But there is nothing to be attained in this life without pains; and yet, let us get what we will, and what pains soever we are at to attain it, we must leave it behind us. Why then should we think much to be at some pains for

the most precious thing of all, the fruit of which will bear us company unto another life? *Ant.* I have often heard it said that a wise woman is twice a fool. *Mag.* That indeed has been often said, but it was by fools. A woman that is truly wise does not think herself so. But on the contrary, one that knows nothing, thinks herself to be wise, and that is being twice a fool. *Ant.* I cannot well tell how it is, that as panniers do not become an ox, so neither does learning become a woman. *Mag.* But, I suppose, you cannot deny but panniers will look better upon an ox than a mitre upon an ass or a sow.

What think you of the Virgin Mary? *Ant.* Very highly. *Mag.* Was not she bookish? *Ant.* Yes; but not as to such books as these. *Mag.* What books did she read? *Ant.* The canonical hours. *Mag.* For the use of whom? *Ant.* Of the order of Benedictines. *Mag.* Indeed! What did Paula and Eustochium do? Did not they converse with the Holy Scriptures? *Ant.* Ay, but this is a rare thing now. *Mag.* So was a blockheaded abbot in old times; but now nothing is more common. In old times princes and emperors were as eminent for learning as for their governments. And after all, it is not so great a rarity as you think it. There are both in Spain and Italy not a few women that are able to vie with the men, and there are the Morites in England, and the Bilibald-duks and Blaureticks in Germany. So that unless you take care of yourselves it will come to that pass that we shall be divinity professors in the schools, and preach in the churches, and take possession of your mitres. *Ant.* God forbid. *Mag.* Nay, it is your business to forbid it. For if you hold on as you have begun, even geese themselves will preach before they will endure you, a parcel of dumb teachers. You see the world is turned upside down, and you must either lay aside your dress or perform your part. *Ant.* How came I to fall into this woman's company? If you will come to see me, I will treat you more pleasantly. *Mag.* After what manner? *Ant.* Why, we will dance and drink heartily, and hunt, and play, and laugh. *Mag.* I can hardly forbear laughing now.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF PETER ÆGIDIUS.

Alipius, Balbinus, Musæ.

Al. Good God! what strange glorious sight do I see here? *Ba.* Either you see what is not to be seen, or I cannot see that which is to be seen. *Al.* Nay, I will assure you, it is a wonderful charming sight. *Ba.* Why do you plague me at this rate? Tell me where it is you see it. *Al.* Upon the left hand there in the grove, under the side of the hill. *Ba.* I see the hill, but I can see nothing else. *Al.* No! don't you see a company of pretty maids there? *Ba.* What do you mean, to make a fool of me at this rate? I cannot see a bit of a maid anywhere. *Al.* Hush, they are just now coming out of the grove. Oh, admirable! how neat they are! how charming they look! It is a heavenly sight. *Ba.* What! are you possessed? *Al.* Oh, I know who they are! they are the nine Muses and the three Graces; I wonder what they are doing. I never in all my life saw them more

charmingly dressed, nor in a gayer humour; they have every one of them got crowns of laurel upon their heads, and their instruments of music in their hands. And how lovingly the Graces go side by side? How becoming they look in their loose dress, with their garments flowing and trailing after them.

Ba. I never heard anybody talk more like a madman in all my days than you do. *Al.* You never saw a happier man in all your lifetime. *Ba.* Pray, what is the matter that you can see and I cannot? *Al.* Because you have never drank of the Muses' fountain; and nobody can see them but they that have. *Ba.* I have drank plentifully out of Scotus's fountain. *Al.* But that is not the fountain of the Muses, but a lake of frogs. *Ba.* But cannot you do something to make me see this sight as well as you? *Al.* I could if I had a laurel branch here, for water out of a clear spring, sprinkled upon one with a laurel bough, makes the eyes capable of such sights as these *Ba.* Why, see here is a laurel and a fountain too? *Al.* Is there? That is clever, I vow. *Ba.* But prithee, sprinkle me with it. *Al.* Now look, do you see now? *Ba.* As much as I did before. Sprinkle me again. *Al.* Well, now do you see? *Ba.* Just as much; sprinkle me plentifully. *Al.* I believe you cannot but see now. *Ba.* Now I can scarce see you. *Al.* Ah, poor man, how total a darkness has seized your eyes! This art would open even the eyes of an old coachman. But, however, do not plague yourself about it, perhaps it is better for you not to see it, lest you should come off as ill by seeing the Muses as Actæon did by seeing Diana. For you would perhaps be in danger of being turned either into a hedgehog, or a wild boar, a swine, a camel, a frog, or a jackdaw. But, however, if you cannot see, I will make you hear them, if you don't make a noise; they are just coming this way. Let us meet them.

Hail, most welcome goddesses! *Mu.* And you heartily, lover of the Muses. *Al.* What makes you pull me so? *Ba.* You are not as good as your word. *Al.* Why, do not you hear them? *Ba.* I hear somewhat, but I don't know what it is. *Al.* Well, I will speak Latin to them then. Whither are you going so fine and so brisk? Are you going to Louvain to see the university? *Mu.* No, we assure you, we will not go thither. *Al.* Why not? *Mu.* What place is for us, where so many hogs are grunting, camels and asses braying, jackdaws cawing, and magpies chattering? *Al.* But for all that, there are some there that are your admirers.

Mu. We know that, and therefore we will go thither a few years hence. The successive period of ages has not yet brought on that time; for there will be one that will build us a pleasant house there, or a temple rather, such a one as there scarce is a finer or more sacred anywhere else. *Al.* May not a person know who it will be that shall do so much honour to our country? *Mu.* You may know it, that are one of our priests? There is no doubt but you have heard the name of the Bulslidians, famous all the world over. *Al.* You have mentioned a noble family truly, born to grace the palaces of the greatest princes in the universe. For who does not revere the great Francis Bulslidius, the bishop of the church of Bezançon, who has approved himself more than a single Nestor to Philip the son of Maximilian the Great, the father of Charles, who will also be a greater man than his father?

Mu. Oh, how happy had we been if the fates had not envied the earth the happiness of so great a man. What a patron was he to all liberal studies! How candid a favourer of ingenuity! But he has left two brothers, Giles, a man of admirable judgment and wisdom, and Jerome. *Al.* We know very well that Jerome is singularly well accomplished with all manner of literature, and adorned with every kind of virtue. *Mu.* But the destinies will not suffer him to be long-lived neither, though no man in the world better deserves to be immortalised. *Al.* How do you know that? *Mu.* We had it from Apollo. *Al.* How envious are the destinies, to take from us all desirable things so hastily? *Mu.* We must not talk of that at this time; but this Jerome, dying with great applause, will leave his whole estate for the building of a college at Louvain, in which most learned men shall profess and teach publicly and gratis the three languages. These things will bring a great ornament to learning, and glory to Charles himself. Then we will reside at Louvain with all our hearts.

Al. But whither are you going now? *Mu.* To Antwerp. *Al.* What, the Muses and the Graces going to a fair? *Mu.* No, we assure you, we are not going to a fair, but to a wedding. *Al.* What have virgins to do at weddings? *Mu.* It is no indecent thing at all for virgins to be at such a wedding as this is. *Al.* Pray what sort of a marriage is it? *Mu.* A holy, undefiled, and chaste marriage, such a one as Pallas herself need not to be ashamed to be at: nay, more than that, we believe she will be at it. *Al.* May not a person know the bride and bridegroom's name? *Mu.* We believe you must needs know that most courteous and accomplished youth in all kinds of polite learning, Peter Ægidius. *Al.* You have named an angel, not a man. *Mu.* The pretty maid Cornelia, a fit match for Apollo himself, is going to be married to Ægidius. *Al.* Indeed, he has been a great admirer of you, even from his infancy. *Mu.* We are going to sing him an epithalamium. *Al.* What, and will the Graces dance too? *Mu.* They will not only dance, but they will also unite those two true lovers with the indissoluble ties of mutual affection, that no difference or jarring shall ever happen between them. She shall never hear anything from him but my life, nor he from her but my soul. Nay; and even old age itself shall be so far from diminishing that, that it shall increase the pleasure.

Al. I should wonder at it, if those that live so sweetly could ever be able to grow old. *Mu.* You say very right, for it is rather a maturity than an old age. *Al.* But I have known a great many to whom these kind words have been changed into quite the contrary in less than three months' time, and instead of pleasant jests at table dishes and trenchers have flown about. The husband, instead of my dear soul, has been called blockhead, toss-pot, swill-tub; and the wife, sow, fool, dirty drab. *Mu.* You say very true; but these marriages were made when the Graces were out of humour. But in this marriage a sweetness of temper will always maintain a mutual affection. *Al.* Indeed, you speak of such a happy marriage as is very seldom seen. *Mu.* An uncommon felicity is due to such uncommon virtues.

Al. But what! will the matrimony be without Juno and Venus? *Mu.* Indeed Juno will not be there; she is a scolding goddess, and is but seldom in a good humour with her own Jove. Nor, indeed, that

earthly drunken Venus; but another heavenly one, which makes a union of minds. *Al.* Then the marriage you speak of is like to be a barren one? *Mu.* No, by no means, but rather like to be the most happily fruitful. *Al.* What, does that heavenly Venus produce anything but souls then? *Mu.* Yes, she gives bodies to the souls, but such bodies as shall be exactly conformable to them, just as though you should put a choice ointment into a curious box of pearl. *Al.* Where is she, then? *Mu.* Look, she is coming towards you, a pretty way off. *Al.* Oh, I see her now! O good God, how bright she is! How majestic and beautiful she appears! The other Venus compared with this is a homely one. *Mu.* Do you see what modest Cupids there are? They are no blind ones, such as that Venus has that makes mankind mad. But these are sharp little rogues, and they do not carry furious torches, but most gentle fires; they have no leaden-pointed darts, to make the beloved hate the lover, and torment poor wretches with the want of a reciprocal affection. *Al.* In truth, they are as like their mother as can be. Oh, that is a blessed house, and dearly beloved by the gods! But may not a person hear the marriage song that you design to present them with? *Mu.* Nay, we were just going to ask you to hear it.

Clio.

Peter hath married fair Cornelia,
Propitious Heaven, bless the wedding-day.

Melpomene.

Concord of turtle-doves between them be,
And of the jackdaw the vivacity.

Thalia.

From Gracchus may he win the prize,
And for Cornelia's life his own despise.

Euterpe.

May she in love exceed Admetus's wife,
Who laid her own down for her husband's life.

Terpsichore.

May he love her with stronger flame,
But much more happy fate,
Than Plancius, who did disdain
To outlive his deceased mate.

Erato.

May she love him with no less flame,
But with much better fate,
Than Porcia chaste her Brutus did,
Whom brave men celebrate.

Calliope.

For constancy, I wish the bridegroom may
Be equal to the famous Nasica.

Urania.

The bride in chastity, may she
Superior to Paterculana be.

Polyhymnia.
May their offspring like them be,
Their honour equal their estate;
Always from rancorous envy free,
Deserved glory on them wait.

Al. I should very much envy Peter Ægidius so much happiness, but that he is a man of such candour that he himself envies nobody. *Mu.* It is now high time for us to prosecute our journey. *Al.* Have you any service to command me at Louvain? *Mu.* That thou wouldst recommend us to all our sincere loving friends; but especially to our ancient admirers, John Paludus, Jodocus Gaverius, Martin Dorpius, and John Borsalus. *Al.* Well, I will be sure to take care to do your message. What shall I say to the rest? *Mu.* I will tell you in your ear. *Al.* Well, it is a matter that will not cost very much, it shall certainly be done out of hand.

THE APPARITION.

Thomas and Anselm.

Tho. What good news have you had that you laugh to yourself thus, as if you had found a treasure? *Ans.* Nay, you are not far from the matter. *Tho.* But will you not impart it to your companion, what good thing soever it is? *Ans.* Yes, I will, for I have been wishing a good while for somebody to communicate my merriment to. *Tho.* Come on then, let us have it. *Ans.* I was just now told the pleasantest story, which you would swear was a sham if I did not know the place, the persons, and whole matter as well as you know me. *Tho.* I am with child to hear it.

Ans. Do you know Polus, Faunus's son-in-law? *Tho.* Perfectly well. *Ans.* He is both the contriver and actor of this play. *Tho.* I am apt enough to believe that, for he can act any part to the life. *Ans.* He can so. I suppose, too, you know that he has a farm not far from London. *Tho.* Phoo, very well. He and I have drank together many a time there. *Ans.* Then you know there is a way between two straight rows of trees. *Tho.* Upon the left hand, about two flight-shot from the house? *Ans.* You have it. On one side of the way there is a dry ditch overgrown with thorns and brambles, and then there is a way that leads into an open field from a little bridge. *Tho.* I remember it. *Ans.* There went a report for a long time among the country people of a spirit that walked near that bridge, and of hideous howlings that were every now and then heard there. They concluded it was the soul of somebody that was miserably tormented. *Tho.* Who was it that raised this report? *Ans.* Who but Polus, that made this the prologue to his comedy. *Tho.* What did he mean by inventing such a flam? *Ans.* I know nothing, but that it is the humour of the man. He takes delight to make himself sport, by playing upon the simplicity of people by such fictions as these.

I will tell you what he did lately of the same kind. We were a good many of us riding to Richmond, and some of the company were

such that you would say were men of judgment. It was a wonderful clear day, and not so much as a cloud to be seen there. Polus, looking wistfully up into the air, signed his face and breast with the sign of the cross, and having composed his countenance to an air of amazement, says to himself, O immortal God, what do I see! They that rode next to him asking him what it was that he saw, he fell again to signing himself with a greater cross. May the most merciful God, says he, deliver me from this prodigy. They having urged him, desiring to know what was the matter, he fixing his eyes up to heaven, and pointing with his finger to a certain quarter of it, Do you not see, says he, that monstrous dragon armed with fiery horns, and its tail turned up in a circle? And they denying they saw it, he bid them look earnestly, every now and then pointing to the place. At last one of them, that he might not seem to be bad-sighted, affirmed that he saw it. And in imitation of him, first one, and then another, for they were ashamed that they could not see what was so plain to be seen. And in short, in three days' time the rumour of this portentous apparition had spread all over England. And it is wonderful to think how popular fame had amplified the story, and some pretended seriously to expound to what this portent did predict, and he that was the contriver of the fiction took a mighty pleasure in the folly of these people. *Tho.* I know the humour of the man well enough. But to the story of the apparition.

Ans. In the meantime one Faunus, a priest (of those which in Latin they call regulars, but that is not enough, unless they add the same in Greek too, who was parson of a neighbouring parish, this man thought himself wiser than is common, especially in holy matters), came very opportunely to pay a visit to Polus. *Tho.* I understand the matter. There is one found out to be an actor in this play. *Ans.* At supper a discourse was raised of the report of this apparition, and when Polus perceived that Faunus had not only heard of the report, but believed it, he began to entreat the man, that as he was a holy and a learned person, he would afford some relief to a poor soul that was in such dreadful torment. And, says he, if you are in any doubt as to the truth of it, examine into the matter, and do but walk near that bridge about ten o'clock, and you shall hear miserable cries; take who you will for a companion along with you, and so you will hear both more safely and better. *Tho.* Well, what then?

Ans. After supper was over, Polus, as his custom was, goes a hunting or fowling. And when it grew duskish, the darkness having taken away all opportunity of making any certain judgment of anything, Faunus walks about, and at last hears miserable howlings. Polus having hid himself in a bramble hedge hard by, had very artfully made these howlings by speaking through an earthen pot; the voice coming through the hollow of it gave it a most mournful sound. *Tho.* This story, as far as I see, outdoes Menander's Phasma. *Ans.* You will say more if you shall hear it out. Faunus goes home, being impatient to tell what he had heard. Polus, taking a shorter way, had got home before him. Faunus up and tells Polus all that passed, and added something of his own to it, to make the matter more wonderful. *Tho.* Could Polus keep his countenance in the meantime? *Ans.* He kept his countenance! He has his countenance in his hand; you would have said that a serious affair was transacted.

In the end Faunus, upon the pressing importunity of Polus, undertakes the business of exorcism, and slept not one wink all that night, in contriving by what means he might go about the matter with safety, for he was wretchedly afraid. In the first place he got together the most powerful exorcisms that he could get, and added some new ones to them, as the bowels of the Virgin Mary and the bones of St. Winifred. After that he makes choice of a place in the plain field, near the bramble bushes from whence the voice came. He draws a very large circle with a great many crosses in it, and a variety of characters. And all this was performed in a set form of words; there was also there a great vessel full of holy water, and about his neck he had a holy stole (as they called it), upon which hung the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He had in his pocket a little piece of wax, which the bishop of Rome used to consecrate once a year, which is commonly called *Agnus Dei*. With these arms in times past they were wont to defend themselves against evil spirits, before the cowl of St. Francis was found to be so formidable. All these things were provided, lest if it should be an evil spirit, it should fall foul upon the exorcist; nor did he for all this dare to trust himself in the circle alone, but he determined to take some other priest along with him. Upon this Polus being afraid, that if he took some sharper fellow than himself along with him, the whole plot might come to be discovered, he got a parish priest thereabout, whom he acquainted beforehand with the whole design; and, indeed, it was necessary for the carrying on the adventure, and he was a man fit for such a purpose.

The day following, all things being prepared and in good order, about ten o'clock Faunus and the parish priest enter the circle. Polus had got thither before them, and made a miserable howling out of the hedge; Faunus begins his exorcism, and Polus steals away in the dark to the next village, and brings from thence another person, for the play could not be acted without a great many of them. *Tho.* Well, what do they do? *Ans.* They mount themselves upon black horses, and privately carry fire along with them; when they come pretty near to the circle they shew the fire to affright Faunus out of the circle. *Tho.* What a deal of pains did this Polus take to put a cheat upon people? *Ans.* His fancy lies that way. But this matter had like to have been mischievous to them. *Tho.* How so? *Ans.* For the horses were so startled at the sudden flashing of the fire that they had like to have thrown their riders. Here is an end of the first act of this comedy.

When they were returned and entered into discourse, Polus, as though he had known nothing of the matter, inquires what was done. Faunus tells him that two hideous Cacodemons appeared to him on black horses, their eyes sparkling with fire, and breathing fire out of their nostrils, making an attempt to break into the circle, but that they were driven away with a vengeance by the power and efficacy of his words. This encounter having put courage into Faunus, the next day he goes into his circle again with great solemnity, and after he had provoked the spirit a long time with the vehemence of his words, Polus and his companion appear again at a pretty distance, with their black horses, with a most outrageous noise, making a feint as if they would break into the circle. *Tho.* Had they no fire then? *Ans.* No, none at

all; for that had liked to have fallen out very unluckily to them. But hear another device: they threw a long rope over the ground, and then hurrying from one place to another, as though they were beat off by the exorcisms of Faunus, they threw down both the priest and holy water-pot all together. *Tho.* This reward the parish priest had for playing his part? *Ans.* Yes, he had; and for all that he had rather suffer this than quit the design. After this encounter, when they came to talk over the matter again, Faunus tells a mighty story to Polus, what great danger he had been in, and how courageously he had driven both the evil spirits away with his charms, and now he had arrived at a firm persuasion that there was no demon, let him be ever so mischievous or impudent, that could possibly break into this circle. *Tho.* This Faunus was not far from being a fool.

Ans. You have heard nothing yet. The comedy being thus far advanced, Polus's son-in-law comes in very good time, for he had married Polus's eldest daughter; he is a wonderful merry droll, you know. *Tho.* Know him! ay, I know him, that he has no aversion for such tricks as these. *Ans.* No aversion, do you say? nay, he would leave the most urgent affair in the world if such a comedy were either to be seen or acted. His father-in-law tells him the whole story, and gives him his part—that was to act the ghost. He puts on a dress, and wraps himself up in a shroud, and carrying a live coal in a shell, it appeared through his shroud as if something were burning. About night he goes to the place where this play was acted; there were heard most doleful moans. Faunus lets fly all his exorcisms. At length the ghost appears a good way off in the bushes, every now and then shewing the fire and making a rueful groaning.

While Faunus was adjuring the ghost to declare who he was, Polus of a sudden leaps out of the thicket, dressed like a devil, and making a roaring, answers him, You have nothing to do with this soul, it is mine; and every now and then runs to the very edge of the circle as if he would set upon the exorcist, and then retired back again as if he was beaten back by the words of the exorcism and the power of the holy water, which he threw upon him in great abundance. At last when this guardian devil was chased away, Faunus enters into a dialogue with the soul. After he had been interrogated and adjured, he answers, that he was the soul of a Christian man, and being asked his name, he answered Faunus. Faunus! replies the other, that is my name. So then they being namesakes, he laid the matter more to heart, that Faunus might deliver Faunus. Faunus asking a multitude of questions, lest a long discourse should discover the fraud, the ghost retires, saying it was not permitted to stay to talk any longer, because its time was come that it must go whither its devil pleased to carry it, but yet promised to come again the next day at what hour it could be permitted. They meet together again at Polus's house, who was the master of the show. There the exorcist relates what was done, and though he added some lies to the story, yet he believed them to be true himself—he was so heartily affected with the matter in hand.

At last it appeared manifestly that it was the soul of a Christian who was vexed with the dreadful torments of an unmerciful devil. Now all the endeavours are bent this way. There happened a ridiculous passage in the next exorcism. *Tho.* Prithee, what was that?

Ans. When Faunus had called up the ghost, Polus, that acted the devil, leaped directly at him, as if he would, without any more to do, break into the circle; and Faunus he resisted stoutly with his exorcisms, and had thrown a power of holy water, the devil at last cries out that he did not value all this of a rush; you have had to do with a wench, and you are my own yourself. And though he had told Polus so in jest, it seemed that he had spoken truth; for the exorcist being touched with this word, presently retreated to the very centre of the circle and whispered something in the priest's ear. Polus seeing that, retires, that he might not hear what it was not fit for him to hear. *Tho.* In truth, Polus was a very modest, religious devil. *Ans.* He was so, otherwise he might have been blamed for not observing a decorum, but yet he heard the priest's voice appointing him satisfaction. *Tho.* What was that? *Ans.* That he should say the glorious 78th psalm three times over, by which he conjectured he had had to do with her three times that night. *Tho.* He was an irregular regular. *Ans.* They are but men, and this is but human frailty. *Tho.* Well, proceed: What was done after this?

Ans. Now Faunus more courageously advances to the very edge of the circle and challenges the devil of his own accord; but the devil's heart failed him, and he fled back. You have deceived me, says he, if I had been wise I had not given you that caution. Many are of opinion, that what you have once confessed is immediately struck out of the devil's memory, that he can never be able to twit you in the teeth for it. *Tho.* What a ridiculous conceit do you tell me of?

Ans. But to draw towards a conclusion of the matter. This dialogue with the ghost held for some days; at last it came to this issue: The exorcist asking the soul if there was any way by which it might possibly be delivered from its torments? It answered it might, if the money that it had left behind, being got by cheating, should be restored. Then, says Faunus, what if it were put into the hands of good people to be disposed of to pious uses? The spirit replied, That might do. The exorcist was rejoiced at this; he inquires particularly what sum there was of it? The spirit replied that it was a vast sum, and might prove very good and commodious. It told the place too where the treasure was hid, but it was a long way off; and it ordered what uses it should be put to. *Tho.* What were they? *Ans.* That three persons were to undertake a pilgrimage—one to the threshold of St. Peter, another to salute St. James at Compostella, and the third should kiss Jesus's comb at Tryers; and after that a vast number of services and masses should be performed in several great monasteries, and as to the overplus, he should dispose of it as he pleased. Now Faunus's mind was fixed upon the treasure; he had, in a manner, swallowed it in his mind. *Tho.* That is a common disease, but more peculiarly thrown in the priest's dish upon all occasions.

Ans. After nothing had been omitted that related to the affair of the money, the exorcist being put upon it by Polus, began to put questions to the spirit about several arts, as alchemy and magic. To these things the spirit gave answers, putting off the resolution of these questions for the present, promising it would make larger discoveries as soon as ever, by his assistance, it should get out of the clutches of

its keeper, the devil; and, if you please, you may let this be the third act of this play.

As to the fourth act, Faunus began in good earnest everywhere to talk high, and to talk of nothing else in all companies and at the table, and to promise glorious things to monasteries, and talked of nothing that was low and mean. He goes to the place and finds the tokens, but did not dare to dig for the treasure, because the spirit had thrown this caution in the way, that it would be extremely dangerous to touch the treasure before the masses had been performed. By this time a great many of the wiser sort had smelt out the plot, while Faunus at the same time was everywhere proclaiming his folly; though he was privately cautioned by his friends, and especially his abbot, that he who had hitherto had the reputation of a prudent man should not give the world a specimen of his being quite contrary. But the imagination of the thing had so entirely possessed his mind that all that could be said of him had no influence upon him, to make him doubt of the matter, and he dreamt of nothing but spectres and devils. The very habit of his mind was got into his face, that he was so pale, and meagre, and dejected, that you would say he was rather a sprite than a man. And, in short, he was not far from being stark mad, and would have been so had it not been timely prevented.

Tho. Well, let this be the last act of the play. *Ans.* Well, you shall have it. Polus and his son-in-law hammered out this piece betwixt them. They counterfeited an epistle written in a strange antique character, and not upon common paper, but such as goldbeaters put their leaf-gold in, a reddish paper, you know. The form of the epistle was thus:

Faunus, long a captive, but now free. To Faunus, his gracious deliverer, sends eternal health. There is no need, my dear Faunus, that thou shouldest macerate thyself any longer in this affair. God has respected the pious intention of thy mind, and by the merit of it has delivered me from torments, and I now live happily among the angels. Thou hast a place provided for thee with St. Austin, which is next to the choir of the apostles: when thou comest to us I will give thee public thanks. In the meantime see that thou live merrily.

From the Imperial Heaven, the
Ides of September, Anno 1498.
Under the seal of my own ring.

This epistle was laid privately under the altar where Faunus was to perform divine service. This being done there was one appointed to advertise him of it, as if he had found it by chance. And now he carries the letter about him, and shews it as a very sacred thing, and believes nothing more firmly than that it was brought from heaven by an angel. *Tho.* This is not delivering the man from his madness, but changing the sort of it. *Ans.* Why truly, so it is, only he is now more pleasantly mad than before. *Tho.* I never was wont to give much credit to stories of apparitions in common, but for the time to come I shall give much less; for I believe that many things that have been printed and published as true relations were only by artifice and imposture impositions upon credulous persons and such as Faunus. *Ans.* And I also believe that a great many of them are of the same kind.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Philecous, Lalus.

Ph. What news is here that Lalus laughs to himself so that he even giggles again, every now and then signing himself with the sign of the cross? I will interrupt his felicity. God bless you heartily, my very good friend Lalus; you seem to me to be very happy. *La.* But I shall be much happier if I make you a partaker of my merry conceitedness. *Ph.* Prithee, then, make me happy as soon as you can. *La.* Do you know Balbinus? *Ph.* What, that learned old gentleman that has such a very good character in the world. *La.* It is as you say; but no man is wise at all times, or is without his blind side. This man, among his many good qualifications, has some foibles: he has been a long time bewitched with the art called alchemy. *Ph.* Believe me, that you call only foible is a dangerous disease. *La.* However that is, notwithstanding he had been so often bitten by this sort of people, yet he has lately suffered himself to be imposed upon again. *Ph.* In what manner?

La. A certain priest went to him, saluted him with great respect, and accosted him in this manner: Most learned Balbinus, perhaps you will wonder that I, being a stranger to you, should thus interrupt you, who, I know, are always earnestly engaged in the most sacred studies. Balbinus gave him a nod, as was his custom, for he is wonderfully sparing of his words. *Ph.* That is an argument of prudence. *La.* But the other, as the wiser of the two, proceeds. You will forgive this my importunity, when you shall know the cause of my coming to you. Tell me then, says Balbinus, but in as few words as you can. I will, says he, as briefly as I am able. You know, most learned of men, that the fates of mortals are various; and I cannot tell among which I should class myself, whether among the happy or the miserable; for when I contemplate my fate on one part, I account myself most happy, but if on the other part, I am one of the most miserable. Balbinus pressing him to contract his speech into a narrow compass; I will have done immediately, says he, and it will be the more easy for me to do it to a man who understands the whole affair so well, that no man understands it better. *Ph.* You are rather drawing an orator than an alchemist. *La.* You shall hear the alchemist by and by.

This happiness, says he, I have had from a child, to have learned that most desirable art, I mean alchemy, the very marrow of universal philosophy. At the very mention of the name alchemy, Balbinus raised himself a little, that is to say, in gesture only, and fetching a deep sigh, bid him go forward. Then he proceeds:—But miserable man that I am, said he, by not falling into the right way! Balbinus asking him what ways those were he spoke of, Good sir, says he, you know (for what is there, most learned sir, that you are ignorant of?) that there are two ways in this art, one which is called the longation, and the other which is called the curtation. But by my bad fate, I have fallen upon longation. Balbinus asking him what was the difference of the ways, It would be impudent in me, says he, to mention this to a man to whom all things are so well known, that nobody knows them better; therefore I humbly address myself to you, that you would take

pity on me, and vouchsafe to communicate to me that most happy way of curtation. And by how much the better you understand this art, by so much the less labour you will be able to impart it to me. Do not conceal so great a gift from your poor brother that is ready to die with grief. And as you assist me in this, so may Jesus Christ ever enrich you with more sublime endowments.

He thus making no end of his solemnity of obtestations, Balbinus was obliged to confess that he was entirely ignorant of what he meant by longation and curtation, and bids him explain the meaning of those words; then he began:—Although sir, says he, I know I speak to a person that is better skilled than myself, yet since you command me I will do it. Those that have spent their whole life in this divine art change the species of things two ways—the one is shorter but more hazardous, the other is longer but safer. I account myself very unhappy, that I have laboured in that way that does not suit my genius, nor could I yet find out anybody who would shew me the other way that I am so passionately desirous of; but at last God has put it into my mind to apply myself to you, a man of as much piety as learning; your learning qualifies you to answer my request with ease, and your piety will dispose you to help a Christian brother whose life is in your hands.

To make the matter short, when this crafty fellow, with such expressions as these, had cleared himself from all suspicion of a design, and had gained credit that he understood one way perfectly well, Balbinus's mind began to have an itch to be meddling. And at last, when he could hold no longer, Away with your methods, says he, of curtation, the name of which I never heard before, I am so far from understanding it. Tell me sincerely, do you thoroughly understand longation? Phoo! says he, perfectly well; but I do not love the tediousness of it. Then Balbinus asked him how much time it would take up? Too much, says he, almost a whole year; but in the meantime it is the safest way. Never trouble yourself about that, says Balbinus, although it should take up two years, if you can but depend upon your art.

To shorten the story: they came to an agreement that the business should be set on foot privately in Balbinus's house, upon this condition, that he should find art and Balbinus money, and the profit should be divided between them, although the impostor modestly offered that Balbinus should have the whole gain. They both took an oath of secrecy, after the manner of those that are initiated into mysterious secrets; and presently money is paid down for the artist to buy pots, glasses, coals, and other necessaries for furnishing the laboratory. This money our alchemist lavishes away on whores, gaming, and drinking. *Ph.* This is one way, however, of changing the species of things. *La.* Balbinus, pressing him to fall upon the business, he replies, Don't you very well know that what is well begun is half done? It is a great matter to have the materials well prepared. At last he begins to set up the furnace; and here there was occasion for more gold as a bait to catch more; for as a fish is not caught without a bait, so alchemists must cast gold in before they can fetch gold out. In the meantime Balbinus was busy in his accounts, for he reckoned thus, if one ounce made fifteen, what would be the product of

two thousand; for that was the sum that he determined to spend. When the alchemist had spent this money and two months' time, pretending to be wonderfully busy about the bellows and the coals, Balbinus inquired of him whether the business went forward? At first he made no answer, but at last he urging the question, he made him answer, As all great works do, the greatest difficulty of which is in entering upon them. He pretended he had made a mistake in buying the coals, for he had bought oaken ones when they should have been beechen or fir ones. There was a hundred crowns gone, and he did not spare to go to gaming again briskly.

Upon giving him new cash he gets new coals, and then the business is begun again with more resolution than before, just as soldiers do when they have happened to meet with a disaster, they repair it by bravery. When the laboratory had been kept hot for some months, and the golden fruit was expected, and there was not a grain of gold in the vessel (for the chemist had spent all that too), another pretence was found out—that the glasses they used were not rightly tempered, for, as every block will not make a mercury, so gold will not be made in any kind of glass. And by how much more money had been spent, by so much the loather he was to give it over, just as it is with gamesters, as if it were not better to lose some than all. *La.* Very true. *Ph.* The chemist swore he was never so cheated since he was born before, but now having found out his mistake, he could proceed with all the security in the world, and fetch up that loss with great interest. The glasses being changed, the laboratory is furnished the third time. Then the operator told him the operation would go on more successfully if he sent a present of crowns to the Virgin Mary, that you know is worshipped at Paris, for it was an holy act, and in order to have it carried on successfully it needed the favour of the saints.

Balbinus liked this advice wonderfully well, being a very pious man, that never let a day pass but he performed some act of devotion or other. The operator undertakes the religious pilgrimage, but spends this devoted money in a bawdy-house in the next town. Then he goes back and tells Balbinus that he had great hope that all would succeed according to their mind, the Virgin Mary seemed so to favour their endeavours. When he had laboured a long time, and not one crumb of gold appearing, Balbinus reasoning the matter with him, he answered that nothing like this had ever happened all his days to him, though he had so many times had experience of his method, nor could he so much as imagine what should be the reason of this failing. After they had beat their brains a long time about the matter, Balbinus bethought himself whether he had any day missed going to chapel or saying the horary prayers, for nothing would succeed if these were omitted. Says the impostor, You have hit it. Wretch that I am, I have been guilty of that once or twice by forgetfulness, and lately rising from table after a long dinner, I had forgot to say the salutation of the Virgin. Why then, says Balbinus, it is no wonder that a thing of this moment succeeds no better. The trickster undertakes to perform twelve services for two that he had omitted, and to repay ten salutations for that one.

When money every now and then failed this extravagant operator,

and he could not find out any pretence to ask for more, he at last bethought himself of this project. He comes home like one frightened out of his wits, and in a very mournful tone cries out, O Balbinus, I am utterly undone, undone; I am in danger of my life. Balbinus was astonished, and was impatient to know what was the matter. The court, says he, have got an inkling of what we have been about, and I expect nothing else but to be carried to gaol immediately. Balbinus at the hearing of this turned pale as ashes; for you know it is capital with us for any man to practise alchemy without a licence from the prince. He goes on, Not, says he, that I am afraid of death myself, I wish that were the worst that would happen—I fear something more cruel. Balbinus asking him what that was, he replied, I shall be carried away into some castle, and there be forced to work all my days for those I have no mind to serve. Is there any death so bad as such a life?

The matter was then debated, Balbinus being a man that very well understood the art of rhetoric, casts his thoughts every way if this mischief could be prevented any way. Cannot you deny the crime, says he? By no means, says the other, the matter is known among the courtiers, and they have such proof of it that it cannot be evaded, and there is no defending of the fact, for the law is point blank against it. Many things having been proposed, but coming to no conclusion that seemed feasible, says the alchemist who wanted present money, O Balbinus, we apply ourselves to slow counsels, when the matter requires a present remedy. It will not be long before they will be here that will apprehend me and carry me away into tribulation. And last of all, seeing Balbinus at a stand, says the alchemist, I am as much at a loss as you, nor do I see any way left but to die like a man, unless you shall approve what I am going to propose, which is more profitable than honourable, but necessity is a hard chapter. You know these sort of men are hungry after money, and so may be the more easily bribed to secrecy. Although it is a hard case to give these rascals money to throw away; but yet, as the case now stands, I see no better way. Balbinus was of the same opinion, and he lays down thirty guineas to bribe them to hush up the matter.

Ph. Balbinus was wonderfully liberal, as you tell the story. *La.* Nay, in an honest cause you would sooner have got his teeth out of his head than money. Well, then, the alchemist was provided for, who was in no danger, but that of wanting money for his wench. *Ph.* I wonder Balbinus could not smoke the roguery all this while. *La.* This is the only thing that he is soft in; he is as sharp as a needle in anything else. Now the furnace is set to work again with new money, but first a short prayer is made to the Virgin Mary to prosper their undertakings. By this time there had been a whole year spent, first one obstacle being pretended and then another, so that all the expense and labour were lost. In the meantime there fell out one most ridiculous chance. *Ph.* What was that? *La.* The alchemist had a criminal correspondence with a certain courtier's lady. The husband, beginning to be jealous, watched him narrowly, and in the conclusion, having intelligence that the priest was in the bedchamber, he comes home before he was looked for, knocks at the door. *Ph.* What did he design to do to him? *La.* What! Why nothing very good, either

kill him or geld him. When the husband, being very pressing to come, threatened he would break open the door if his wife did not open it, they were in bodily fear within, and cast about for some present resolution; and, circumstances admitting no better, he pulled off his coat and threw himself out of a narrow window, but not without both danger and mischief, and so got away.

Such stories as these, you know, are soon spread, and it came to Balbinus's ear, and the chemist guessed it would be so. *Ph.* There was no getting off of this business. *La.* Yes, he got off better here than he did out at the window. Hear the man's invention. Balbinus said not a word to him about the matter, but it might be read in his countenance that he was no stranger to the talk of the town. The chemist knew Balbinus to be a man of piety, and in some points, I was going to say, superstitious, and such persons are very ready to forgive one that falls under his crime, let it be never so great; therefore he on purpose begins a talk about the success of their business, complaining that it had not succeeded as it used to do and as he would have it, and he wondered greatly what should be the reason of it.

Upon this discourse, Balbinus, who seemed otherwise to have been bent upon silence, taking an occasion, was a little moved. It is no hard matter, says he, to guess what the obstacle is. Sins are the obstacles that hinder our success, for pure works should be done by pure persons. At this word the projector fell down on his knees, and beating his breast with a very mournful tone and dejected countenance, says, O Balbinus! what you have said is very true, it is sin, it is sin that has been the hindrance; but my sins, not yours; for I am not ashamed to confess my uncleanness before you, as I would before my most holy father confessor. The frailty of my flesh overcame me, and Satan drew me into his snares; and, oh! miserable wretch that I am, of a priest I am become an adulterer; and yet the offering that you sent to the virgin mother is not wholly lost neither, for I had perished inevitably if she had not helped me; for the husband broke open the door upon me, and the window was too little for me to get out at; and in this pinch of danger I bethought myself of the blessed Virgin, and I fell upon my knees and besought her that if the gift was acceptable to her she would assist me; and in a minute I went to the window, for necessity forced me so to do, and found it large enough for me to get out at. *Ph.* Well, and did Balbinus believe all this? *La.* Believe it, yes, and pardoned him too, and admonished him very religiously not to be ungrateful to the blessed Virgin. Nay, there was more money laid down upon his giving his promise that he would for the future carry on the process with purity.

Ph. Well, what was the end of all this? *La.* The story is very long, but I will cut it short. When he had played upon Balbinus long enough with these inventions and wheedled him out of a considerable sum of money, a certain gentleman happened to come there that had known the knave from a child. He easily imagining that he was acting the same part with Balbinus that he had been acting everywhere, admonishes Balbinus privately, and acquainted him what sort of a fellow he harboured, advising him to get rid of him as soon as possible, unless he had a mind to have him sometime or other to rifle his coffers and then run away. *Ph.* Well, what did Balbinus do

then? Sure he took care to have him sent to gaol? *La.* To gaol! Nay, he gave him money to bear his charges, and conjured him by all that was sacred not to speak a word of what had happened between them. And, in my opinion, it was his wisdom so to do, rather than to be the common laughing-stock and table-talk, and run the risk of the confiscation of his goods besides; for the impostor was in no danger, he knew no more of the matter than an ass, and cheating is a small fault in these sort of cattle. If he had charged him with theft his ordination would have saved him from the gallows, and nobody would have been at the charge of maintaining such a fellow in prison. *Ph.* I should pity Balbinus, but that he took pleasure in being gulled. *La.* I must now make haste to the hall. At another time I will tell you stories more ridiculous than this. *Ph.* When you shall be at leisure I shall be glad to hear them, and I will give you story for story.

THE HORSE-CHEAT.

Aulus, Phœdrus.

Au. Good God! what a grave countenance our Phædrus has put on, gaping ever and anon into the air. I will attack him. Phædrus, what news to-day? *Ph.* Why do you ask me that question, Aulus? *Au.* Because of a Phædrus you seem to have become a Cato, there is so much sourness in your countenance. *Ph.* That is no wonder, my friend, I am just come from confession. *Au.* Nay, then my wonder is over; but tell me upon your honest word did you confess all? *Ph.* All that I could remember but one. *Au.* And why did you reserve that one? *Ph.* Because I cannot be out of love with it. *Au.* It must needs be some pleasant sin. *Ph.* I cannot tell whether it is a sin or no; but if you are at leisure you shall hear what it is. *Au.* I would be glad to hear it, with all my heart. *Ph.* You know what cheating tricks are played by our jockeys, who sell and let out horses. *Au.* Yes, I know more of them than I wish I did, having been cheated by them more than once.

Ph. I had occasion lately to go a pretty long journey, and I was in great haste; I went to one that you would have said was none of the worst of them, and there was some small matter of friendship between us. I told him I had an urgent business to do, and had occasion for a strong able gelding; desiring, that if he would ever be my friend in anything he would be so now. He promised me that he would use me as kindly as if I were his own dear brother. *Au.* It may be he would have cheated his brother. *Ph.* He leads me into the stable, and bids me choose which I would out of them all. At last I pitched upon one that I liked better than the rest. He commends my judgment, protesting that a great many persons had had a mind to that horse; but he resolved to keep him rather for a singular friend than sell him to a stranger. I agreed with him as to the price, paid him down his money, got upon the horse's back. Upon the first setting out my steed falls a prancing; you would have said he was a horse of mettle; he was plump, and in good case. But by that time I had rode him an hour and a half, I perceived he was downright tired, nor could I by spurring him get him any farther. I had heard

that such jades had been kept for cheats, that you would take by their looks to be very good horses, but were worth nothing for service. I says to myself presently, I am caught. But when I come home again I will shew him trick for trick.

Au. But what did you do in this case, being a horseman without a horse? *Ph.* I did what I was obliged to do. I turned into the next village, and there I set my horse up privately with an acquaintance, and hired another and prosecuted my journey; and when I came back I returned my hired horse, and finding my own in very good case and thoroughly rested, I mounted his back and rode back to the horse-courser, desiring him to set him up for a few days till I called for him again. He asked me how well he carried me. I swore by all that was good that I never bestrid a better nag in my life, that he flew rather than walked, nor never tired the least in the world in all so long a journey, nor was a hair the leaner for it. I having made him believe that these things were true, he thought with himself he had been mistaken in this horse; and therefore, before I went away, he asked me if I would sell the horse. I refused at first; because if I should have occasion to go such another journey, I should not easily get the fellow of him; but, however, I value nothing so much but I would sell it, if I could have a good price for it, although anybody had a mind to buy myself. *Au.* This was fighting a man with his own weapons. *Ph.* In short, he would not let me go away before I had set a price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he cost me.

Being gone, I got an acquaintance to act for me, and gave him instructions how to behave himself. He goes to the house and calls for the horse-courser, telling him that he had occasion for a very good, and a very hardy nag. The horse-courser shews him a great many horses, still commending the worst most of all; but says not a word of that horse he had sold me, verily believing he was such as I had represented him. My friend presently asked whether that was not to be sold—for I had given him a description of the horse and the place where he stood. The horse-courser at first made no answer but commended the rest very highly. The gentleman liked the other horses pretty well, but always treated about that very horse. At last thinks the horse-courser with himself, I have certainly been out in my judgment as to this horse, if this stranger could presently pick this horse out of so many. He insisting upon it, He may be sold, says he, but it may be you will be frightened at the price. The price, says he, is a case of no great importance, if the goodness of the thing be answerable. Tell me the price. He told him something more than I had set him at to him, getting the overplus to himself. At last the price was agreed on, and a good large earnest was given, a ducat of gold to bind the bargain. The purchaser gives the ostler a groat, orders him to give his horse some corn, and he would come by and by and fetch him.

As soon as ever I heard the bargain was made so firmly that it could not be undone again, I go immediately, booted and spurred, to the horse-courser, and being out of breath calls for my horse. He comes and asks what I wanted. Says I, Get my horse ready presently, for I must be gone this moment upon an extraordinary affair. But, says he, you bid me keep the horse a few days. That is true, said I, but this business has happened unexpectedly, and it is the king's business,

and it will admit of no delay. Says he, Take your choice, which you will of all my horses; you cannot have your own. I asked him why so? Because, says he, he is sold. Then I pretended to be in a great passion: God forbid, says I; as this journey has happened, I would not sell him if any man would offer me four times his price. I fell to wrangling, and cry out I am ruined. At length he grew a little warm too. What occasion is there for all this contention? You set a price upon your horse, and I have sold him; if I pay you your money you have nothing more to do to me; we have laws in this city, and you cannot compel me to produce the horse.

When I had clamoured a good while, that he would either produce the horse or the man that bought him, he at last pays me down the money in a passion. I had bought him for fifteen guineas, I set him to him at twenty-six, and he had valued him at thirty-two, and so computed with himself, I had better make that profit of him than restore the horse. I go away, as if I was vexed in my mind, and scarcely pacified, though the money was paid me. He desires me not to take it amiss, he would make me amends some other way. So I bit the biter. He has a horse not worth a groat; he expected that he that had given him the earnest should come and pay him the money; but nobody came, nor ever will come. *Au.* But in the meantime, did he never expostulate the matter with you? *Ph.* With what face or colour could he do that? I have met him over and over since, and he complained of the unfairness of the buyer. But I often reasoned the matter with him, and told him he deserved to be so served, who by his hasty sale of him had deprived me of my horse. This was a fraud so well placed, in my opinion, that I could not find it in my heart to confess it as a fault. *Au.* If I had done such a thing, I should have been so far from confessing it as a fault, that I should have required a statue for it. *Ph.* I cannot tell whether you speak as you think or not, but you set me agog, however, to be paying more of these fellows in their own coin.

THE BEGGARS' DIALOGUE.

Irides, Misoponus.

Ir. What new sort of bird is this I see flying here? I know the face, but the clothes don't suit it. If I am not quite mistaken, this is Misoponus. I will venture to speak to him, as ragged as I am. God save you, Misoponus. *Mis.* Hold your tongue, I say. *Ir.* What is the matter; may not a person salute you? *Mis.* Not by that name. *Ir.* Why, what has happened to you? Are you not the same man that you were? What, have you changed your name with your clothes? *Mis.* No, but I have taken up my old name again. *Ir.* Who was you, then? *Mis.* Apitius. *Ir.* Never be ashamed of your old acquaintance, if anything of a better fortune has happened to you. It is not long since you belonged to our order. *Mis.* Prithee, come hither, and I will tell you the whole story. I am not ashamed of your order, but I am ashamed of the order that I was first of myself. *Ir.* What order do you mean? That of the Franciscans? *Mis.* No, by no means, my good friend; but the order of the spendthrifts. *Ir.* In truth, you have a great many companions of that order.

Mis. I had a good fortune, I spent lavishly, and when I began to be in want nobody knew Apitius. I ran away for shame, and betook myself to your college; I liked that better than digging. *Ir.* Very wisely done; but how comes your body to be in so good case of late? for as to your change of clothes, I don't so much wonder at that. *Mis.* Why so? *Ir.* Because the goddess Laverna makes many rich on a sudden. *Mis.* What! do you think I got an estate by thieving, then? *Ir.* Nay, perhaps more idly, by rapine. *Mis.* No, I swear by your goddess Penia, neither by thieving nor by rapine. But first I will satisfy you as to the state of my body, which seems to you to be the most admirable. *Ir.* For when you were with us, you were all over full of sores. *Mis.* But I have since made use of a very friendly physician. *Ir.* Who? *Mis.* No other person but myself, unless you think anybody is more friendly to me than I am to myself. *Ir.* But I never knew you understood physic before.

Mis. Why, all that dress was nothing but a cheat I had daubed on with paints, frankincense, brimstone, rosin, bird-lime, and clouts dipped in blood; and what I put on, when I pleased I took off again. *Ir.* O impostor! nothing appeared more miserable than you were. You might have acted the part of Job in a tragedy. *Mis.* My necessity made me do it, though fortune sometimes is apt to change the skin too. *Ir.* Well, then, tell me of your fortune. Have you found a treasure? *Mis.* No; but I have found out a way of getting money that is a little better than yours. *Ir.* What could you get money out of that had no stock? *Mis.* An artist will live anywhere. *Ir.* I understand you now, you mean the art of picking pockets. *Mis.* Not so hard upon me, I pray; I mean the art of chemistry. *Ir.* Why, it is scarce above a fortnight since you went away from us, and have you in that time learned an art that others can hardly learn in many years? *Mis.* But I have got a shorter way. *Ir.* Prithee, what way?

Mis. When I had gotten almost four guineas by your art, I happened, as good luck would have it, to fall into the company of an old companion of mine, who had managed his matters in the world no better than I had done. We went to drink together; he began, as the common custom is, to tell of his adventures. I made a bargain with him to pay his reckoning upon condition that he should faithfully teach me his art. He taught it me very honestly, and now it is my livelihood. *Ir.* May not a person learn it? *Mis.* I will teach it you for nothing for old acquaintance sake. You know that there are everywhere a great many that are very fond of this art. *Ir.* I have heard so, and I believe it is true. *Mis.* I take all opportunities of insinuating myself into their acquaintance, and talk big of my art, and wherever I find an hungry sea-cob I throw him out a bait. *Ir.* How do you do that? *Mis.* I caution him by all means not rashly to trust men of that profession, for that they are most of them cheats, that by their hocus-pocus tricks pick the pockets of those that are not cautious. *Ir.* That prologue is not fit for your business.

Mis. Nay, I add this further, that I would not have them believe me myself, unless they saw the matter plainly with their own eyes, and felt it with their hands. *Ir.* You speak of a wonderful confidence you have in your art. *Mis.* I bid them be present all the while the metamorphosis is under the operation, and to look on very attentively,

and that they may have the less reason to doubt, to perform the whole operation with their own hands, while I stand at a distance, and do not so much as put my finger to it. I put them to refine the melted matter themselves, or carry it to the refiners to be done; I tell them beforehand how much silver or gold it will afford. And, in the last place, I bid them carry the melted mass to several goldsmiths, to have it tried by the touchstone. They find the exact weight that I told them—they find it to be the finest gold or silver; it is all one to me which it is, except that the experiment in silver is the less chargeable to me. *Ir.* But has your art no cheat in it? *Mis.* It is a mere cheat all over. *Ir.* I cannot see where the cheat lies. *Mis.* I will make you see it presently.

I first make a bargain for my reward; but I will not be paid before I have given a proof of the thing itself. I give them a little powder, as though the whole business was effected by the virtue of that; but I never tell them how to make it, except they purchase it at a very great price. And I make them take an oath, that for six months they shall not discover the secret to anybody living. *Ir.* But I have not heard the cheat yet. *Mis.* The whole mystery lies in one coal that I have prepared for this purpose. I make a coal hollow, and into it I pour melted silver, to the quantity I tell them beforehand will be produced. And after the powder is put in, I set the pot in such a manner that it is covered all over, above, beneath, and sides with coals, and I persuade them that the art consists in that. Among those coals that are laid at top, I put in one that has the silver or gold in it; that being melted by the heat of the fire, falls down among the other metal, which melts, as suppose tin or brass, and upon the separation it is found and taken out. *Ir.* A ready way; but how do you manage the fallacy, when another does it all with his own hands?

Mis. When he has done everything according to my direction, before the crucible is stirred I come and look about to see if nothing has been omitted, and then I say that there seems to want a coal or two at the top, and pretending to take one out of the coal-heap, I privately lay on one of my own, or have laid it there ready beforehand, which I can take, and nobody know anything of the matter. *Ir.* But when they try to do this without you, and it does not succeed, what excuse have you to make? *Mis.* I am safe enough when I have got my money. I pretend one thing or other, either that the crucible was cracked, or the coals naught, or the fire not well tempered. And, in the last place, one part of the mystery of my profession is, never to stay long in the same place.

Ir. And is there so much profit in this art as to maintain you? *Mis.* Yes, and nobly too; and I would have you for the future, if you are wise, leave off that wretched trade of begging, and follow ours. *Ir.* Nay, I should rather choose to bring you back to our trade. *Mis.* What! that I should voluntarily return again to that I have escaped from, and forsake that which I have found profitable? *Ir.* This profession of ours has this property in it, that it grows pleasant by custom. And thence it is, that though many have fallen off from the order of St. Francis or St. Benedict, did you ever know any that had been long in our order quit it? For you could scarce taste the sweetness of beggary in so few months as you followed it. *Mis.* That little taste

I had of it taught me that it was the most wretched life in nature. *Ir.* Why does nobody quit it, then? *Mis.* Perhaps because they are naturally wretched. *Ir.* I would not change this wretchedness for the fortune of a king; for there is nothing more like a king than the life of a beggar. *Mis.* What strange story do I hear? Is nothing more like snow than a coal? *Ir.* Wherein consists the greatest happiness of kings? *Mis.* Because in that they can do what they please.

Ir. As for that liberty, than which nothing is sweeter, we have more of it than any king upon earth; and I do not doubt but there are many kings that envy us beggars. Let there be war or peace, we live secure; we are not pressed for soldiers, nor put upon parish-offices, nor taxed. When the people are loaded with taxes, there is no scrutiny into our way of living. If we commit anything that is illegal, who will sue a beggar? If we beat a man, he will be ashamed to fight with a beggar. Kings cannot live at ease neither in war nor in peace, and the greater they are, the greater are their fears. The common people are afraid to offend us, out of a certain sort of reverence, as being consecrated to God. *Mis.* But then, how nasty are ye in your rags and kennels! *Ir.* What do they signify to real happiness? Those things you speak of are out of a man. We owe our happiness to these rags. *Mis.* But I am afraid a good part of your happiness will fail you in a short time. *Ir.* How so? *Mis.* Because I have heard a talk in the cities that there will be a law that mendicants shall not be allowed to stroll about at their pleasure, but every city shall maintain its own poor, and that they that are able shall be made to work. *Ir.* What reason have they for this? *Mis.* Because they find great rogueries committed under pretence of begging, and that there are great inconveniences arise to the public from your order. *Ir.* Ay, I have heard these stories time after time, and they will bring it about when the devil is blind. *Mis.* Perhaps sooner than you would have it.

THE FABULOUS BANQUET.

Polymythus, Gelasinus, Eutrapelus, Astœus, Philythlus, Philogelos, Euglottus, Lerochares, Adolesches.

Po. As it is unfitting for a well ordered city to be without laws and without a governor; so neither ought a feast to be without orders and a president. *Ge.* If I may speak for the rest I like it very well. *Po.* Soho, sirrah! bring hither the dice, the matter shall be determined by their votes; he shall be our president that Jupiter shall favour. Oh, brave! Eutrapelus has it, the fittest man that could be chosen, if we had every individual man of us thrown. There is an usual proverb that has more truth in it than good Latin—*Novus rex nova lex*, new lords new laws. Therefore, king, make thou laws.

Eut. That this may be a merry and happy banquet, in the first place I command that no man tell a story but what is a ridiculous one. He that shall have no story to tell shall pay a groat, to be spent in wine; and stories invented extempore shall be allowed as legitimate, provided regard be had to probability and decency. If nobody shall want a story, let those two that tell, the one the pleasantest and the other the dullest, pay for wine. Let the master of the feast be at no

charge for wine, but only for the provisions of the feast. If any difference about this matter shall happen, let Gelasinus be judge. If you agree to these conditions, let them be ratified. He that will not observe the orders let him be gone, but with liberty to come again to a collation the next day. We give our votes for the passing the bill our king has brought in. But who must tell the first story? *Eug.* Who should but the master of the feast?

As. But, Mr. King, may I have the liberty to speak three words? *Eut.* What, do you take the feast to be an unlucky one? *As.* The lawyers deny that to be law that is not just. *Eut.* I grant it. *As.* Your law makes the best and worst stories equal. *Eut.* Where diversion is the thing aimed at, there he deserves as much commendation who tells the worst as he that tells the best story, because it affords as much merriment; as amongst songsters none are admired but they that sing very well, or they that sing very ill. Do not more laugh to hear the cuckoo than to hear the nightingale? In this case mediocrity is not praiseworthy. *As.* But pray, why must they be punished that carry off the prize? *Eut.* Lest their too great felicity should expose them to envy, if they should carry away the prize, and go shot-free too. *As.* By Bacchus, Minos himself never made a juster law.

Ph. Do you make no order as to the method of drinking? *Eut.* Having considered the matter, I will follow the example of Agesilaus king of the Lacedemonians. *Ph.* What did he do? *Eut.* Upon a certain time, he being by lot chosen master of the feast, when the marshal of the hall asked him how much wine he should set before every man? If, says he, you have a great deal of wine, let every man have as much as he calls for, but if you are scarce of wine, give every man equally alike. *Ph.* What did the Lacedemonian mean by that? *Eut.* He did this that it might neither be a drunken feast nor a querulous one. *Ph.* Why so? *Eut.* Because some love to drink plentifully, and some sparingly, and some drink no wine at all; such an one Romulus is said to have been. For if nobody has any wine but what he asks for, in the first place nobody is compelled to drink, and there is no want to them that love to drink more plentifully. And so it comes to pass that nobody is melancholy at the table. And again, if of a less quantity of wine every one has an equal portion, they that drink moderately have enough; nor can anybody complain in an equality, and they that would have drank more largely are contentedly temperate. If you like it, this is the example I would imitate, for I would have this feast to be a fabulous, but not a drunken one.

Ph. But what did Romulus drink then? *Eut.* The same that dogs drink. *Ph.* Was not that unbeseeming a king? *Eut.* No more than it is unseemly for a king to draw the same air that dogs do, unless there is this difference, that a king does not drink the very same water that a dog drank, but a dog draws in the very same air that the king breathed out; and on the contrary, the king draws in the very same air that the dog breathed out. It would have been much more to Alexander's glory if he had drank with the dogs. For there is nothing worse for a king, who has the care of so many thousand persons, than drunkenness. But the apothegm that Romulus very wittily made use of shews plainly that he was no wine-drinker. For

when a certain person, taking notice of his abstaining from wine, said to him, that wine would be very cheap if all men drank as he did; Nay, says he, in my opinion it would be very dear if all men drank it as I drink, for I drink as much as I please. *Ge.* I wish our John Botzemus, the canon of Constance, was here; he would look like another Romulus to us: for he is as abstemious as he is reported to have been; but nevertheless, he is a good-humoured, facetious companion.

Po. But come on, if you can, I will not say drink and blow, which Plautus says is a hard matter to do; but if you can eat and hear at one and the same time, which is a very easy matter, I will begin the exercise of telling stories, and auspiciously. If the story be not a pleasant one, remember it is a Dutch one.

I suppose some of you have heard of the name of Maccus! *Ge.* Yes, he has not been dead long. *Po.* He coming once to the city of Leyden, and being a stranger there, had a mind to make himself taken notice of for an arch trick (for that was his humour); he goes into a shoemaker's shop and salutes him. The shoemaker, desirous to sell his wares, asks him what he would buy. Maccus setting his eyes upon a pair of boots that hung up there, the shoemaker asked him if he would buy any boots. Maccus assenting to it, he looks out a pair that would fit him, and when he had found them brings them out very readily, and, as the usual way is, draws them on. Maccus being very well fitted with a pair of boots, How well, says he, would a pair of double-soled shoes agree with these boots? The shoemaker asks him if he would have a pair of shoes too. He assents; a pair is looked out presently and put on. Maccus commends the boots, commends the shoes. The shoemaker, glad in his mind to hear him talk so, seconds him as he commended them, hoping to get a better price, since the customer liked his goods so well.

And by this time they were grown a little familiar; then says Maccus, Tell me, upon your word, whether it never was your hap, when you had fitted a man with boots and shoes, as you have me, to have him go away without paying for them? No, never in all my life, says he. But, says Maccus, if such a thing should happen to you, what would you do in the case? Why, quoth the shoemaker, I would run after him. Then says Maccus, but are you in jest or in earnest? In earnest, says the other, and I would do it in earnest too. Says Maccus, I will try whether you will or no. See I run for the shoes, and you are to follow me, and out he runs in a minute; the shoemaker follows him immediately as fast as ever he could run, crying out, Stop thief, stop thief. This noise brings the people out of their houses. Maccus, laughing, hinders them from laying hold of him by this device, Do not stop me, says he, we are running a race for a wager of a pot of ale; and so they all stood still and looked on, thinking the shoemaker had craftily made that outcry that he might have the opportunity to get before him. At last the shoemaker, being tired with running, gives out, and goes sweating, puffing, and blowing home again: so Maccus got the prize.

Ge. Maccus indeed escaped the shoemaker, but did not escape the thief. *Po.* Why so? *Ge.* Because he carried the thief along with him. *Po.* Perhaps he might not have money at that time, but paid for them afterwards. *Ge.* He might have indicted him for a robbery.

Po. That was attempted afterwards, but now the magistrates knew Maccus. *Ge.* What did Maccus say for himself? *Po.* Do you ask what he said for himself in so good a cause as this? The plaintiff was in more danger than the defendant. *Ge.* How so? *Po.* Because he arrested him in an action of defamation, and prosecuted him upon the statute of Rheims, which says, that he that charges a man with what he cannot prove shall suffer the penalty which the defendant was to suffer if he had been convicted. He denied that he had meddled with another man's goods without his leave, but that he put them upon him, and that there was no mention made of anything of a price; but that he challenged the shoemaker to run for a wager, and that he accepted the challenge, and that he had no reason to complain because he had outrun him. *Ge.* This action was pretty much like that of the shadow of the ass. Well, but what then? *Po.* When they had had laughing enough at the matter, one of the judges invites Maccus to supper, and paid the shoemaker his money.

Just such another thing happened a daventer when I was a boy. It was at a time when it is the fishmonger's fair and the butchers' time to be starved. A certain man stood at a fruiterer's stall, or oporopolist's, if you would have it in Greek. The woman was a very fat woman, and he stared very hard upon the ware she had to sell. She, according as the custom is, invites him to have what he had a mind to; and perceiving he set his eyes upon some figs, Would you please to have figs? says she, they are very fine ones. He gives her a nod. She asks him how many pounds; Would you have five pounds, says she? He nods again; she turns him five pounds into his apron. While she is laying by her scales, he walks off, not in any great haste, but very gravely. When she comes out to take her money her chap was gone; she follows him, making more noise than haste after him. He, taking no notice, goes on; at last a great many getting together at the woman's outcry, he stands still, pleads his cause in the midst of the multitude: there was very good sport; he denies that he bought any figs of her, but that she gave them him freely; if she had a mind to have a trial for it, he would put in an appearance.

Ge. Well, I will tell you a story not much unlike yours, nor perhaps not much inferior to it, saving it has not so celebrated an author as Maccus. Pythagoras divided the market into three sorts of persons—those that went thither to sell, those that went thither to buy; both these sorts were a careful sort of people, and therefore unhappy: others came to see what was there to be sold, and what was done; these only were the happy people, because being free from care, they took their pleasure freely. And this, he said, was the manner that a philosopher conversed in this world, as they do in a market. But there is a fourth kind of persons that walk about in our markets, who neither buy nor sell, nor are idle spectators of what others do, but lie upon the catch to steal what they can; and of this last sort there are some that are wonderful dexterous. You would swear they were born under a lucky planet. Our entertainer gave us a tale with an epilogue; I will give you one with a prologue to it. Now you shall hear what happened lately at Antwerp.

An old priest had received there a pretty handsome sum of money, but it was in silver. A sharper has his eye upon him; he goes to the

priest, who had put his money in a large bag in his cassock, where it bouged out; he salutes him very civilly, and tells him that he had orders to buy a surplice, which is the chief vestment used in performing divine service, for the priest of his parish; he entreats him to lend him a little assistance in this matter, and to go with him to those that sell such attire, that he might fit one according to his size, because he was much about the same stature with the parson of his parish. This being but a small kindness, the old priest promises to do it very readily. They go to a certain shop, a surplice is shewn them, the old priest puts it on, the seller says, It fits him as exactly as if made for him; the sharper viewing the old priest before and behind, likes the surplice very well, but only found fault that it was too short before. The seller, lest he should lose his customer, says, That was not the fault of the surplice, but that the bag of money that stuck out made it look shorter there. To be short, the old priest lays his bag down; then they view it over again, and while the old priest stands with his back towards it, the sharper catches it up and runs away as fast as he could. The priest runs after him in the surplice as he was, and the shopkeeper after the priest; the old priest cries out, Stop thief; the salesman cries out, Stop the priest; the sharper cries out, Stop the mad priest; and they took him to be mad, when they saw him run in the open street in such a dress: so one hindering the other, the sharper gets clear off.

Eut. Hanging is too good for such a rogue. *Ge.* It is so, if he be not hanged already. *Eut.* I would not have him hanged only, but all those that encourage such monstrous rogues to the damage of the state. *Ge.* They do not encourage them for nothing; there is a fellow feeling between them from the lowest to the highest. *Eut.* Well, but let us return to our stories again. *As.* It comes to your turn now, if it be meet to oblige a king to keep his turn. *Eut.* I will not need to be forced to keep my turn, I will keep it voluntarily; I should be a tyrant, and not a king, if I refused to comply with those laws I prescribe to others. *As.* But some folks say that a prince is above the law. *Eut.* That saying is not altogether false, if by prince you mean that great prince who was called Cæsar; and then, if by being above the law, you mean that whereas others do in some measure keep the laws by constraint, he of his own inclination more exactly observes them. For a good prince is that to the body politic which the mind is to the body natural. What need was there to have said a good prince, when a bad prince is no prince?—as an unclean spirit that possesses the human body, is not the soul of that body. But to return to my story; and I think that as I am king, it becomes me to tell a kingly story.

Louis, king of France, the eleventh of that name, when his affairs were disturbed at home, took a journey to Burgundy; and there upon the occasion of a hunting contracted a familiarity with one Conon, a country farmer, but a plain, downright honest man; and kings delight in the conversation of such men. The king, when he went a hunting, used often to go to his house; and as great princes do sometimes delight themselves with mean matters, he used to be mightily pleased in eating of his turnips. Not long after Louis having settled his affairs, obtained the government of the French nation; Conon's wife puts him upon remembering the king of his old entertainment at their house, bids him

go to him, and make him a present of some rare turnips. Conon at first would not hear of it, saying he should lose his labour, for that princes took no notice of such small matters; but his wife over-persuaded him. Conon picks out a parcel of choice turnips, and gets ready for his journey; but growing hungry by the way, eats them all up but one very large one. When Conon had got admission into the hall that the king was to pass through, the king knew him presently, and sent for him; and he with a great deal of cheerfulness offers his present, and the king with as much readiness of mind receives it, commanding one that stood near him to lay it up very carefully among his greatest rarities. He commands Conon to dine with him, and after dinner thanks him; and Conon being desirous to go back into his own country, the king orders him 1,000 crowns for his turnip.

When the report of this thing, as it is common, was spread abroad through the king's household servants, one of the courtiers presents the king with a very fine horse. The king knowing that it was his liberality to Conon that had put him upon this, he hoping to make a great advantage by it, he accepted it with a great deal of pleasure, and calling a council of his nobles, began to debate with what present he should make a recompence for so fine and valuable a horse. In the meantime the giver of the horse began to be flushed with expectation, thinking thus with himself, If he made such a recompence for a poor turnip offered him by a country farmer, how much more magnificently will he requite the present of so fine a horse by a courtier? When one answered one thing, and another another to the king that was consulting about it as a matter of great moment, and the designing courtier had been for a long time kept in fools' paradise, at length, says the king, It is just now come into my mind what return to make him, and calling one of his noblemen to him, whispers him in the ear, bids him go fetch him what he found in his bedchamber (telling him the place where it lay) choicely wrapped up in silk; the turnip is brought, and the king with his own hand gives it the courtier, wrapped up as it was, saying that he thought he had richly requited the present of the horse by so choice a rarity as had cost him 1,000 crowns. The courtier going away and taking off the covering, did not find a coal instead of a treasure, according to the old proverb, but a dry turnip; and so the biter was bitten, and soundly laughed at by everybody into the bargain.

Æs. But, Mr. King, if you will please to permit me, who am but a peasant, to speak of regal matters, I will tell you something that comes into my mind, by hearing your story concerning the same Louis; for as one link of a chain draws on another, so one story draws on another. A certain servant seeing a louse crawling upon the king's coat, falling upon his knees and lifting up his hand, gives notice that he had a mind to do some sort of service. Louis offering himself to him, he takes off the louse and threw it away privately; the king asks him what it was; he seemed ashamed to tell him, but the king urging him, he confessed it was a louse. That is a very good sign, says he, for it shews me to be a man, because this sort of vermin particularly haunts mankind, especially while they are young, and ordered him a present of forty crowns for his good service.

Some time after, another person (who had seen how well he came

off that had performed so small a service), not considering that there is a great difference between doing a thing sincerely and doing it craftily, approached the king with the like gesture; and he offering himself to him, he made a show of taking something of his garment, which he presently threw away. But when the king was urgent upon him, seeming unwilling to tell what it was, mimicking abundance of modesty, he at last told him it was a flea. The king perceiving the fraud, says to him, What, do you make a dog of me? and orders him to be taken away, and instead of forty crowns orders him forty stripes.

Ph. I hear it is no good jesting with kings; for as lions will sometimes stand still to be stroked, are lions again when they please, and kill their playfellow, just so princes play with men. But I will tell you a story not much unlike yours, not to go off from Louis, who used to take a pleasure in tricking tricksters. He had received a present of ten thousand crowns from some place, and as often as the courtiers know the king has gotten any fresh money, all the officers are presently upon the hunt to catch some part of it. This Louis knew very well: this money being poured out upon a table, he, to raise all their expectations, thus bespeaks them, What say you, am not I a very rich king? Where shall I bestow all this money? It was presented to me, and I think it is meet I should make presents of it again. Where are all my friends to whom I am indebted for their good services? Now let them come before this money is gone. At that word a great many came running; everybody hoped to get some of it.

The king taking notice of one that looked very wishfully upon it, and as if he would devour it with his eyes, turning to him, says, Well, friend, what have you to say? He informed the king that he had for a long time very faithfully kept the king's hawks, and been at a great expense thereby. One told him one thing, another another, every one setting out his service to the best advantage, and ever and anon lying into the bargain. The king heard them all very patiently, and approved of what they said. This consultation held a long time, that he might tease them the more, by keeping them betwixt hope and despair. Among the rest stood the great chancellor, for the king had ordered him to be sent for too; he, being wiser than the rest, says never a word of his own good services, but was only a spectator of the comedy.

At length the king turning toward him, says, Well, what says my chancellor to the matter? He is the only man that asks nothing, and says never a word of his good services. I, says the chancellor, have received more already from your royal bounty than I have deserved. I am so far from craving more, that I am not desirous of anything so much as to behave myself worthy of the royal bounty I have received. Then, says the king, you are the only man of them all that does not want money. Says the chancellor, I must thank your bounty that I do not. Then he turns to the others and says, I am the most magnificent prince in the world, that have such a wealthy chancellor. This more inflamed all their expectations that the money would be distributed among them, since he desired none of it. When the king had played upon them after this manner a pretty while, he made the chancellor take it all up and carry it home; then turning to the rest, who now looked a little dull upon it, says he, You must stay till the next opportunity.

Phi. Perhaps that I am going to tell you will not seem so entertaining. However, I entreat you that you would not be suspicious that I use any deceit or collusion, or think that I have a design to desire to be excused. One came to the same Louis with a petition that he would bestow upon him an office that happened to be vacant in the town where he lived. The king, hearing the petition read, answers immediately, You shall not have it, by that means putting him out of any future expectation; the petitioner immediately returns the king thanks and goes his way. The king observing the man's countenance, perceived he was no blockhead, and thinking perhaps he might have misunderstood what he said, bid him be called back again. He came back: then says the king, Did you understand what I said to you? I did understand you, quoth he. Why, what did I say? That I should not have it, said he. What did you thank me for then? Why, says he, I have some business to do at home, and therefore it would have been a trouble to me to have here danced attendance after a doubtful hope; now I look upon it a benefit that you have denied me the office quickly, and so I count myself to have gained whatsoever I should have lost by attendance upon it, and gone without it at last. By this answer, the king seeing the man to be no blockhead, having asked him a few questions, says he, You shall have what you asked for, that you may thank me twice, and turning to his officers, Let, says he, letters patent be made out for this man without delay, that he may not be detained here to his detriment.

Eug. I could tell you a story of Louis, but I had rather tell one of our Maximilian, who, as he was far from hiding his money in the ground, so he was very generous to those that had spent their estates, if they were nobly descended. He being minded to assist a young gentleman that had fallen under these circumstances, sent him on an embassy to demand an hundred thousand florins of a certain city, but I know not upon what account. But this was the condition of it, that if he by his dexterity could make any more of it, it should be his own. The ambassador extorted fifty thousand from them, and gave Cæsar thirty of them. Cæsar being glad te receive more than he expected, dismisses the man without asking any questions. In the meantime the treasurer and receivers smelt the matter, that he had received more than he had paid in; they importune Cæsar to send for him; he being sent for, comes immediately. Says Maximilian, I hear you have received fifty thousand. He confessed it. But you have paid in but thirty thousand. He confessed that too. Says he, You must give an account of it. He promised he would do it, and went away. But again, he doing nothing in it, the officers pressing the matter, he was called again; then says Cæsar to him, A little while ago you were ordered to make up the account. Says he, I remember it, and am ready to do it.

Cæsar, imagining that he had not settled it, let him go again; but he thus eluding the matter, the officers insisted more pressingly upon it, crying out it was a great affront to play upon Cæsar at this rate. They persuaded the king to send for him, and make him balance the account before them. Cæsar agrees to it, he is sent for, comes immediately, and does not refuse to do anything. Then says Cæsar, Did not you promise to balance the account? Yes, said he. Well, says he,

you must do it here; here are some to take your account; it must be put off no longer. The officers sat by with books ready for the purpose. The young man, being come to this pinch, replies very smartly: Most invincible Cæsar, I do not refuse to give an account, but am not very well skilled in these sort of accounts, never having given any; but these that sit here are very ready at such accounts. If I do but once see how they make up such accounts, I can very easily imitate them. I entreat you to command them but to shew me an example, and they shall see I am very docible. Cæsar perceived what he meant, but they upon whom it was spoken did not, and smiling, answered him, You say true, and what you demand is nothing but what is reasonable, and so dismissed the young man; for he intimated that they used to bring in such accounts to Cæsar as he had, that is, to keep good part of the money to themselves.

Le. Now it is time that our story-telling should pass, as they say, from better to worse, from kings to Anthony, a priest of Louvain, who was much in favour with Philip surnamed the Good. There are a great many things told of this man, both merrily said and wittily done, but most of them are something slovenly; for he used to season many of his jokes with a sort of perfume that has not a handsome sound but a worse scent. I will pick out one of the cleanest of them. He had given an invitation to one or two merry fellows that he had met with by chance as he went along, and when he comes home he finds a cold kitchen, nor had he any money in his pocket, which was no new thing with him; here was but little time for consultation. Away he goes and says nothing, but going into the kitchen of a certain usurer (that was an intimate acquaintance by reason of frequent dealings with him), when the maid was gone out of the way he makes off with one of the brass pots, with the meat ready boiled, under his coat, carries it home, gives it to his cook-maid, and bids her pour out the meat and broth into another earthen pot, and rub the usurer's brass one till it is bright. Having done this he sends his boy to the pawnbroker to borrow two groats upon it, but charges him to take a note that should be a testimonial that such a pot had been sent him. The pawnbroker, not knowing the pot, being scoured so bright, takes the pawn, gives him a note, and lays him down the money, and with that money the boy buys wine, and so he provided an entertainment for him.

By and by, when the pawnbroker's dinner was going to be taken up, the pot was missing. He scolds at the cook-maid. She being put hardly to it, affirmed nobody had been in the kitchen all that day but Anthony. It seemed an ill thing to suspect a priest. But, however, at last they went to him, searched the house for the pot, but no pot was found. But, in short, they charged him home with the pot, because he was the only person who had been in the kitchen till the pot was missing. He confessed that he had borrowed a pot, but that he had sent it home again to him from whom he had it. But they denying it stiffly, and high words arising, Anthony calling some witnesses, Look you, quoth he, how dangerous a thing it is to have dealings with men now-a-days without a note under their hands. I should have been in danger of being indicted for felony if I had not had the pawnbroker's own hand to shew. And with that he produces the note of his hand. They perceived the trick, and it made good sport all the country over,

that the pawnbroker had lent money upon his own porridge-pot. Men are commonly very well pleased with such tricks when they are put upon such as they have no good opinion of, especially such as use to impose upon other persons.

Ad. In truth, by mentioning the name of Anthony, you have laid open an ocean of merry stories; but I will tell but one, and a short one too, that was told me very lately. A certain company of jolly fellows, who are for a short life and a merry one, as they call it, were making merry together; among the rest there was one Anthony and another person, a noted fellow for an arch trick, a second Anthony. And as it is the custom of philosophers, when they meet together, to propound some questions or other about the things of Nature, so in this company a question was proposed,—Which was the most honourable part of a man? One said the eyes, another said the heart, another said the brain, and others said other parts; and every one alleged some reason for his assertion. Anthony was bid to speak his mind, and he gave his opinion that the mouth was the most honourable, and gave some reason for it, I cannot tell what. Upon that the other person, that he might thwart Anthony, made answer that that was the most honourable part that we sit upon; and when every one cried out that was absurd, he backed it with this reason, that he was commonly accounted the most honourable that was first seated, and that this honour was commonly done to the part that he spoke of. They applauded his opinion, and laughed heartily at it. The man was mightily pleased with his wit, and Anthony seemed to have the worst of it. Anthony turned the matter off very well, saying he had given the prime honour to the mouth for no other reason but because he knew that the other man would name some other part, if it were but out of envy to thwart him.

A few days after, when they were both invited again to an entertainment, Anthony going in finds his antagonist talking with some other persons, while supper was getting ready, and turning his arse towards him, lets a great —— full in his face. He being in a violent passion, says to him, Out, you saucy fellow, where was you dragged up —at Hogs Norton? Then says Anthony, What, are you angry? if I had saluted you with my mouth you would have answered me again; but now I salute you with the most honourable part of the body, in your own opinion, you call me saucy fellow. And so Anthony regained the reputation he had lost.

We have every one told our tale; now, Mr. Judge, it is your business to pass sentence. *Ge.* Well, I will do that, but not before every man has taken off his glass, and I will lead the way. But talk of the devil and he will appear. *Po.* Levinus Panagathus brings no bad luck along with him. *Lev.* Well, pray, what diversion has there been among this merry company? *Po.* What should we do but tell merry stories till you come? *Lev.* Well, then, I am come to conclude the meeting. I desire you all to come to-morrow to eat a theological dinner with me. *Ge.* You tell us of a melancholy entertainment indeed. *Lev.* That will appear. If you do not confess that it has been more entertaining than your fabulous one, I will be content to be amerced a supper; there is nothing more diverting than to treat of trifles in a serious manner.

THE LYING-IN WOMAN.

Eutrapelus, Fabulla.

Eu. Honest Fabulla, I am glad to see you; I wish you well. *Fa.* I wish you well heartily, Eutrapelus. But what is the matter more than ordinary that you that come so seldom to see me are come now? None of our family has seen you this three years. *Eu.* I will tell you; as I chanced to go by the door I saw the knocker (called a crow) tied up in a white cloth—I wondered what was the matter. *Fa.* What! are you such a stranger in this country as not to know that that is a token of a lying-in woman in that house? *Eu.* Why, pray is it not a strange sight to see a white crow? But without jesting, I did know very well what was the matter; but I could not dream that you that are scarce sixteen should learn so early the difficult art of getting children, which some can scarce attain before they are thirty. *Fa.* As you are Eutrapelus by name, so you are by nature. *Eu.* And so are you too; for Fabulla never wants a fable. And while I was in a quandary, Polygamus came by just in the nick of time. *Fa.* What, he that lately buried his tenth wife? *Eu.* The very same; but I believe you do not know that he goes a courting as hotly as if he had lived all his days a bachelor. I asked him what was the matter; he told me that in this house the body of a woman had been dissevered. For what great crime, says I? Says he, If what is commonly reported be true, the mistress of this house attempted to circumcise her husband, and with that he went away laughing. *Fa.* He is a mere wag. *Eu.* I presently ran in a-doors to congratulate your safe delivery. *Fa.* Congratulate my safe delivery if you will, Eutrapelus; you may congratulate my happy delivery when you shall see him that I have brought forth give a proof of himself to be an honest man.

Eu. Indeed, my Fabulla, you talk very piously and rationally. *Fa.* Nay, I am nobody's Fabulla but Petronius's. *Eu.* Indeed you bear children for Petronius alone, but you do not live for him alone, I believe. But, however, I congratulate you upon this, that you have got a boy. *Fa.* But why, do you think it better to have a boy than a girl? *Eu.* Nay, but rather you, Petronius's Fabulla (for now I am afraid to call you mine), ought to tell me what reason you women have to wish for boys rather than girls? *Fa.* I do not know what other people's minds are; at this time I am glad I have a boy, because so it pleased God. If it had pleased Him best I should have had a girl, it would have pleased me best too. *Eu.* Do you think God has nothing else to do but be a midwife to women in labour? *Fa.* Pray, Eutrapelus, what should He do else but preserve by propagation what He has founded by creation? *Eu.* What should He do else, good dame? If He were not God, He would never be able to do what He has to do.

Christiernus, King of Denmark, a religious favourer of the Gospel, is in exile. Francis, King of France, is a sojourner in Spain. I cannot tell how well he may bear it, but I am sure he is a man that deserves better fortune. Charles labours with might and main to enlarge the territories of his monarchy. And Ferdinand is mightily

taken up about his affairs in Germany. And the courtiers everywhere are almost famished with hunger after money. The very farmers raise dangerous commotions, nor are deterred from their attempts by so many slaughters of men that have been made already. The people are for setting up an anarchy, and the church goes to ruin with dangerous factions. Christ's seamless coat is rent asunder on all sides. God's vineyard is spoiled by more boars than one. The authority of the clergy with their tithes, the dignity of divines, the majesty of monks is in danger; confession nods, vows stagger, the pope's constitutions go to decay, the eucharist is called in question, and antichrist is expected every day, and the whole world seems to be in travail to bring forth I know not what mischief. In the meantime the Turks overrun all wherever they come, and are ready to invade us and lay all waste, if they succeed in what they are about; and do you ask what God has else to do? I think He should rather see to secure His own kingdom in time.

Fa. Perhaps that which men make the greatest account of, seems to God of no moment. But, however, if you will, let us let God alone in this discourse of ours. What is your reason to think it is happier to bear a boy than a girl? It is the part of a pious person to think that best which God, who without controversy is the best judge, has given. *Eu.* And if God should give you but a cup made of crystal, would you not give Him thanks for it? *Fa.* Yes, I would. *Eu.* But what if He should give you one of common glass, would you give Him the like thanks? But I am afraid instead of comforting you by this discourse I should make you uneasy. *Fa.* Nay, a Fabulla can be in no danger of being hurt by a fable. I have lain in now almost a month, and I am strong enough for a match at wrestling. *Eu.* Why do you not get out of your bed then? *Fa.* The king has forbid me. *Eu.* What king? *Fa.* Nay, a tyrant rather. *Eu.* What tyrant, prithee? *Fa.* I will tell you in one syllable (*Mos*)—custom. *Eu.* Alas! how many things does that tyrant exact beyond the bounds of equity? But let us go on to talk of our crystal and our common glass.

Fa. I believe you judge that a male is naturally more excellent and strong than a female. *Eu.* I believe they are. *Fa.* That is men's opinion. But are men anything longer lived than women? Are they free from distempers? *Eu.* No, but in the general they are stronger. *Fa.* But then they themselves are excelled by camels in strength. *Eu.* But, besides, the male was created first. *Fa.* So was Adam before Christ. Artists use to be most exquisite in their latter performances. *Eu.* But God put the woman under subjection to the man. *Fa.* It does not follow of consequence that he is the better because he commands, he subjects her as a wife, and not purely as a woman; and besides that, He so puts the wife under subjection, that though they have each of them power over the other, He will have the woman to be obedient to the man, not as to the more excellent, but to the more fierce person. Tell me, Eutrapelus, which is the weaker person, he that yields to another, or he that is yielded to? *Eu.* I will grant you that, if you will explain to me what Paul meant when he wrote to the Corinthians that Christ was the head of the man, and man the head of the woman; and again, when he said that a man was the image and glory of God, and a woman the glory of the man. *Fa.*

Well, I will resolve you that if you answer me this question, whether or no it is given to men alone to be the members of Christ? *Eu.* God forbid; that is given to all men and women too by faith.

Fa. How comes it about, then, that when there is but one head, it should not be common to all the members? And besides that, since God made man in His own image, whether did He express this image in the shape of his body or the endowments of his mind? *Eu.* In the endowments of his mind. *Fa.* Well, and I pray, what have men in these more excellent than we have? In both sexes there are many drunkennesses, brawls, fightings, murders, wars, rapines, and adulteries. *Eu.* But we men alone fight for our country. *Fa.* And you men often desert from your colours, and run away like cowards; and it is not always for the sake of your country that you leave your wives and children, but for the sake of a little nasty pay; and, worse than fencers at the bear-garden, you deliver up your bodies to a slavish necessity of being killed, or yourselves killing others. And now after all your boasting of your warlike prowess, there is none of you all but if you had once experienced what it is to bring a child into the world, would rather be placed ten times in the front of a battle than undergo once what we must so often. An army does not always fight, and when it does, the whole army is not always engaged. Such as you are set in the main body, others are kept for bodies of reserve, and some are safely posted in the rear; and lastly, many save themselves by surrendering, and some by running away. We are obliged to encounter death hand to hand.

Eu. I have heard these stories before now; but the question is, whether they are true or not? *Fa.* Too true. *Eu.* Well, then, Fabulla, would you have me persuade your husband never to touch you more? for if so, you will be secure from that danger. *Fa.* In truth, there is nothing in the world I am more desirous of, if you were able to effect it. *Eu.* If I do persuade him to it, what shall I have for my pains? *Fa.* I will present you with half a score dried neats-tongues. *Eu.* I had rather have them than the tongues of ten nightingales. Well, I do not dislike the condition, but we will not make the bargain obligatory before we have agreed on the articles. *Fa.* And if you please you may add any other article. *Eu.* That shall be according as you are in the mind after your month is up. *Fa.* But why not according as I am in the mind now? *Eu.* Why, I will tell you, because I am afraid you will not be in the same mind then; and so you would have double wages to pay, and I double work to do, of persuading and dissuading him.

Fa. Well, let it be as you will then. But come on, shew me why the man is better than the woman. *Eu.* I perceive you have a mind to engage with me in discourse, but I think it more advisable to yield to you at this time. At another time I will attack you when I have furnished myself with arguments, but not without a second neither; for where the tongue is the weapon that decides the quarrel, seven men are scarce able to deal with one woman. *Fa.* Indeed, the tongue is a woman's weapon, but you men are not without it neither. *Eu.* Perhaps so, but where is your little boy? *Fa.* In the next room. *Eu.* What is he doing there, cooking the pot? *Fa.* You trifler, he is with his nurse. *Eu.* What nurse do you talk of? Has he any nurse

but his mother? *Fa.* Why not? it is the fashion. *Eu.* You quote the worst author in the world, Fabulla, the fashion; it is the fashion to do amiss—to game, to whore, to cheat, to be drunk, and to play the rake. *Fa.* My friends would have it so; they were of opinion I ought to favour myself, being young. *Eu.* But if nature gives strength to conceive, it doubtless gives strength to give suck too. *Fa.* That may be.

Eu. Prithee, tell me, do not you think mother is a very pretty name? *Fa.* Yes, I do. *Eu.* And if such a thing were possible, would you endure it that another woman should be called the mother of your child? *Fa.* By no means. *Eu.* Why, then, do you voluntarily make another woman more than half the mother of what you have brought into the world? *Fa.* Oh fie! Eutrapelus, I do not divide my son in two; I am entirely his mother, and nobody in the world else. *Eu.* Nay, Fabulla, in this case nature herself blames you to your face. Why is the earth called the mother of all things? Is it because she produces only? Nay, much rather because she nourishes those things she produces; that which is produced by water is fed by water. There is not a living creature or a plant that grows on the face of the earth that the earth does not feed with its own moisture, nor is there any living creature that does not feed its own offspring. Owls, lions, and vipers feed their own young, and does womankind make her offspring offcasts? Pray, what can be more cruel than they are that turn their offspring out of doors for laziness not to supply them with food? *Fa.* That you talk of is abominable. *Eu.* But womankind do not abominate it. Is it not a sort of turning out of doors to commit a tender little infant, yet reeking of the mother, breathing the very air of the mother, imploring the mother's aid and help with its voice, which they say will affect even a brute creature, to a woman perhaps that is neither wholesome in body nor honest, who has more regard to a little wages than to your child? *Fa.* But they have made choice of a wholesome, sound woman.

Eu. Of this the doctors are better judges than yourself. But put the case: she is as healthful as yourself, and more too, do you think there is no difference between your little tender infant's sucking its natural and familiar milk, and being cherished with warmth it has been accustomed to, and its being forced to accustom itself to those of a stranger? Wheat being sown in a strange soil degenerates into oats or small wheat. A vine being transplanted into another hill changes its nature. A plant when it is plucked from its parent earth withers, and as it were dies away, and does in a manner the same when it is transplanted from its native earth. *Fa.* Nay, but they say plants that have been transplanted and grafted lose their wild nature, and produce better fruit. *Eu.* But not as soon as ever they peep out of the ground, good madam.

There will come a time, a grace of God, when you will send away your young son from you out of doors to be accomplished with learning and undergo harsh discipline, and which indeed is rather the province of the father than of the mother, but now its tender age calls for indulgence. And besides, whereas the food, according as it is, contributes much to the health and strength of the body, so more especially it is essential to take care with what milk that little, tender, soft body be seasoned. For Horace's saying takes place here, What is bred in

the bone will never out of the flesh. *Fa.* I do not so much concern myself as to his body so his mind be but as I would have it. *Eu.* That indeed is piously spoken, but not philosophically. *Fa.* Why not? *Eu.* Why do you, when you shred herbs, complain your knife is blunt, and order it to be whetted? Why do you reject a blunt-pointed needle when that does not deprive you of your art? *Fa.* Art is not wanting, but an unfit instrument hinders the exerting it. *Eu.* Why do they that have much occasion to use their eyes avoid darnel and onions? *Fa.* Because they hurt the sight. *Eu.* Is it not the mind that sees? *Fa.* It is; for those that are dead see nothing. But what can a carpenter do with an axe whose edge is spoiled? *Eu.* Then you do acknowledge the body is the organ of the mind? *Fa.* That is plain. *Eu.* And you grant that in a vitiated body the mind either cannot act at all, or if it does it is with inconvenience. *Fa.* Very likely.

Eu. Well, I find I have an intelligent person to deal with; suppose the soul of a man was to pass into the body of a cock, would it make the same sound it does now? *Fa.* No, to be sure. *Eu.* What would hinder? *Fa.* Because it would want lips, teeth, and a tongue, like to that of a man. It has neither the epiglottis nor the three cartilages that are moved by three muscles, to which nerves are joined that come from the brain, nor has it jaws and teeth like a man's. *Eu.* What if it should go into the body of a swine? *Fa.* Then it would grunt like a swine. *Eu.* What if it should pass into the body of a camel? *Fa.* It would make a noise like a camel. *Eu.* What if it should pass into the body of an ass, as it happened to Apuleius? *Fa.* Then I think it would bray as an ass does. *Eu.* Indeed he is a proof of this, who, when he had a mind to call after Cæsar, having contracted his lips as much as he possibly could, scarce pronounced O, but could by no means pronounce Cæsar. The same person when having heard a story, and that he might not forget it, would have written it, reprehended himself for his foolish thought when he beheld his solid hoofs. *Fa.* And he had cause enough.

Eu. Then it follows that the soul does not see well through purblind eyes. The ears hear not clearly when stopped with filth, the brain smells not so well when oppressed with phlegm, and a member feels not so much when it is benumbed. The tongue tastes less when vitiated with ill humours. *Fa.* These things cannot be denied. *Eu.* And for no other cause but because the organ is vitiated. *Fa.* I believe the same. *Eu.* Nor will you deny, I suppose, that sometimes it is vitiated by food and drink. *Fa.* I will grant that too, but what signifies that to the goodness of the mind? *Eu.* As much as darnel does to a clear eyesight. *Fa.* Because it vitiates the organ. *Eu.* Well answered. But solve me this difficulty, why is it that one understands quicker than another, and has a better memory? why one is more prone to anger than another, or is more moderate in his resentment? *Fa.* It proceeds from the disposition of the mind. *Eu.* That will not do. Whence comes it that one who was formerly of a very ready wit and a retentive memory becomes afterwards stupid and forgetful, either by a blow or a fall, by sickness or old age? *Fa.* Now you seem to play the sophist with me. *Eu.* Then do you play the sophistress with me.

Fa. I suppose you would infer that as the mind sees and hears by the eyes and ears, so by some organs it also understands, remembers, loves, hates, is provoked and appeased. *Eu.* Right. *Fa.* But pray, what are those organs, and where are they situated? *Eu.* As to the eyes you see where they are. *Fa.* I know well enough where the ears and the nose and the palate are, and that the body is all over sensible of the touch, unless when some member is seized with a numbness. *Eu.* When a foot is cut off, yet the mind understands. *Fa.* It does so, and when a hand is cut off too. *Eu.* A person that receives a violent blow on the temples or hinder part of his head falls down like one that is dead, and is insensible. *Fa.* I have sometimes seen that myself.

Eu. Hence it is to be collected, that the organs of the will, understanding, and memory are placed within the skull, being not so crass as the eyes and ears, and yet are material, inasmuch as the most subtil spirits that we have in the body are corporeal. *Fa.* And can they be vitiated with meat and drink too? *Eu.* Yes. *Fa.* The brain is a great way off from the stomach. *Eu.* And so is the funnel of a chimney from the fire-hearth, yet if you sit upon it you will feel the smoke. *Fa.* I will not try that experiment. *Eu.* Well, if you will not believe me, ask the storks. And so it is of moment what spirits and what vapours ascend from the stomach to the brain, and the organs of the mind. For if these are crude or cold they stay in the stomach. *Fa.* Pshaw! you are describing to me an alembic, in which we distil simple waters.

Eu. You do not guess much amiss. For the liver, to which the gall adheres, is the fire-place; the stomach, the pan; the skull, the top of the still; and if you please, you may call the nose the pipe of it. And from this flux, or reflux of humours, almost all manner of diseases proceed, according as a different humour falls down after a different manner, sometimes into the eyes, sometimes into the stomach, sometimes into the shoulders, and sometimes into the neck and elsewhere. And that you may understand me the better, why have those that guzzle a great deal of wine bad memories? Why are those that feed upon light food not of so heavy a disposition? Why does coriander help the memory? Why does hellebore purge the memory? Why does a great expletion cause an epilepsy, which at once brings a stupor upon all the senses, as in a profound sleep? In the last place, as violent thirst or want weaken the strength of wit or memory in boys, so food eaten immoderately makes boys dull-headed, if we believe Aristotle, in that the fire of the mind is extinguished by the heaping on too much matter.

Fa. Why, then, is the mind corporeal, so as to be affected with corporeal things? *Eu.* Indeed the nature itself of the rational soul is not corrupted; but the power and action of it are impeded by the organs being vitiated, as the art of an artist will stand him in no stead if he has not instruments. *Fa.* Of what bulk and in what form is the mind? *Eu.* You ask a ridiculous question, what bulk and form the mind is of, when you have allowed it to be incorporeal. *Fa.* I mean the body that is felt. *Eu.* Nay, those bodies that are not to be felt are the most perfect bodies, as God and the angels. *Fa.* I have heard that God and angels are spirits, but we feel the Spirit.

Eu. The Holy Scriptures condescend to those low expressions because of the dulness of men, to signify a mind pure from all commerce of sensible things. *Fa.* Then what is the difference between an angel and a mind? *Eu.* The same that is between a snail and a cockle, or, if you like the comparison better, a tortoise.

Fa. Then the body is rather the habitation of the mind than the instrument of it. *Eu.* There is no absurdity in calling an adjunct instrument an habitation. Philosophers are divided in their opinions about this. Some call the body the garment of the soul, some the house, some the instrument, and some the harmony; call it by which of these you will, it will follow that the actions of the mind are impeded by the affections of the body. In the first place, if the body is to the mind that which a garment is to the body, the garment of Hercules informs us how much a garment contributes to the health of the body, not to take any notice of colours of hairs or of skins. But as to that question, whether one and the same soul is capable of wearing out many bodies, it shall be left to Pythagoras. *Fa.* If, according to Pythagoras, we could make use of change of bodies as we do of apparel, it would be convenient to take a fat body and of a thick texture in winter time, and a thinner and lighter body in summer time. *Eu.* But I am of the opinion that if we wore out our body at last as we do our clothes, it would not be convenient; for so having worn out many bodies, the soul itself would grow old and die. *Fa.* It would not truly. *Eu.* As the sort of garment that is worn hath an influence on the health and agility of the body, so it is of great moment what body the soul wears. *Fa.* If indeed the body is the garment of the soul, I see a great many that are dressed after a very different manner. *Eu.* Right, and yet some part of this matter is in our own power, how conveniently our souls shall be clothed.

Fa. Come, have done with the garment, and say something concerning the habitation. *Eu.* But, Fabulla, that which I say to you may not be thought a fiction; the Lord Jesus calls his body a temple, and the apostle Peter calls his a tabernacle. And there have been some that have called the body the sepulchre of the soul, supposing it was called σῶμα, as though it were σῆμα. Some call it the prison of the mind, and some the fortress or fortified castle. The minds of persons that are pure in every part dwell in the temple. They whose minds are not taken up with the love of corporeal things, dwell in a tent, and are ready to come forth as soon as the commander calls. The soul of those that are not wholly blinded with vice and filthiness, so that they never breathe after the air of gospel liberty, lies in a sepulchre. But they that wrestle hard with their vices, and cannot yet be able to do what they would do, their soul dwells in a prison, whence they frequently cry out to the deliverer of all, Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name. They who fight strenuously with Satan, watching and guarding against his snares, who goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, their soul is, as it were, in a garrison, out of which they must not go without the general's leave.

Fa. If the body be the habitation or house of the soul, I see a great many whose mind is very illy seated. *Eu.* It is so, that is to

say, in houses where it rains in, that are dark, exposed to all winds, that are smoky, damp, decayed, and ruinous, and such as are filthy and infected; and yet Cato accounts it the principal happiness of a man to dwell handsomely. *Fa.* It were tolerable, if there was any passing out of one house into another. *Eu.* There is no going out before the landlord calls out. But though we cannot go out, yet we may by our art and care make the habitation of our mind commodious; as in a house the windows are changed, the floor taken up, the walls are either plastered or wainscotted, and the situation may be purified with fire or perfume. But this a very hard matter in an old body that is near its ruin. But it is of great advantage to the body of a child to take the care of it that ought to be taken presently after its birth.

Fa. You would have mothers and nurses to be doctors. *Eu.* So, indeed, I would as to the choice and moderate use of meat, drink, motion, sleep, baths, unctions, frictions, and clothings. How many are there, think you, who are exposed to grievous diseases and vice, as epilepsies, leanness, weakness, deafness, broken backs, crooked limbs, a weak brain, disturbed minds, and for no other reason than that their nurses have not taken a due care of them? *Fa.* I wonder you are not rather a Franciscan than a painter, who preach so finely. *Eu.* When you are a nun of the order of St. Clare, then I will be a Franciscan, and preach to you.

Fa. In truth, I would fain know what the soul is, about which we hear so much and talk of so often, and nobody has seen. *Eu.* Nay, everybody sees it that has eyes. *Fa.* I see souls painted in the shape of little infants; but why do they put wings to them as they do to angels? *Eu.* Why, because, if we can give any credit to the fables of Socrates, their wings were broken by their falling from heaven. *Fa.* How, then, are they said to fly up to heaven? *Eu.* Because faith and charity make their wings grow again. He that was weary of this house of his body begged for these wings, when he cried out, Who will give me the wings of a dove, that I may fly away and be at rest. Nor has the soul any other wings, being incorporeal, nor any form that can be beheld with the eyes of the body. But those things that are perceived by the mind are more certain. Do you believe the being of God? *Fa.* Yes, I do. *Eu.* But nothing is more invisible than God. *Fa.* He is seen in the works of creation. *Eu.* In like manner the soul is seen in action. If you would know how it acts in a living body, consider a dead body. When you see a man feel, see, hear, move, understand, remember, and reason, you see the soul to be in him with more certainty than you see this tankard; for one sense may be deceived, but so many proofs of the senses cannot deceive you.

Fa. Well, then, if you cannot shew me the soul, paint it out to me just as you would the king, whom I never did see. *Eu.* I have Aristotle's definition ready for you. *Fa.* What is it, for they say he was a very good decipherer of everything. *Eu.* The soul is the act of an organical physical body, having life in potentia. *Fa.* Why does he rather call it an act than a journey or way? *Eu.* Here is no regard either to coachmen or horsemen, but a bare definition of the soul. And he calls the form act, the nature of which is to act, when it is the property of matter to suffer. For all natural motion of the body

proceeds from the soul. And the motion of the body is various. *Fa.* I take that in, but why does he add of an organical? *Eu.* Because the soul does nothing but by the help of organs—that is, by the instruments of the body. *Fa.* Why does he say physical? *Eu.* Because Dædalus made such a body to no purpose; and therefore he adds, having life in potentia. Form does not act upon everything, but upon a body that is capable. *Fa.* What if an angel should pass into the body of a man? *Eu.* He would act, indeed, but not by the natural organs, nor would he give life to the body if the soul was absent from it.

Fa. Have I had all the account that is to be given of the soul? *Eu.* You have Aristotle's account of it. *Fa.* Indeed, I have heard he was a very famous philosopher, and I am afraid that the college of sages would prefer a bill of heresy against me, if I should say anything against him; but else all that he has said concerning the soul of a man is as applicable to the soul of an ass or an ox. *Eu.* Nay, that is true, or to a beetle or a snail. *Fa.* What difference, then, is there between the soul of an ox and that of a man? *Eu.* They that say the soul is nothing else but the harmony of the qualities of the body would confess that there was no great difference; and that this harmony being interrupted, the souls of both of them do perish. The soul of a man and an ox is not distinguished; but that of an ox has less knowledge than the soul of a man. And there are some men to be seen that have less understanding than an ox. *Fa.* In truth, they have the mind of an ox. *Eu.* This indeed concerns you, that according to the quality of your guitar your music will be the sweeter. *Fa.* I own it. *Eu.* Nor is it of small moment of what wood and in what shape your guitar is made. *Fa.* Very true. *Eu.* Nor are fiddle-strings made of the guts of every animal. *Fa.* So I have heard. *Eu.* They grow slack or tight by the moisture and dryness of the circumambient air, and will sometimes break. *Fa.* I have seen that more than once.

Eu. On this account you may do uncommon service to your little infant, that his mind may have an instrument well tempered, and not vitiated, nor relaxed by sloth, nor squeaking with wrath, nor hoarse with intemperate drinking; for education and diet oftentimes impress us with these affections. *Fa.* I will take your counsel; but I want to hear how you can defend Aristotle. *Eu.* He indeed in general describes the soul, animal, vegetative, and sensitive. The soul gives life, but everything that has life is not an animal; for trees live, grow old, and die; but they have no sense, though some attribute to them a stupid sort of sense. In things that adhere one to another there is no sense to be perceived, but it is found in a sponge by those that pull it off. Hewers discover a sense in timber-trees, if we may believe them; for they say, that if you strike the trunk of a tree that you design to hew down with the palm of your hand, as woodmongers use to do, it will be harder to cut that tree down because it has contracted itself with fear. But that which has life and feeling is an animal. But nothing hinders that which does not feel from being a vegetable, as mushrooms, beets, and coleworts. *Fa.* If they have a sort of life, a sort of sense, and motion in their growing, what hinders but that they may be honoured with the title of animals? *Eu.* Why, the

ancients did not think fit to call them so, and we must not deviate from their ordinances, nor does it signify much as to what we are upon.

Fa. But I cannot bear the thoughts of it, that the soul of a beetle and of a man should be the same. *Eu.* Good madam, it is not the same, saving in some respects; your soul animates, vegetates, and renders your body sensible; the soul of the beetle animates his body: for that some things act one way, and some another, that the soul of a man acts differently from the soul of a beetle, partly proceeds from the matter; a beetle neither sings nor speaks, because it wants organs fit for these actions. *Fa.* Why, then, you say, that if the soul of a beetle should pass into the body of a man, it would act as the human soul does. *Eu.* Nay, I say not, if it were an angelical soul. And there is no difference between an angel and a human soul, but that the soul of a man was formed to act a human body composed of natural organs; and as the soul of a beetle will move nothing but the body of a beetle, an angel was not made to animate a body, but to be capable to understand without bodily organs. *Fa.* Can the soul do the same thing? *Eu.* It can, indeed, when it is separated from the body? *Fa.* Is it not at its own disposal while it is in the body? *Eu.* No, indeed, except something happen beside the common course of nature.

Fa. In truth, instead of one soul you have given me a great many —an animal, a vegetative, a sensitive, an intelligent, a remembering, a willing, an angry, and desiring: one was enough for me. *Eu.* There are different actions of the same soul, and these have different names. *Fa.* I do not well understand you. *Eu.* Well, then, I will make you understand me. You are a wife in the bed-chamber, in your workshop a weaver of hangings, in your warehouse a seller of them, in your kitchen a cook, among your servants a mistress, and among your children a mother; and yet you are all these in the same house. *Fa.* You philosophise very bluntly. Is, then, the soul so in the body as I am in my house? *Eu.* It is. *Fa.* But while I am weaving in my workshop I am not cooking in my kitchen. *Eu.* Nor are you all soul, but a soul carrying about a body, and the body cannot be in many places at the same time; but the soul, being a simple form, is so in the whole body, though it does not act the same in all parts of the body, nor after the same manner, how differently affected soever they are. For it understands and remembers in the brain, it is angry in the heart, it lusts in the liver, it hears with the ears, sees with the eyes, smells with the nose, it tastes in the palate and tongue, and feels in all the parts of the body which are adjoined to any nervous part. But it does not feel in the hair, nor the ends of the nails; neither do the lungs feel of themselves, nor the liver, nor perhaps the milt neither. *Fa.* So that in certain parts of the body it only animates and vegetates. *Eu.* It should seem so.

Fa. If one and the same soul does all these things in one and the same man, it follows of consequence that the fœtus in the womb of the mother both feels and understands as soon as it begins to grow; which is a sign of life, unless a man in his formation has more souls than one, and afterwards the rest giving place, one acts all. So that at first a man is a plant, then an animal, and lastly a man. *Eu.* Perhaps Aristotle would not think what you say absurd: I think it is more probable that the rational soul is infused with the life, and that, like a

little fire that is buried as it were under too great a quantity of green wood, it cannot exert its power. *Fa.* Why, then, is the soul bound to the body that it acts and moves? *Eu.* No otherwise than a tortoise is bound or tied to the shell that he carries about. *Fa.* He does move it, indeed; but so at the same time that he moves himself too—as a pilot steers a ship, turning it which way he will, and is at the same time moved with it. *Eu.* Ay, and as a squirrel turns his wheel-cage about to make the bells ring, and is himself carried about with it. *Fa.* And so the soul affects the body, and is affected by the body. *Eu.* Yes, indeed, as to its operations. *Fa.* Why, then, as to the nature of it, the soul of a fool is equal to the soul of Solomon. *Eu.* There is no absurdity in that. *Fa.* And so the angels are equal, inasmuch as they are without matter, which, you say, is that which makes the inequality.

Eu. We have had philosophy enough. Let divines puzzle themselves about these things; let us discourse of those matters that were first mentioned. If you would be a complete mother take care of the body of your little infant, so that after the little fire of the mind has disengaged itself from the vapours, it may have sound and fit organs to make use of. As often as you hear your child crying think this with yourself, he calls for this from me. When you look upon your breasts, those two little fountains, turgid, and of their own accord streaming out a milky juice, remember nature puts you in mind of your duty. Or else, when your infant shall begin to speak, and with his pretty stammering shall call you mammy, how can you hear it without blushing? when you have refused to let him have it, and turned him off to a hireling nipple, as if you had committed him to a goat or a sheep. When he is able to speak, what if, instead of calling you mother, he should call you half-mother? I suppose you would whip him; although, indeed, she is scarce half-a-mother that refuses to feed what she has brought into the world. The nourishing of the tender babe is the best part of geniture; for he is not only fed by the milk, but with the fragrancy of the body of the mother. He requires the same natural, familiar, accustomed moisture, that he drew in when in her body, and by which he received his coalition. And I am of that opinion that the genius of children are vitiated by the nature of the milk they suck, as the juices of the earth change the nature of those plants and fruits that it feeds.

Do you think there is no foundation in reason for this saying, He sucked in this ill humour with the nurse's milk? Nor do I think the Greeks spoke without reason, when they said like nurses, when they would intimate that any one was starved at nurse: for they put a little of what they chew into the child's mouth, but the greatest part goes down their own throats. And, indeed, she can hardly properly be said to bear a child that throws it away as soon as she has brought it forth—that is to miscarry; and the Greek etymology of Μήτηρ from μη τηρειν, *i.e.*, from not looking after, seems very well to suit such mothers. For it is a sort of turning a little infant out of doors to put it to a hireling nurse, while it is yet warm from the mother. *Fa.* I would come over to your opinion, unless such a woman were chosen against whom there is nothing to be objected. *Eu.* Suppose it were of no moment what milk the little infant sucked, what spittle it swallowed with its chewed

victuals—and you had such a nurse, that I question whether there is such an one to be found—do you think there is any one in the world will go through all the fatigue of nursing as the mother herself; the bewrayings, the sitting up at nights, the crying, the sickness, and the diligent care in looking after it, which can scarce be enough? If there can be one that loves like the mother, then she will take care like a mother.

And besides, this will be the effect of it, that your son will not love you so heartily, that native affection being as it were divided between two mothers; nor will you have the same affection for your son. So that when he is grown up he will neither be so obedient to you, nor will you have the same regard for him, perhaps perceiving in him the disposition of his nurse. The principal step to advancement in learning is the mutual love between the teacher and scholar. So that if he does not lose anything of the fragrance of his native good temper, you will with the greater ease be able to instil into him the precepts of a good life. And a mother can do much in this matter, in that she has pliable matter to work upon that is easy to be carried any way. *Fa.* I find it is not so easy a thing to be a mother as it is generally looked upon to be.

Eu. If you cannot depend upon what I say, St. Paul, speaking very plainly of women, says, "She shall be saved in child-bearing." *Fa.* Are all the women saved that bear children? *Eu.* No; he adds, "if she continue in the faith." You have not performed the duty of a mother before you have first formed the little tender body of your son, and after that his mind, equally soft, by a good education. *Fa.* But it is not in the power of the mother that the children should persevere in piety. *Eu.* Perhaps it may not; but a careful admonition is of that moment, that Paul accounts it imputable to mothers if the children degenerate from piety. But, in the last place, if you do what is in your power, God will add his assistance to your diligence. *Fa.* Indeed, Eutrapelus, your discourse has persuaded me, if you can but persuade my parents and my husband. *Eu.* Well, I will take that upon me, if you will but lend your helping hand. *Fa.* I promise you I will. *Eu.* But may not a person see this little boy? *Fa.* Yes, that you may and welcome. Do you hear, Syrisca, bid the nurse bring the child. *Eu.* It is a very pretty boy. It is a common saying, there ought to be grains of allowance given to the first essay, but you upon the first trial have shewn the very highest pitch of art. *Fa.* Why, it is not a piece of carved work, that so much art should be required. *Eu.* That is true, but it is a piece of cast work. Well, let that be how it will, it is well performed. I wish you could make as good figures in the hangings that you weave. *Fa.* But you, on the contrary, paint better than you beget.

Eu. It so seems meet to Nature to act equally by all. How solicitous is Nature, that nothing should be lost! It has represented two persons in one: here is the nose and eyes of the father, the forehead and chin of the mother. Can you find in your heart to entrust this dear pledge to the fidelity of a stranger? I think those to be doubly cruel that can find in their hearts so to do; because, in doing so, they do not only do this to the hazard of the child, but also to themselves too; because, in the child, the spoiling of the milk often brings

dangerous diseases, and so it comes about, that while care is taken to preserve the shape of one body, the lives of two bodies are not regarded; and while they provide against old age coming on too early, they throw themselves into a too early death. What is the boy's name? *Fa.* Cornelius. *Eu.* That is the name of his grandfather by the father's side. I wish he may imitate him in his unblemished life and good manners. *Fa.* We will do our endeavour what in us lies. But hark ye, Eutrapelus, here is one thing I would earnestly entreat of you. *Eu.* I am entirely at your service; command what you will, I will undertake it. *Fa.* Well, then, I will not discharge you till you have finished the good service that you have begun. *Eu.* What is that? *Fa.* First of all, to give me instructions how I may manage my infant as to his health, and when he is grown up, how I may form his mind with pious principles. *Eu.* That I will readily do another time, according to my ability, but that must be at our next conversation; I will now go and prevail upon your husband and parents. *Fa.* I wish you may succeed.

THE RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE.

Menedemus, Ogygius.

Me. What novelty is this? Don't I see my old neighbour Ogygius, that nobody has set their eyes on this six months? There was a report he was dead. It is he, or I am mightily mistaken. I will go up to him and give him his welcome. Welcome, Ogygius. *Og.* And well met, Menedemus. *Me.* From what part of the world came you? for here was a melancholy report that you had taken a voyage to the Stygian shades. *Og.* Nay, I thank God, I never was better in all my life than I have been ever since I saw you last. *Me.* And may you live always to confute such vain reports. But what strange dress is this? It is all over set off with shells scolloped, full of images of lead and tin, and chains of straw-work, and the cuffs are adorned with snakes' eggs, instead of bracelets. *Og.* I have been to pay a visit to St. James at Compostella, and after that to the famous virgin on the other side the water in England; and this was rather a re-visit, for I had been to see her three years before. *Me.* What! out of curiosity, I suppose? *Og.* Nay, upon the score of religion. *Me.* That religion, I suppose, the Greek tongue taught you.

Og. My wife's mother had bound herself by a vow, that if her daughter should be delivered of a live male child, I should go to present my respects to St. James in person, and thank him for it. *Me.* And did you salute the saint only in your own and your mother-in-law's name? *Og.* Nay, in the name of the whole family. *Me.* Truly I am persuaded your family would have been every whit as well if you had never complimented him at all. But, prithee, what answer did he make you when you thanked him? *Og.* None at all, but upon tendering my present he seemed to smile, and gave me a gentle nod, with this same scollop shell. *Me.* But why does he rather give those than anything else? *Og.* Because he has plenty of them, the neighbouring sea furnishing him with them. *Me.* O gracious saint, that is both a midwife to women in labour and hospitable to travellers too!

But what new fashion of making vows is this, that one who does

nothing himself shall make a vow that another man shall work? Put the case that you should tie yourself up by a vow that I should fast twice a week if you should succeed in such and such an affair, do you think I would perform what you had vowed? *Og.* I believe you would not, although you had made the vow yourself, for you make a joke of fobbing the saints off. But it was my mother-in-law that made the vow, and it was my duty to be obedient. You know the temper of women, and also my own interest lay at stake. *Me.* If you had not performed the vow what risk had you run? *Og.* I do not believe the saint could have laid an action at law against me, but he might for the future have stopped his ears at my petitions, or slily have brought some mischief or other upon my family; you know the humour of great persons.

Me. Prithee, tell me how does the good man St. James do, and what was he doing? *Og.* Why, truly, not so well as by far he used to be. *Me.* What is the matter; is he grown old? *Og.* Trifler, you know saints never grow old. No, but it is this new opinion that has been spread abroad through the world is the occasion that he has not so many visits paid to him as he used to have, and those that do come give him a bare salute, and either nothing at all, or little or nothing else; they say they can bestow their money to better purpose upon those that want it. *Me.* An impious opinion. *Og.* And this is the cause that this great apostle, that used to glitter with gold and jewels, now is brought to the very block that he is made of, and has scarce a tallow candle. *Me.* If this be true the rest of the saints are in danger of coming to the same pass.

Og. Nay, I can assure you that there is a letter handed about which the Virgin Mary herself has written about this matter. *Me.* What Mary? *Og.* She that is called Maria a Lapide. *Me.* That is up towards Basil, if I am not mistaken. *Og.* The very same. *Me.* You talk of a very stony saint. But who did she write it to? *Og.* The letter tells you the name. *Me.* Who did she send it by? *Og.* An angel, no doubt, who laid it down in the pulpit, where the preacher to whom it was sent took it up; and to put the matter out of all doubt, you shall see the original letter. *Me.* Do you know the angel's hand that is secretary to the Virgin Mary? *Og.* Well enough. *Me.* By what token? *Og.* I have read St. Bede's epitaph that was engraven by the same angel, and the shape of the letters are exactly the same; and I have read the discharge sent to St. Ægidius, and they agree exactly. Do not these prove the matter plain enough? *Me.* May a person see it? *Og.* You may, if you will damn your soul to the pit of hell if ever you speak about it. *Me.* It is as safe as if you spoke it to a stone. *Og.* But there are some stones that are infamous for this, that they cannot keep a secret. *Me.* If you cannot trust to a stone, speak to a mute then. *Og.* Upon that condition I will recite it to you; but prick up both your ears. *Me.* I have done so.

Og. Mary, the mother of Jesus, to Glaucoplutus sendeth greeting. This is to let you know that I take it in good part, and you have much obliged me in that you have so strenuously followed Luther, and convinced the world that it is a thing altogether needless to invoke saints. For before this time I was even wearied out of my life with the wicked

importunities of mortals. Everything was asked of me, as if my Son was always a child, because He is painted so, and at my breast, and therefore they take it for granted I have Him still at my beck, and that He dares not deny me anything I ask of Him, for fear I should deny Him the bubby when He is thirsty. Nay, and they ask such things from me, a virgin, that a modest young man would scarce dare to ask of a bawd, and which I am ashamed to commit to writing.

A merchant that is going a voyage to Spain to get pelf recommends to me the chastity of his kept mistress; and a professed nun, having thrown away her veil in order to make her escape, recommends to me the care of her reputation, which she at the same time intends to prostitute. The wicked soldier, who butchers men for money, bawls out to me with these words, O blessed Virgin, send me rich plunder. The gamester calls out to me to give him good luck, and promises I shall go snips with him in what he shall win; and if the dice do not favour, I am railed at and cursed because I would not be a confederate in his wickedness. The usurer prays, Help me to large interest for my money, and if I deny them anything they cry out I am no mother of mercy.

And there is another sort of people whose prayers are not properly so wicked as they are foolish. The maid prays, Mary, give me a handsome, rich husband; the wife cries, Give me fine children; and the woman with child, Give me a good delivery. The old woman prays to live long without a cough and thirst; and the doting old man, Send that I may grow young again. The philosopher says, Give me the faculty of starting difficulties never to be resolved; the priest says, Give me a fat benefice; the bishop cries out for the saving of his diocese, and the mariner for a prosperous voyage; the magistrate cries out, Shew me thy Son before I die; the courtier, that he may make an effectual confession when at the point of death; the husbandman calls on me for seasonable rain, and a farmer's wife to preserve her sheep and cattle. If I refuse them anything, then presently I am hard-hearted. If I refer them to my Son they cry, If you will but say the word, I am sure He will do it. How is it possible for me a lone body, a woman, and a virgin, to assist sailors, soldiers, merchants, gamesters, brides and bridegrooms, women in travail, princes, kings, and peasants? And what I have mentioned is the least part of what I suffer.

But I am much less troubled with these concerns now than I have been, for which I would give you my hearty thanks, if this conveniency did not bring a greater inconveniency along with it. I have indeed more leisure, but less honour and less money. Before I was saluted queen of the heavens and lady of the world, but now there are very few from whom I hear an Ave Mary. Formerly I was adorned with jewels and gold, and had abundance of changes of apparel: I had presents made me of gold and jewels; but now I have scarce half a vest to cover me, and that is mouse-eaten too. And my yearly revenue is scarce enough to keep alive my poor sexton, who lights me up a little wax or tallow candle.

But all these things might be borne with, if you did not tell us that there were greater things going forward. They say you aim at this, to strip the altars and temples of the saints everywhere. I advise you again and again to have a care what you do, for other saints do

not want power to avenge themselves for the wrong done to them. Peter, being turned out of his church, can shut the gate of the kingdom of heaven against you; Paul has a sword, and St. Bartholomew a knife. The monk William has a coat of mail under his habit, and a heavy lance too. And how will you encounter St. George on horseback, in his cuirassier's arms, his sword, and his whinyard? Nor is Anthony without his weapon; he has his sacred fire. And the rest of them have either their arms or their mischiefs, that they can send out against whom they please. And as for myself, although I wear no weapons, you shall not turn me out unless you turn out my Son too, whom I hold in my arms. I will not be pulled away from Him; you shall either throw us both out or leave us both, unless you have a mind to have a church without a Christ. These things I would have you know, and consider what answer to give me, for I have the matter much at heart.

From our Stone House, the Calends of August, the Year of my Son's Passion, 1524. I, the Stony Virgin, have subscribed this with my own hand.

Me. In truth, this is a very terrible threatening letter, and I believe Glaucoplutus will take care what he does. *Og.* He will, if he is wise. *Me.* But why did not honest James write to him about this matter? *Og.* Truly I cannot tell, except it is because he is a great way off, and now-a-days all letters are intercepted. *Me.* But what wind carried you to England? *Og.* A very favourable wind, and I had made half a promise to the beyond-sea she-saint to pay her another visit within two or three years. *Me.* What did you go to ask for of her? *Og.* Nothing new but those common matters, the health of my family, the increase of my fortune, a long and a happy life in this world, and eternal happiness in the next. *Me.* But could not our Virgin Mary have done as much for you here? She has at Antwerp a temple much more magnificent than that beyond sea. *Og.* I will not deny that she is able, but one thing is bestowed in one place and another thing in another; whether this be her pleasure merely, or whether she being of a kind disposition, accommodates herself in this to our affections.

Me. I have often heard of James, but, prithee, give me some account of that beyond-sea lady. *Og.* I will do it as briefly as I can. Her name is very famous all over England, and you shall scarce find anybody in that island who thinks his affairs can be prosperous unless he every year makes some present to that lady, greater or smaller, according as his circumstances are in the world. *Me.* Whereabouts does she dwell? *Og.* Near the coast, upon the furthest part between the west and the north, about three miles from the sea; it is a town that depends chiefly upon the resort of strangers. There is a college of canons there, to which the Latins have added the name of Regulars, which are of a middle sort between monks and those canons that are called Seculars. *Me.* You tell me of amphibious creatures, such as the beavers are. *Og.* Nay, so are crocodiles too. But trifling apart, I will tell you in three words: in odious cases they are canons, in favourable cases they are monks. *Me.* You have hitherto been telling me riddles. *Og.* Why, then, I will give you a mathematical demon-

stration. If the pope of Rome should throw a thunderbolt at all monks, then they will be all canons; and if he will allow all monks to marry, then they will be all monks. *Me.* These are new favours; I wish they would take mine for one.

Og. But to return to the matter in hand. This college has little else to maintain it but the liberality of the Virgin, for all presents of value are laid up; but as for anything of money or lesser value, that goes to the support of the flock and the head of it, which they call the prior. *Me.* Are they men of good lives? *Og.* Not much amiss. They are richer in piety than in revenue. There is a clever neat church, but the Virgin does not dwell in it herself, but upon point of honour has given it to her Son. Her church is on the right hand of her Son's. *Me.* Upon His right hand! which way then does her Son look? *Og.* That is well taken notice of. When He looks toward the west He has His mother on the right, and when He looks toward the east she is on His left hand. And she does not dwell there neither, for the building is not finished; the doors and windows are all open, and the wind blows through it; and not far off is a place where Oceanus the father of the winds resides. *Me.* That is a hard case; where does she dwell then? *Og.* In that unfinished church that I spoke of, there is a little boarded chapel with a little door on each side to receive visitors. There is but little light to it but what comes from the tapers; but the scent is very grateful. *Me.* All these things conduce to religion. *Og.* Nay, Menedemus, if you saw the inside of it you would say it was the seat of the saints, it is all so glittering with jewels, gold, and silver. *Me.* You set me agog to go thither too. *Og.* If you do you will never repent of your journey.

Me. Is there any holy oil there? *Og.* Simpleton, that oil is only the sweat of saints in their sepulchres, as of Andrew, Catherine, &c. Mary was never buried. *Me.* I confess I was under a mistake; but make an end of your story. *Og.* That religion may spread itself the more widely, some things are shewn at one place and some at another. *Me.* And it may be that the donations may be larger, according to the old saying, Many hands will carry off much plunder. *Og.* And there are always some at hand to shew you what you have a mind to see. *Me.* What, of the canons? *Og.* No, no, they are not permitted, lest under the colour of religion they should prove irreligious, and while they are serving the Virgin lose their own virginity. Only in the inner chapel, which I call the chamber of the holy Virgin, a certain canon stands at the altar. *Me.* What does he stand there for? *Og.* To receive and keep that which is given. *Me.* Must people give whether they will or no? *Og.* No; but a certain religious modesty makes some give, when anybody stands by, who would not give a farthing if there were no witness of it, or give more than otherwise they would give. *Me.* You set forth human nature as I have experienced in myself. *Og.* There are some so devoted to the human nature, that while they pretend to lay one gift on the altar, by a wonderful sleight of hand they steal what another has laid down. *Me.* But put the case, if nobody were by, would the Virgin thunder at them? *Og.* Why should the Virgin do that any more than God himself does, whom they are not afraid to strip of His ornaments, and to break through the walls of the church to come at them? *Me.* I

cannot well tell which I admire at most, the impious confidence of those wretches or God's patience.

Og. At the north side there is a certain gate, not of a church, don't mistake me, but of the wall that encloses the churchyard, that has a very little wicket, as in the great gates of noblemen, that he that has a mind to get in must first venture the breaking of his shins and afterwards stoop his head too. *Me.* In truth, it would not be safe for a man to enter in at such a little door. *Og.* You are in the right of it. But yet the verger told me that some time since a knight on horseback, having escaped out of the hands of his enemy, who followed him at the heels, got in through this wicket. The poor man at the last pinch, by a sudden turn of thought, recommended himself to the holy Virgin that was the nearest to him, for he resolved to take sanctuary at her altar, if the gate had been open. When, behold, which is such a thing as was never heard of, both man and horse were on a sudden taken into the churchyard and his enemy left on the outside of it stark mad at his disappointment.

Me. And did he give you reason to believe so wonderful a relation? *Og.* Without doubt. *Me.* That was no easy matter to a man of your philosophy. *Og.* He shewed me a plate of copper nailed on the door, that had the very image of this knight that was thus saved, and in the very habit which was then in fashion among the English, which is the same we see in old pictures, which, if they are drawn truly, the barbers and dyers and weavers in those days had but a bad time of it. *Me.* Why so? *Og.* Why, he had a beard like a goat, and there was not a wrinkle in any of his clothes—they were made so strait to his body that the very straitness of them made his body the more slender. There was also another plate that was an exact description of the chapel and the size of it. *Me.* Then there was no doubt to be made of it. *Og.* Under the little wicket there was an iron grate, no bigger than what a man on foot could just get in at; for it was not fit that any horse afterwards should tread upon that place which the former knight had consecrated to the Virgin. *Me.* And very good reason.

Og. From hence towards the east, there is another chapel full of wonders; thither I went. Another verger received me. There we prayed a little; and there was shewn us the middle joint of a man's finger. I kissed it, and asked whose relic it was? He told me it was St. Peter's. What, said I, the Apostle? He said it was. I then took notice of the bigness of the joint, which was large enough to be taken for that of a giant. Upon which, said I, Peter must needs have been a very lusty man. At this, one of the company fell a laughing. I was very much vexed at it; for if he had held his tongue the verger would have shewn us all the relics. However, we pacified him pretty well, by giving him a few groats.

Before this little chapel stood a house, which he told us, in the winter time, when all things were buried in snow, was brought there on a sudden from some place a great way off. Under this house there were two pits brimful, that were fed by a fountain consecrated to the holy Virgin. The water was wonderful cold, and of great virtue in curing pains in the head and stomach. *Me.* If cold water will cure pains in the head and stomach, in time oil will quench fire. *Og.* But, my

good friend, you are hearing that which is miraculous; for what miracle is there in cold water quenching thirst? *Me.* That shift goes a great way in this story. *Og.* It was positively affirmed that this spring burst out of the ground on a sudden at the command of the holy Virgin.

I, observing everything very diligently, asked him how many years it was since that little house was brought thither? He said it had been there for some ages. But, said I, methinks the walls don't seem to carry any marks of antiquity in them. He did not much deny it. Nor these pillars, said I. He did not deny but those had been set up lately; and the thing shewed itself plainly. Then, said I, that straw and reeds, the whole thatch of it seems not to have been so long laid. He allowed it. Nor do these cross beams and rafters that bear up the roof seem to have been laid many years ago. He confessed they were not. And there being no part of that cottage remaining, said I to him, How then does it appear that this is the very cottage that was brought so far through the air? *Me.* Prithee, how did the sexton extricate himself out of this difficulty? *Og.* He presently shewed us an old bear's skin tacked there to a piece of timber, and almost laughed at us to our very faces for not having eyes to perceive a thing that was so plain. Therefore, seeming to be satisfied, and excusing our dulness of apprehension, we turned ourselves to the heavenly milk of the blessed Virgin.

Me. O mother like her Son! for as He has left us so much of His blood upon earth, so she has left us so much of her milk, that it is scarce credible that a woman who never had but one child should have so much, although her child had never sucked a drop. *Og.* And they tell us the same stories about our Lord's cross, that is shewn up and down both publicly and privately in so many places, that if all the fragments were gathered together, they would seem to be sufficient loading for a good large ship; and yet our Lord himself carried the whole cross upon his shoulders. *Me.* And don't you think this is wonderful? *Og.* It may be said to be an extraordinary thing, but not a wonderful one, since the Lord, who increases these things according to His own pleasure, is omnipotent. *Me.* You put a very pious construction upon it, but I am afraid that a great many such things are forged for the sake of getting money. *Og.* I cannot think God would suffer any one to put these mockeries upon Him. *Me.* Nay, when both the mother and Son, Father and Spirit are robbed by sacrilegious persons, they don't seem to be moved the least in the world, so as to deter wicked persons, so much as by a nod or a stamp, so great is the lenity of the divine being.

Og. This is true, but hear me out. That milk is kept upon the high altar in which Christ is in the middle, and his mother, for respect sake, at his right hand; for the milk represents the mother. *Me.* Why, is it plain to be seen then? *Og.* It is preserved in a crystal glass. *Me.* Is it liquid then? *Og.* What do you talk of being liquid, when it has been put in above 1500 years ago. It is so concreted, you would take it for beaten chalk tempered with the white of an egg. *Me.* But why don't they shew it open? *Og.* Lest the milk of the Virgin should be defiled by the kisses of men. *Me.* You say very well, for I believe there are some who put lips to it, that

are neither pure nor virgin ones. *Og.* As soon as the officer sees us, he runs presently and puts on a surplice and a stole about his neck, and falls down very devoutly and worships, and by and by gives us the holy milk to kiss. Then we prostrated ourselves at the lowest step of the altar, and having first paid our adoration to Christ, we applied ourselves to the Virgin in the following prayer, which we had framed beforehand for this very purpose:—

"Virgin Mother, who hast merited to give suck to the Lord of heaven and earth, thy Son Jesus, from thy virgin breasts, we desire that, being purified by His blood, we may arrive at that happy infant state of dove-like innocence which, being void of malice, fraud, and deceit, we may continually desire the milk of the evangelical doctrine, until it grows up to a perfect man, and to the measure of the fulness of Christ, whose blessed society thou wilt enjoy for evermore, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Me. Truly, a devout prayer. But what answer did she make? *Og.* If my eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleased, for the holy milk seemed to give a leap, and the eucharist seemed to look somewhat bigger than usual. In the meantime the shower of the relics came to us, without speaking a word, holding out such a kind of table as they in Germany that take toll on the bridges hold out to you. *Me.* In truth, I have oftentimes cursed those craving tables when I travelled in Germany. *Og.* We laid down some pieces of money, which he presented to the Virgin.

After this, by our interpreter (if I remember right), one Robert Aldridge, a well-spoken young man, and a great master of the English tongue, I inquired as civilly as I could, what assurance he had that this was really the Virgin's milk. And truly I desired to be satisfied of this with a pious intention, that I might stop the mouths of some impious persons who are used to scoff at all these things. The officer first contracted his brow without speaking a word; thereupon I pressed the interpreter to put the same question to him again, but in the fairest manner that could be, and he did it in so obliging a manner that if he had addressed himself to the mother herself in these terms, when she had but newly lain in, she would not have taken it amiss. But the officer, as if he had been inspired with some enthusiasm, looking upon us with astonished eyes, and with a sort of horror, cursing our blasphemous expression, said, What need is there for your putting this question, when you have an authentic record? and had turned us out of doors for heretics, had not a few pence pacified his rage.

Me. But how did you behave yourselves in the interim? *Og.* Just as if we had been stunned with a cudgel, or struck with thunder; we sneaked away, humbly begging his pardon for our boldness; for so a man ought to do in holy matters. Thence we went to the little chapel, the dwelling of the Virgin Saint. In our way thither an expounder of sacred things, one of the minors, offers himself; he stares upon us as if he had a mind to draw our pictures; and having gone a little farther, another meets us, staring upon us after the same manner; and after him a third. *Me.* It may be they had a mind to have drawn your picture. *Og.* But I suspected far otherwise. *Me.* What did you imagine then? *Og.* That some sacrilegious person had stolen some of the Virgin's vestments, and that I was suspected as the thief.

Therefore, having entered the chapel, I addressed myself to the Virgin mother with this short prayer:—

"O thou who only of all women art a mother and a virgin, the most happy of mothers and the purest of virgins, we that are impure do now come to visit and address ourselves to thee that art pure, and reverence thee with our poor offerings, such as they are. Oh that thy son would enable us to imitate thy most holy life, that we may deserve, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, to conceive the Lord Jesus in the most inward bowels of our minds, and having once conceived him, never to lose him. Amen."

So I kissed the altar, laid down some money, and withdrew.

Me. What, did the Virgin hear? Did she give you no nod as a token that she had heard your prayer? *Og.* As I told you before, it was but an uncertain light, and she stood in the dark at the right side of the altar. And the check of the former officer had made me so dejected that I did not dare to lift up my eyes again. *Me.* Then this adventure had not a very happy conclusion? *Og.* Nay, the happiest of all. *Me.* Nay, now you put me in courage again; for, as your Homer says, my heart was even sunk into my breeches. *Og.* After dinner we go to church again. *Me.* How did you dare to do that, being suspected of sacrilege? *Og.* It may be I was; but I did not suspect myself. A clear conscience fears nothing. I had a great mind to see the record that the shower of the relics had referred us to. Having hunted a great while for it, we found it at last; but it was hung up so high that he must have good eyes that could read it; and mine are none of the best, nor none of the worst. Therefore, not being willing wholly to trust to him in a matter of such moment, I went along with Aldrisius as he read it.

Me. Well! and were all your doubts removed? *Og.* I was ashamed of myself that I should doubt of a matter that there was made so plain before one's eyes, the name, the place, the order of the proceeding—in one word, there was nothing omitted. There was one William of Paris, a man of general piety, but more especially religious in getting together the relics of saints all over the earth, he having travelled over a great many countries, and having everywhere diligently searched monasteries and churches, at last arrived at Constantinople (for this William's brother was a bishop there). When he was preparing to return home, the bishop acquainted him that there was a certain nun that had the Virgin's milk, and that he would be the happiest man in the world if he could possibly get any of it, either for love or money, or by any other means, for that all the relics he had hitherto collected were nothing compared to that sacred milk. Upon this William never was at rest till he had obtained one-half of this milk, and having gotten this treasure, thought himself richer than Crœsus. *Me.* And very well he might. It was a thing so unexpected too.

Og. He goes straight homeward, but falls sick by the way. *Me.* Oh, how little trust is to be put in human felicity that it shall be either perfect or long-lived! *Og.* Finding himself in danger he sends for a Frenchman, a faithful fellow-traveller, and makes him swear secrecy, and then delivers the milk to him upon this condition, "That if he got home safe he should deposit that treasure on the altar of the holy

Virgin that is worshipped at Paris in that noble church that has the river Seine on each side of it, as if itself gave place in reverence to the divinity of the Virgin. To sum up the matter in few words, William was buried; the other rides post, but he falls sick by the way, and thinking himself past recovery, he delivers the milk to an Englishman that was his fellow-traveller, making him take a solemn oath that he would perform that which he himself was to have done. The one dies, the other takes it and puts it upon the altar in the presence of all the canons of the place, those that at that time were called regulars, as they are yet at St. Genoveve. He obtained half this milk of them and carried it into England, and made a present of it to this beyond-sea place, his mind being moved thereunto by a divine impulse. *Me.* Truly this story hangs very handsomely together.

Og. Nay, further, that there might not be left the least room to doubt, the very names of the bishops were set down that were authorised to grant releases and indulgences to such as should come to see the milk according to the power to them given, but not without some donation or another. *Me.* And how far did that power extend? *Og.* To forty days. *Me.* But are there days in purgatory? *Og.* For certain there is time there. *Me.* But when they have disposed of this stock of forty days have they no more to bestow? *Og.* No; for there ever and anon arises something for them to bestow, and it is in this quite otherwise than it is with the tub of the Danaides; for though that is continually filling, it is always empty; but in this, though you are continually drawing out, there is never the less in the vessel. *Me.* But if the remission of forty days were given to a hundred thousand men would every one have so much? *Og.* Yes, so much. *Me.* And suppose that they that have received forty days in the morning should ask for forty days more at night, would they have wherewithal to give them? *Og.* Yes, ten times over in an hour. *Me.* I wish I had such a cabinet at home. I would not wish for above three groats if they might be doubled and tripled after that manner. *Og.* You might as well have wished to be all turned into gold yourself, and as soon have had what you wished for.

But to return to my story, there was one argument added by a man of great piety and candour, which is, that though the Virgin's milk, which is shewn in many other places, is indeed venerable enough in that it was scraped off from stones, yet this was more venerable than all the rest, because this was saved as it flowed from the Virgin's breast without touching the ground. *Me.* But how does that appear? *Og.* Oh, the nun at Constantinople that gave it said so. *Me.* It may be she had it of St. Bernard. *Og.* I believe she had. *Me.* He, when he was very old, had the happiness to taste milk from the same nipple which the child Jesus sucked, whence I wonder he was not rather called Lactifluous than Mellifluous. But how is that called the Virgin's milk that did not flow from her breasts? *Og.* That did flow from her breasts, but dropping upon the stone she sat upon while she was giving suck it concreted, and was afterwards by Providence so multiplied. *Me.* Right. Go on.

Og. These things being over, we were just upon the point of going away, but walking about and looking round us to see if there was anything worth taking notice of, the chapel officers come to us again,

leering at us. Pointing at us with their fingers, they advance to us, retreat, run backward and forward, nod as if they would fain have said something to us, if they had had courage enough to have done it. *Me.* And was not you afraid then? *Og.* No, not at all; but I looked them full in the face very cheerfully, as who should say speak and welcome. At length one of them comes up to me and asked my name. I told it him. He asked me if I was the person that a matter of two years ago set up a votive table in Hebrew letters? I told him I was. *Me.* Can you write Hebrew then? *Og.* No; but they call everything Hebrew that they cannot understand. But by and by, upon calling, as I suppose, came the πρῶτος ὕσερος of the college.

Me. What title of dignity is that? Have they not an abbot? *Og.* No. *Me.* Why so? *Og.* Because they do not understand Hebrew. *Me.* Have they no bishop? *Og.* None at all. *Me.* Why so? *Og.* Because the Virgin is so poor that she has not wherewith to buy a staff and mitre. *Me.* Have they not so much as a president? *Og.* No, nor that neither. *Me.* What hinders? *Og.* Because a president is a name of dignity and not of holiness, and therefore the colleges of canons reject the name of an abbot, but they willingly allow the name of a president. *Me.* But this πρῶτος ὕσερος is what I never heard of before. *Og.* In truth you are but an indifferent grammarian then. *Me.* I know what ὑσερόπρωτον is in rhetoric. *Og.* Why, that is it. He that is next the prior is posterior-prior. You mean a sub-prior.

Og. He saluted me very courteously. He told me what great pains had been taken to read those verses; what wiping of spectacles there had been to no purpose; how often one grave doctor of divinity, and another of law, had been brought thither to expound the table. One said the letters were Arabic, another said they were fictitious ones; but at last they found one that made a shift to read the title. It was written in Latin words and Latin capitals. The verses were Greek in Greek capitals, which at first sight looked like Roman capitals. Being requested, I turned the verses into Latin, word for word. They would have given me a reward for this small service, but I positively refused it, affirming that there was nothing so difficult that I would not, with all the readiness in the world, undertake for the sake of the holy Virgin, even if she should command me to carry a letter for her from thence to Jerusalem. *Me.* What occasion can she have for you to be her letter-carrier that has so many angels for her secretaries and pages?

Og. He pulled out of his pouch a little piece of wood, cut off from the beam on which the Virgin mother stood. The admirable fragrancy of it shewed it to be a thing that was highly sacred. I having received this present in the lowest posture of humility and bare headed, and having kissed it over and over, put it in my pocket. *Me.* May a person see it? *Og.* I will let you see it if you will. But if you have eaten or drank to-day, or have had to do with your wife last night, I would not advise you to look upon it. *Me.* Let me see it; there is no danger. *Og.* Here it is for you. *Me.* O happy man art thou that hast such a present! *Og.* Whether you know it or no, I would not exchange this little fragment for all the gold in Tagus. I will set it in gold, and put it in a crystal case so that it may be seen through it.

When this hysteroprotos saw me so religiously transported with that small present, thinking I deserved to have things of greater moment imparted to me, he asked me if I had seen the Virgin's secrets. That word startled me a little, but I durst not ask him what he meant by the Virgin's secrets, for in matters so sacred there is danger in a slip of the tongue. I told him I had not seen them, but I had a very great desire to see them. Then I am conducted in as one in an ecstacy. A wax taper or two was lighted, and a little image was shewn me that made no extraordinary figure, neither for magnitude, matter, nor workmanship, but of extraordinary virtue. *Me.* Bulk has no great matter in it as to the doing of miracles. I have seen St. Christopher at Paris, not him of a cartload or of the size of a colossus, but rather of a large mountain; but I never heard he was famous for doing miracles. *Og.* At the feet of the Virgin there is a jewel that neither the Latins nor Greeks have yet given a name to. The French have given it a name from a toad, because it has the resemblance of a toad in it so lively that no art can match it. And that which is the more miraculous is that it is a very small stone, and the image does not stand out of it, but is included in the very body of the stone, and may be seen through it.

Me. Perhaps they may fancy they see the likeness of a toad cut in it, as some fancy they see that of an eagle in the stalk of a brake or fern; and as boys, who see everything in the clouds, as dragons breathing out fire, burning mountains, and armed men fighting. *Og.* Nay, that you may be thoroughly satisfied in the matter, no living toad ever shewed itself more plainly than that is expressed there. *Me.* I have been hearing your stories all this while, but I would have you find out somebody else to give credit to your story of the toad. *Og.* I do not at all wonder, Menedemus, that you are so incredulous; I should not have believed it myself if the whole tribe of divines had asserted it, unless I had seen it with these eyes—I say beheld it with these very eyes, and had experienced the truth of it. But methinks you seem not to be curious enough upon these natural rarities. *Me.* Why so? what, because I will not believe that asses fly.

Og. But do you not observe how nature sports herself in imitating the shapes and colours of everything in other things, but especially in precious stones? And also what admirable virtues it has planted in them, which are altogether incredible if common experience did not force us to a belief of them? Prithee, tell me, would you ever have believed without seeing it with your eyes that steel could have been drawn by the loadstone without touching it, or be driven away from it without being touched by it? *Me.* No, indeed, I never should, although ten Aristotles had taken their oaths of the truth of it.

Og. Well, then, do not say everything is a fable that has not fallen within the compass of your experience. We find the figure of a bolt in a thunder-stone, fire in the carbuncle, the figure of hail and the coldness of it in the hail-stone, nay, even though you throw it into the midst of the fire; the deep and transparent waves of the sea in the emerald; the carcinias imitates the figure of a sea-crab, the echites of a viper, the scarites of a gilt head, the theracites of a hawk, the geranites shews you the figured neck of a crane, the ægophthalmus shews the eye of a goat, and some shew that of a hog, and another three human eyes together; the lycophthalmus paints you out the eye of a

wolf in four colours, fiery and bloody, and in the middle black encompassed with white. If you open the black cyamea you will find a bean in the middle; the dryites represents the trunk of a tree, and burns like wood; the cissites and narcissites represent ivy, the astrapias darts forth rays of lightning out of the midst of white or blue, the phlegontites shews a flame within that does not come out; in the anthracitis you may see certain sparks running to and fro; the crocias represents the colour of saffron, the rhodites that of a rose, the chalcites of brass, the aietites the figure of an eagle with a white tail, the taos represents a peacock, the chelidonia an asp, the mermecites has the image of a creeping pismire growing within it; the cantharias shews a perfect beetle, and the scorpites admirably deciphers a scorpion. But why should I proceed to recount that which is innumerable, when there is no part of nature, either in elements, animals, or plants, which nature, as it were to sport herself, does not give us some resemblance of in stones? And do you then admire that the form of a toad is represented in the bufonites? *Me.* I wonder that nature has so much spare time as to divert herself in drawing the pictures of everything. *Og.* It has a mind to exercise the curiosity of mankind, and by that means to keep us from being idle. And yet, as though we were at a loss to know how to pass away our time, we run a madding after buffoons, dice, and jugglers. *Me.* You say true.

Og. And some persons of credit add, that if you put this toadstone into vinegar it will move its legs and swim. *Me.* But why is this dedicated to the Virgin? *Og.* Because she has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguished all uncleanness, malice, pride, avarice, and all manner of earthly desires. *Me.* Woe to us, then, who carry so much of the toad still in our hearts! *Og.* But we shall be pure if we worship the Virgin as we ought. *Me.* How would she have us worship her? *Og.* You will perform most acceptable service to her if you imitate her. *Me.* That is soon said, but not so easily performed. *Og.* It is hard indeed, but then it is very well worth the pains. *Me.* Come on, go forwards in what you have begun. *Og.* Afterwards he shewed me statues of gold and silver. This, says he, is solid gold, and this is only silver gilt. He told me the weight of every one, the price, and the name of the donor.

I being full of admiration at everything, and congratulating the Virgin being mistress of so much wealth, says the officer to me, Inasmuch as I perceive you are so pious a spectator, I think I should not do fairly by you if I should conceal anything from you, therefore you shall see the greatest privacies the Virgin has. And presently he takes out of a drawer from under the altar a world of admirable things, the particulars of which, if I should proceed to mention, the day would not be long enough; so that thus far the journey succeeded to my wish. I satisfied my curiosity abundantly with fine sights, and brought home with me this inestimable present, a pledge of the Virgin's love, given me by herself.

Me. Did you ever make trial of the virtues of this piece of wood? *Og.* I have. Three or four days ago I, being in an house of entertainment, found a man stark mad, whom they were just going to put into chains; I put this piece of wood privately under his bolster, and he fell into a sound sleep and slept a long time, and when he rose in

the morning he was as sober as ever. *Me.* Perhaps he was not distracted but drunk, and sleep commonly cures that distemper. *Og.* Menedemus, since you love to use raillery, take another subject. It is neither pious nor safe to make sport with saints; nay, the man himself told me that there was a woman appeared to him in his sleep of an incomparable beauty, that held forth a cup to him to drink. *Me.* Hellebore, I believe. *Og.* That is uncertain; but this is certain, that the man recovered his reason.

Me. Did you pass by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury? *Og.* No, I think I did not. It is one of the most religious pilgrimages in the world. *Me.* I long to hear it, if it will not be too much trouble to you. *Og.* It is so far from that, that you will oblige me in hearing of it. That part of England that looks towards Flanders and France is called Kent; the metropolis of it is Canterbury. There are two monasteries in it that are almost contiguous, and they are both of Benedictines. That which bears the name of Augustine is the ancienter of the two; that which is now called by the name of St. Thomas seems to have been the seat of St. Thomas the archbishop, where he had led his life with a few monks whom he chose for his companions, as now-a-days deans have their palaces near the church, though separate from the houses of other canons. For, in old time, both bishops and canons were monks, as appears by the manifest vestigia of things.

But the church that is dedicated to St. Thomas raises itself up towards heaven with that majesty that it strikes those that behold it at a great distance with an awe of religion, and now with its splendour makes the light of the neighbouring palaces look dim, and as it were obscures the place that was anciently the most celebrated for religion. There are two lofty turrets which stand as it were bidding visitants welcome from afar off, and a ring of bells that make the adjacent country echo far and wide with their rolling sound. In the south porch of the church stand three stone statues of men in armour, who with wicked hands murdered the holy man, with the names of their countries—Tusci, Fusci, and Betri. *Me.* Why have such wicked men so much honour done them? *Og.* They have the same honour done to them that is done to Judas, Pilate, Caiaphas, and the band of wicked soldiers whose images you may see carved upon stately altars; and their names are added that none after them might arrogate to themselves the glory of the fact. They are set there in open sight to be a warning to wicked courtiers, that no one may hereafter presume to lay his hand on either bishops or the possessions of the church. For these three ruffians ran mad with horror of the fact they had committed; nor had they come to themselves again, had not holy Thomas been implored in favour of them. *Me.* Oh, the perpetual clemency of martyrs!

Og. When you are entered in, a certain spacious majesty of place opens itself to you, which is free to every one. *Me.* Is there nothing to be seen there? *Og.* Nothing but the bulk of the structure, and some books chained to the pillars, containing the gospel of Nicodemus and the sepulchre of I cannot tell who. *Me.* And what else? *Og.* Iron grates enclose the place called the choir, so that there is no entrance, but so that the view is still open from one end of the church to the other. You ascend to this by a great many steps, under which there is a certain vault that opens a passage to the north side. There

they shew a wooden altar consecrated to the holy Virgin; it is a very small one, and remarkable for nothing except as a monument of antiquity, reproaching the luxury of the present times. In that place the good man is reported to have taken his last leave of the Virgin, when he was at the point of death. Upon the altar is the point of the sword with which the top of the head of that good prelate was wounded, and some of his brains that were beaten out, to make sure work of it. We most religiously kissed the sacred rust of this weapon out of love to the martyr.

Leaving this place, we went down into a vault underground; to that there belong two showers of relics. The first thing they shew you is the skull of the martyr, as it was bored through; the upper part is left open to be kissed, all the rest is covered over with silver. There also is shewn you a leaden plate with this inscription, Thomas Acrensis. And there hang up in a great place the shirts of hair-cloth, the girdles, and breeches with which this prelate used to mortify his flesh, the very sight of which is enough to strike one with horror, and to reproach the effeminacy and delicacy of our age. *Me.* Nay, perhaps of the monks themselves. *Og.* That I can neither affirm nor deny, nor does it signify much to me. *Me.* You say right.

Og. From hence we return to the choir. On the north side they open a private place. It is incredible what a world of bones they brought out of it, skulls, chins, teeth, hands, fingers, whole arms, all which we having first adored, kissed; nor had there been any end of it had it not been for one of my fellow-travellers, who indiscreetly interrupted the officer that was shewing them. *Me.* Who was he? *Og.* He was an Englishman, his name was Gratian Pullus, a man of learning and piety, but not so well affected to this part of religion as I could wish he were. *Me.* I fancy he was a Wickliffite. *Og.* No, I believe he was not, though he had read his books; but I do not know where he had them. *Me.* Did he make the officer angry? *Og.* He took out an arm having yet some bloody flesh upon it; he shewed a reluctance to the kissing it, and a sort of uneasiness in his countenance: and presently the officer shut up all his relics again.

After this we viewed the table of the altar, and the ornaments; and after that those things that were laid up under the altar: all was very rich; you would have said Midas and Crœsus were beggars compared to them, if you beheld the great quantities of gold and silver. *Me.* And was there no kissing here? *Og.* No, but my mind was touched with other sorts of wishes. *Me.* What were they? *Og.* I made me sigh to think I had no such relics in my own house. *Me.* A sacrilegious wish! *Og.* I confess it, and I humbly begged pardon of the saint before I set my foot out of the church.

After this we were carried into the vestry. Good God! what a pomp of silk vestments was there, of golden candlesticks! There we saw also St. Thomas's foot. It looked like a reed painted over with silver; it hath but little of weight, and nothing of workmanship, and was longer than up to one's girdle. *Me.* Was there never a cross? *Og.* I saw none. There was a gown shewn; it was silk, indeed, but coarse and without embroidery or jewels, and a handkerchief, still having plain marks of sweat and blood from the saint's neck. We readily kissed these monuments of ancient frugality. *Me.* Are these

shewn to everybody? *Og.* No, certainly, my good friend. *Me.* How then did you come to have such credit with them, that none of their secrets were concealed from you? *Og.* I had some acquaintance with the reverend prelate, William Warham, the archbishop, and he recommended me. *Me.* I have heard he was a man of great humanity. *Og.* Nay, if you knew the man, you would take him for humanity itself. He was a man of that learning, that candour of manners, and that piety of life, that there was nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplished prelate.

From hence we were conducted up higher; for behind the high altar there is another ascent as into another church. In a certain new chapel there was shewn to us the whole face of the good man set in gold, and adorned with jewels; and here a certain unexpected chance had near interrupted all our felicity. *Me.* I want sadly to hear what mischievous matter this was. *Og.* My friend Gratian lost himself here extremely. After a short prayer, he says to the assistant of him that shewed us the relics, Good father, is it true, as I have heard, that Thomas, while he lived, was very charitable to the poor? Very true, replies he, and began to relate a great many instances of his charity. Then, answers Gratian, I do not believe that good inclination in him is changed, unless it be for the better. The officer assented. Then, says he again, if this holy man was so liberal to the poor when he was a poor man himself, and stood in need of charity for the support of his own body, do you not think he would take it well now, when he is grown so rich and wants nothing, if some poor woman having a family of children at home ready to starve, or daughters in danger of being under a necessity to prostitute themselves for want of portions, or a husband sick in bed, and destitute of all comforts; if such a woman should ask him leave to make bold with some small portion of these vast riches for the relief of her family, taking it either as by consent, or by gift, or by way of borrowing?

The assistant making no answer to this, Gratian being a warm man, I am fully persuaded, says he, that the good man would be glad at his heart, that when he is dead he could be able to relieve the necessities of the poor with his wealth. Upon this the shower of the relics began to frown, and to pout out his lips, and to look upon us as if he would have eaten us up; and I do not doubt but he would have spit in our faces, and have turned us out of the church by the neck and shoulders, but that we had the archbishop's recommendation. Indeed I did in some measure pacify him with good words, telling him that Gratian did not speak this from his heart, but had a droll way with him, and also laid down a little money.

Me. Indeed, I exceedingly approve of your piety. But I sometimes seriously think of it, how they can possibly excuse themselves from being guilty of a fault who consume such vast sums in building, beautifying, and enriching churches, setting no bound to their expenses. I allow that there ought to be a dignity in the sacred vestments, the vessels of a church, agreeable to the solemn service, and would have the structure of it to have a certain air of majesty; but to what purpose are so many golden fonts, so many candlesticks, and so many images? To what purpose is such a profusion of expense upon organs, as they call them? Nor are we, indeed, content with one pair. What

signify those concerts of music, hired at so great an expense; when in the meantime our brothers and sisters, Christ's living temples, are ready to perish for hunger and thirst!

Og. There is no man, either of piety or wisdom, but would wish for a moderation in these matters; but since this error proceeds from a certain extreme of piety, it deserves some favour, especially when we reflect, on the other hand, on the contrary errors of others, who rob churches rather than build them up. They are commonly endowed by great men and monarchs, who would employ the money worse in gaming or war. And, moreover, if you take anything away from the church, in the first place it is accounted sacrilege; and in the second place, it shuts up the hands of those who had an inclination to give; and besides, it is a temptation to rapine. The churchmen are rather guardians of these things than masters of them. And lastly, I had rather see a church luxuriant with sacred furniture, than as some of them are, naked and sordid, more like stables than churches. *Me.* But we read that the bishops of old were commended for selling the sacred vessels and relieving the poor with the money. *Og.* And so they are commended at this day; but they are only commended; for I am of the mind, they neither have the power nor the will to follow the example.

Me. But I hinder your narration; I now expect to hear the conclusion of your story. *Og.* Well, you shall have it, and I will be very brief. Upon this, out comes the head of the college. *Me.* Who was he, the abbot of the place? *Og.* He wears a mitre, and has the revenue of an abbot—he wants nothing but the name; he is called the prior, because the archbishop is in the place of an abbot; for in old time every one that was an archbishop of that diocese was a monk. *Me.* I did not matter if I was called a camel, if I had but the revenue of an abbot. *Og.* He seemed to me to be a godly and prudent man, and not unacquainted with the Scotch divinity. He opened us the box in which the remainder of the holy man's body is said to rest. *Me.* Did you see the bones? *Og.* That is not permitted, nor can it be done without a ladder. But a wooden box covers a golden one, and that being craned up with ropes, discovers an inestimable treasure. *Me.* What say you? *Og.* Gold was the basest part. Everything sparkled and shined with very large and scarce jewels, some of them bigger than a goose's egg. There some monks stood about with the greatest veneration. The cover being taken off, we all worshipped. The prior, with a white wand, touched every stone one by one, telling us the name in French, the value of it, and who was the donor of it. The principal of them were the presents of kings. *Me.* He had need to have a good memory. *Og.* You guess right, and yet practice goes a great way, for he does this frequently.

Hence he carried us back into a vault. There the Virgin Mary has her residence; it is something dark; it is doubly railed in and encompassed about with iron bars. *Me.* What is she afraid of? *Og.* Nothing, I suppose, but thieves. And I never in my life saw anything more laden with riches. *Me.* You tell me of riches in the dark. *Og.* Candles being brought in we saw more than a royal sight. *Me.* What, does it go beyond the Parathalassian virgin in wealth? *Og.* It goes far beyond in appearance. What is concealed she knows best.

These things are shewn to none but great persons or peculiar friends. In the end we were carried back into the vestry. There was pulled out a chest covered with black leather; it was set upon the table and opened. They all fell down on their knees and worshipped. *Me.* What was in it? *Og.* Pieces of linen rags, a great many of them retaining still the marks of the snot. These were those, they say, that the holy man used to wipe the sweat off from his face and neck with, the snot out of his nose, or any other such sort of filth which human bodies are not free from.

Here again my Gratian behaved himself in none of the most obliging manners; for the gentle prior offered to him, being an Englishman, an acquaintance, and a man of considerable authority, one of the rags for a present, thinking he had presented him with a very acceptable gift; but Gratian unthankfully took it squeamishly in his fingers, and laid it down with an air of contempt, making up his mouth at it as if he would have smacked it. For this was his custom, if anything came in his way that he would express his contempt to. I was both ashamed and afraid. Nevertheless the good prior, though not insensible of the affront, seemed to take no notice of it; and after he had civilly entertained us with a glass of wine, dismissed us, and we went back to London.

Me. What need was there for that when you were not far from your own shore? *Og.* I was not, but I industriously shunned that shore, it being more infamous for cheats and rapines than any rocks are for shipwrecks. I will tell you what I saw in my last passage that way. There was a pretty many of us upon the shore of Calais, who were carried thence in a chaloupe to a large ship. Among the rest there was a young Frenchman that was poor and ragged, and they demanded twopence for his passage, for so much they will have if they carry you but a boat's length. He pleaded poverty. They in a frolic would needs search him, and having pulled off his shoes they find ten or twelve pieces of silver between the soles. They took the money, laughed at him to his face, and bantered the Frenchman as a cheat into the bargain. *Me.* What did the fellow do then? *Og.* What should he do but lament his misfortune?

Me. Do they do these things by authority? *Og.* By the same authority that they steal the baggage of a guest in his inn, or take his purse upon the road, if they find an opportunity. *Me.* It is very strange that they dare to commit such villainy before so many witnesses. *Og.* They are so used to it that they think they do well in it. There were many in the great ship who looked on, and some English merchants in the boat who grumbled at it, but to no purpose. They boasted of it as a piece of wit in catching the Frenchman in his roguery. *Me.* I would hang up those coast thieves, and laugh at them, and banter them at the gallows. *Og.* Nay, both shores abound with such fellows. Hence I make this improvement, If the little thieves dare to do thus, what will their masters do? So that I had rather for the future go ever so far about than that shortest way. And besides, as the descent to hell is easy but the return is difficult, so the entrance of this shore is not very easy, and the getting out of it very difficult.

There were at London some skippers belonging to Antwerp, so I

determined to take passage with them. *Me.* Are the skippers of that country any better than others? *Og.* I confess, as an ape will always be an ape, so a skipper will always be a skipper; but if you compare them to those that live upon the catch, they are angels. *Me.* I shall remember it, if I ever have a mind to visit that island. But go on again, I have led you out of the way.

Og. In our journey to London, not far from Canterbury there is a narrow, hollow, steep way, and a cragged, steep bank on either side, so that you cannot escape it, for there is no other way to go. Upon the left hand of that way there is a little cottage of old mendicants. As soon as they espy a man on horseback coming, one of them runs out and sprinkles him with holy water, and then offers him the upper leather of a shoe, with a brass ring to it, in which is a glass, as if it were some gem. Having kissed it, you give a small piece of money. *Me.* In such a way I had rather meet with a cottage of old mendicants than a gang of lusty footpads.

Og. Gratian rode on my left hand, next to this cottage; he was sprinkled with holy water, and took it pretty well; but upon presenting the shoe he asked what was meant by that? This, says the poor man, was St. Thomas's shoe. Gratian fell into a passion, and turning to me said, What would these brutes have? Will they make us kiss the shoes of all that have been good men? Why do they not as well give us their spittle and the other excrements of their bodies to kiss? I pitied the poor old man, and comforted him, being sorrowful, by giving him a little money. *Me.* In my opinion Gratian was not angry altogether without a cause. If these shoes and slippers were preserved as an argument of moderation in living I should not dislike it, but I think it a piece of impudence to thrust slippers, and shoes, and stockings upon any one to be kissed. If any one shall do it of their own free choice, from a great affection to piety, I think they deserve to be left to their own liberty.

Og. Not to dissemble, I think those things had better be let alone; but in those matters that cannot be mended on a sudden, it is my way to make the best of them. In the meantime my mind was delighted with this contemplation, that a good man was like a sheep and a wicked man like a hurtful beast. A viper, indeed, cannot bite when it is dead, yet it is infectious by its stink and corruption. A sheep, while it lives, nourishes us with its milk, clothes us with its wool, and enriches us by its increase; when it is dead it supplies us with leather, and is every part of it fit to be eaten. In like manner, men that are furious and devoted to this world while they live are troublesome to all persons, and when they are dead are a disturbance to those that are alive, with the noise of the bells and a pompous funeral, and sometimes to their successors at their entering upon their possessions, by causing new exactions. But good men make themselves profitable in all respects to the whole world. As this saint, while he was alive, by his example, his doctrine, and admonitions invited to piety, comforted the friendless, succoured the needy, so now he is dead he is in some sort more useful. He built this magnificent church, and advanced the authority of the priesthood all over England; and now, after all, this fragment of his shoe maintains a conventicle of poor men.

Me. That, indeed, is a very pious contemplation; but I wonder,

since you are of this mind, that you never went to see St. Patrick's den, of which the people say so many prodigious things that I can scarce think likely to be true. *Og.* Nay, there is no report of it can be so prodigious but that the thing itself exceeds it. *Me.* Why, then, did you ever enter into it? *Og.* Yes, I have ferried over a lake truly Stygian, and descended into the very jaws of Avernus, and seen all that is done in hell. *Me.* You will bless me if you shall not think much to relate it. *Og.* I think this preface of our discourse has been prolix enough. I am going home to give order to get supper ready, for I have not dined yet.

Me. Why have you had no dinner? Is it upon a religious account? *Og.* No, but out of spite. *Me.* What, do you spite your belly? *Og.* No, but unconscionable victuallers who, although they serve you with what is not fit to be eaten, make no scruple of demanding for it an unreasonable price. This is the way that I revenge myself on them. If I am in hope of a good supper, either at an acquaintance's or at an eating-house, that is anything tolerable, my stomach fails me at dinner. If fortune throws in my way a dinner such as I like, then my stomach fails me at supper-time. *Me.* And are you not ashamed to be so stingy and sneaking? *Og.* Believe me, Menedemus, in such cases as this those that make use of their modesty employ it to a wrong use. I have learned to keep my bashfulness for other purposes.

Me. I do even long for the remainder of your story, and therefore expect me at supper, and there you may tell it more at leisure. *Og.* In truth, I give you thanks for taking the freedom to invite yourself, when many who are invited with earnestness will not accept of it; but I will thank you over and over if you shall sup at home to-night, for my time will be taken up in congratulating my family. But I have advice to give you that will be more commodious for us both. Do you provide a dinner at your house for me and my wife to-morrow, and I will proceed in my story till supper-time, till you shall say you have your bellyful; and if you are contented so, we will not leave you at supper neither. What, do you scratch your head? Do you but make provision, and I will give you my word we will come without fail.

Me. I like stories best gratis. However, come, I will provide a dinner for you, but it shall be an unsavoury one if you do not make it relishing with your stories. *Og.* But hark ye, have not I set you a-gog to go on pilgrimages? *Me.* Perhaps you may by that time you have finished your relation, but as I find myself at present I have enough to do to travel my Roman stations. *Og.* Roman ones, you who never saw Rome? *Me.* I will tell you after that manner I walk about my house, I go to my study, and take care of my daughter's chastity; thence I go into my shop and see what my servants are doing, then into the kitchen and see if anything be amiss there; and so from one place to another, what my wife and what my children are doing, taking care that every one be at his business. These are my Roman stations. *Og.* But St. James would take care of these things for you. *Me.* The Holy Scriptures enjoin me to look after them myself, but I do not find any text to leave them to the saints.

ICHTHYOPHAGIA; OR, FISH-EATING.

A Butcher and a Salt-Fishmonger.

Bu. Tell me, silly seller of salt fish, have you not bought a halter yet? *Fi.* A halter, butcher? *Bu.* Yes, I say an halter. *Fi.* For what? *Bu.* To hang yourself with. *Fi.* Let them buy halters that want them, I am not weary of my life yet. *Bu.* But you will be weary of it quickly. *Fi.* God send that may rather be your case than mine. What is the matter? *Bu.* I will tell you if you do not know. Here is a time coming upon you that you and your brother tradesmen will be all starved to death, and ready to hang yourselves out of the way. *Fi.* Easy, easy, butcher, God send this may be our enemies' case and not ours. But prithee, butcher, how came you to be a fortune-teller all on a sudden, to divine such a calamity? *Bu.* It is no guess work, I promise you; do not flatter yourself, it is matter of fact. *Fi.* You fright me out of my wits; if you have anything to say let us have it out.

Bu. I will tell you to your cost. Here is a dispensation of the college of cardinals coming out for everybody to eat what he lists. Then what will you and your fraternity do but be starved to death in the midst of your heaps of stinking salt fish? *Fi.* They that have a mind to it may feed upon snails or nettles with all my heart. But is there a prohibition that nobody shall eat fish? *Bu.* No, but everybody is at liberty to eat flesh that has a mind to it. *Fi.* If what you predict be true, you rather deserve to be hanged than I; and if it be false, you have more need to buy a halter. For I hope for a better trade for the future. *Bu.* You may have stock enough by you, but your bellyful of fasting. But if you will hear the best of the story you may live a little cleanlier than you used to do, and not have occasion to wipe your snotty, scabby nose upon your elbow. *Fi.* Ha, ha, now it has come out at last: the kettle calls the pot black. Is there any part of a butcher cleaner and sweeter than his backside? I wish what you say were true, but I am afraid you only feed me with fancies.

Bu. What I tell you is too true to make a jest on. But, prithee, how do you promise yourself a better trade upon this consideration? *Fi.* Because people are of that humour that they are most desirous of that which is forbidden. *Bu.* What, then? *Fi.* When they are at liberty to eat flesh, they will eat least of it; and then no entertainment will be accounted noble but what has fish at it, as it used to be in old time. So I shall be glad if there be a licence to eat flesh. And I wish heartily that the eating fish were forbidden too, then people would covet it more earnestly. *Bu.* Well wished indeed. I should wish so too if I were like you, and aimed at nothing but getting money, for the sake of which thou sendest that lumpish, flesh-fed soul of thine to the devil.

Fi. You are very smart upon me, but what you say is very silly. What is it puts the see of Rome upon the relaxing the law for prohibiting eating of flesh, that has been observed for so many ages? *Bu.* Why, indeed, they have had a mind to do it a great while ago, and for

this reason, that they think, as it really is, that the city is defiled by salt-fishmongers; the land, the waters, rivers, air, and fire are infected, and all the other elements, if there be any more, men's bodies corrupted and filled with putrid humours by the eating of fish; from whence proceed fevers, consumptions, gouts, falling-sicknesses, leprosies, and what not of diseases. *Fi.* But, prithee, tell me, Hippocrates, how it comes to pass that in well-governed cities it is forbid to kill oxen and hogs within the walls of the city? for it would tend more to the healthfulness of the city if they were restrained from killing sheep in it too. Why is there a certain place appointed for butchers apart from others, but lest if they had liberty to rove about and settle anywhere, they should infect the whole city? Is there any kind of stink so pestilential as that of the corrupted blood and gore of beasts? *Bu.* They are mere perfumes compared to stinking fish.

Fi. You, perhaps, may think them perfumes, but it is a sign the magistrates thought otherwise that expelled you the city. Besides that, how fragrant your slaughter-houses smell is very plainly seen, by people stopping their noses when they pass by them, and that they had rather have ten bawds for their neighbous than one butcher. *Bu.* Whole ponds and rivers are little enough for you to wash your stinking salt fish in; for, as the old saying is, You do but attempt to wash the blackamore white; for a fish will always smell like a fish though you perfume it. Nor is it to be wondered at that they smell so strong when they are dead, when many stink alive, and as soon as they are taken. Flesh, pickled up, is so far from stinking that it may be preserved many years, and smell as sweet as a violet at last; nay, being but salted up with common salt will never stink; and being hung up a drying in smoke, or wind, will have no ill scent. But do what you will to a fish it will smell like a fish still. It is evident there is no stink to be compared to that of fish; that fish corrupts even salt itself, which was given for the very end of preserving things from putrefaction, by shutting, binding up, and also forcing out that which should produce anything nauseous, and drying up the humours within from whence putrefaction might come: fish is the only thing on which salt loses its efficacy.

It may be some nice beau or other may stop his nose as he passes by a butcher's shop, but nobody can bear to be in the boat where your salt fish is. If a traveller chance to meet a cart laden with salt fish on the road, how does he run away, stop his nose, hawk and spit, and curse the stinking cargo? And if it were possible that salt fish could be carried sweet into the city, as we do our beef when killed and dressed, the law would be laid aside. But besides, what can you say as to them that stink while they are eaten? and besides, how often do we see your condemned ware thrown into the rivers by the clerks of the markets, and a fine put upon you for selling it? And we should see that oftener, but that they, corrupted by you, do not so much regard the city's good as their own profit. Nor is this the only thing that you are notorious for; but besides that, there is a wicked combination among you to hinder fresh from coming to town.

Fi. Pray, did nobody ever know a butcher fined for killing measled pork, or selling mutton drowned in a ditch, or maggoty shoulders of mutton daubed over with fresh blood, to make them look

as if new killed? *Bu.* But nobody ever knew such an instance of us as has been known by you lately, that nine persons were poisoned by one eel baked in a pie. And this is what you furnish citizens' tables with. *Fi.* What you speak of was an accident; and nobody can help that, when it pleases God it shall fall out so. But it is a daily practice with you to sell young cats for rabbits, and puppies for hares, if people do not know them by their ears and rough feet; not to speak of your meat-pies made of dead men's flesh.

Bu. That which you charge me with is the failings of men in common; and let them defend themselves that are guilty of the fault. I make my comparison between gain and gain. By the same reason you may condemn gardeners, who, by mistake, sell henbane for coleworts; or apothecaries, who administer poison instead of antidotes. There is no trade or calling that is not liable to these mistakes. But you, when you act the most faithfully in your calling, sell that which is poison. If, indeed, you sold a cramp-fish, a water-snake, or a sea-hare, caught among other fish, it would be an accident rather than a fault. Nor do I think it any more to be imputed to you than to a physician, that sometimes kills the patient he undertakes to cure. And this might be excusable if you only put off your stinking wares in the winter season; then the cold might mitigate the contagiousness of infection; but you add putrid matter to the fire of the summer season, and render autumn, which is of itself a sickly season, more sickly. And in the spring of the year, when the humours that have been locked up begin to flow to the hazard of the body, then for two whole months you exercise your tyranny and corrupt the infancy of the springing year, by bringing an old age upon it. And when nature is busied to purge the body from unwholesome juices and make it fresh and blooming with new, you throw into it more stinks and corruption; so that if there be any vicious humours in the body you increase them, adding worse to bad, and not only so, but corrupting the good juices of the body. But this might be borne with too if you only injured the body; but inasmuch as by different foods the organs of the mind are vitiated, you vitiate the very minds themselves. So that do but mind your fish-eaters, how like fishes do they look, pale, stinking, stupid, and mute?

Fi. Oh, rare Thales! But, prithee, how wise are they that live upon beets? just as much as the beets themselves. What sort of fellows are they that feed upon beef, mutton, and goats' flesh? truly, like oxen, sheep, and goats themselves. You sell kids for a mighty delicacy, and yet this creature is very bad for the falling-sickness, and brings that distemper upon the flesh-eaters. Were it not better to satisfy a craving appetite with salt fish? *Bu.* Do you think, then, that all that your naturalists write is true? But were what they say ever so true, it is certain that to some persons that are inclinable to diseases, those things that are good of themselves prove hurtful. We sell kids for those that are troubled with the hectic, or phthisic, but not for those that have the vapours.

Fi. If the eating of fish be so prejudicial as you would insinuate, how comes it about that our superiors permit us to sell our ware the whole year, and make you keep holiday for a good part of it? *Bu.* That is none of my business to answer. But it may be this was the

contrivance of wicked doctors, that they might get the more money. *Fi.* I do not know what doctors they are that you speak of; for I am sure none are greater enemies to fish than they are. *Bu.* Goodman coxcomb, to set you right in this matter, it is not for your sake nor the love of fish; for none are more adverse than they to the eating it, but it is their own game they play. The more people are troubled with coughs, consumptions, and chronic distempers, the more they get by it.

Fi. I will not advocate for doctors in this matter, let them avenge their own quarrel when they get thee into their clutches. The ancient sanctimony of life, the authority of the most approved, the majesty of bishops, and the public usage of Christian nations are enough for my purpose; all which, if you tax with madness, I had rather be mad with them than be sober with butchers. *Bu.* You decline being an advocate for doctors, and so do I to be an accuser or censurer of the ancients, or common custom. Those it is my custom to revere, but not revile. *Fi.* You are more cautious than pious in this point, or I am mistaken in you, butcher. *Bu.* In my opinion, they are the wisest that have least to do with those that carry thunderbolts in their hands. But, however, I will not conceal what I understand from my Bible, translated into my mother tongue, that I sometimes read. *Fi.* What now, the butcher is turned parson too.

Bu. I am of the opinion that mankind, in the first ages, being newly formed out of primitive clay, were of more healthful constitutions. This appears by their vivacity. More than that, I believe paradise was a place commodiously situated, and in a very healthy climate. Such bodies, in such a situation, might be sustained without food, by breathing the very air and fragrancy of herbs, trees, and flowers, that exhaled everywhere, and especially the earth, spontaneously producing all things in abundance without man's sweating or toiling, who was neither infected with distempers nor old age. The dressing of such a garden was not a toil, but rather a pleasure. *Fi.* Hitherto you seem to be right. *Bu.* Of the various increase of so fertile a garden nothing was prohibited but the use of one single tree. *Fi.* That is true too. *Bu.* And that for this reason only, that they might pay their acknowledgment to their Lord and Creator by obedience. *Fi.* All this is very right.

Bu. Moreover, I verily believe that the new earth produced everything better in its kind, and of a more nutritive juice than it does now, grown old and almost past bearing. *Fi.* Well, I grant it. Take that for granted. *Bu.* And that especially in paradise. *Fi.* It is very probable. *Bu.* If so, then eating was rather for the sake of pleasure than necessity. *Fi.* I have heard so. *Bu.* At that time to abstain from eating flesh was rather humanity than sanctity. *Fi.* I do not know. I read that the eating of flesh was permitted after the flood, but I do not read it was forbidden before. But to what purpose were it to permit it if it were permitted before? *Bu.* Why do not we eat frogs? Not because they are forbidden, but because we have an aversion to them. How can you tell whether God might not instruct man what food human nature required, and not what He permitted? *Fi.* I cannot divine.

Bu. But, presently after man's creation, we read, "Rule ye over

the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and every living creature that moveth upon the face of the earth." What use was there of the government of them, if it were not lawful to eat them? *Fi.* O cruel master! do you eat your men and maid-servants, your wife and children? Why don't you at the same time eat your chamber-pot, for you are master of that too? *Bu.* But, prithee, hear me again, thou silly salt-fishmonger. There is a real use of other things, and not a bare name of dominion only. A horse carries me upon its back, and a camel my baggage, but what use are fish of but to be eaten? *Fi.* As if there were not abundance of fish that are good for physic. And besides, there are a great many that were created merely for the sake of contemplation, and to carry us forth to admire their Creator. It may be you don't believe that dolphins carry men on their backs. In the last place, there are some fish that are useful to foretell a tempest, as the echinus or sea-urchin; and would you not wish to have such a servant in your own house?

Bu. Suppose that be granted, that before the flood it was not lawful to eat any food but the fruits of the earth, it was no great matter to abstain from those things the necessity of the body did not require, and in the killing of which was cruelty; yet you will allow that in the beginning the eating of living creatures was permitted, by reason of the weakness of human bodies. The deluge had brought in a cold temperament, and at this time we see those that live in cold climates are greater eaters than others in hotter, and the flood had either quite destroyed or at least spoiled the products of the earth. *Fi.* That is granted. *Bu.* And yet after the deluge they lived above two hundred years. *Fi.* I believe they did. *Bu.* Why then did God afterwards, as Moses commanded, tie up persons of a weaker constitution and shorter lived to some particular kinds of living creatures, which He permitted to those of a stronger without exception?

Fi. Just as if it were my province to give a reason for what God did. But I believe that God did then as masters do now, who contract their indulgence towards their servants when they see them abuse their lenity. So we forbear to feed a horse with oats and beans when he grows pampered and too mettlesome, give him hay more sparingly, and ride him with a curb bridle and a sharper spur. Mankind had thrown off all reverence of the Deity, and lived as licentiously as if there was no God at all. Upon this account the lattices of the law and bars of ceremonies, the bridles of threatenings and precepts, were made use of to bring them to know themselves. *Bu.* What then, do those bars of the law hold us in at this day too? *Fi.* Inasmuch as the asperity of carnal servitude is removed, we being by the gospel adopted sons of God, there being an augmentation of grace, there is a diminution of the number of precepts.

Bu. How comes it to pass that when God calls His covenant everlasting, and Christ denies that He dissolved the law, but fulfilled it, by what confidence, I say, do men of after-ages dare to abrogate good part of it? *Fi.* That law was not given to the Gentiles, and therefore it seemed meet to the apostles not to burden them with the load of circumcision, lest, as the Jews even at this day do, they should rather place the hope of their salvation in corporeal observances, than in faith and love towards God. *Bu.* I forbear to speak of the Gen-

tiles, what scripture is there that says plainly of the Jews, that if they did embrace the gospel they should be freed from the servitude of the Mosaical law?

Fi. That was prophesied by the prophets, who promise a new covenant and a new heart, and introduce God as abhorring the festival days of the Jews, aversating their meat-offerings, abhorring their fasts, rejecting their gifts, and desiring a people of circumcised hearts; and the Lord himself confirmed what they had promised, who holding forth to His disciples His body and blood, calls it the New Testament. If nothing be abolished of the old, why is this called a new one? The Lord did not only abrogate the Jewish choice of meats by His example, but by His doctrine, when He denies that man is defiled by meats which go into the stomach, and pass thence into the draught. He teaches Peter the same by a vision, and Peter himself shews the same, in that he, with Paul and others, ate of common meats from which the law commanded them to abstain. Paul treats in this manner everywhere in his epistles, nor is there any doubt but what Christians now practise was handed down to us by tradition from the apostles themselves. So that the Jews were not so properly set at liberty as weaned from superstition as from the milk to which they had been accustomed and made familiar, but now was grown out of season.

Neither is the law abrogated, but it is but requisite that that part of it should give way which was not essential. Leaves and flowers bespeak fruit coming; and when a tree is loaded with that nobody covets the leaves. Nor is anybody sorry that his son's puerility is gone when maturity of age is come. Nor does anybody call for candles and torches when the sun is got above the horizon. Nor does a schoolmaster complain if a son, being come to man's estate, puts in his claim for freedom, and in his turn has the master under his tuition. A pledge ceases to be a pledge when the thing promised is produced. The spouse comforts herself with the bridegroom's letters till she is married—she kisses his presents, embraces his picture; but when she comes to enjoy his company she disregards those things she before admired for the sake of it. The Jews at first were very hardly brought off from those things they had been accustomed to, which is just as if a child that had been used to suck, being grown a lusty fellow, should cry for the breast and slight more solid food. So they were forced, as it were, from those figures, shadows, and temporary comforts, that they might entirely turn themselves to Him whom that law had promised and shadowed out.

Bu. Who would have expected so much divinity from a seller of salt fish? *Fi.* I used to serve the Dominican college in our city with fish, and by that means they often dine with me, and I sometimes with them, and I gathered these things from their discourses. *Bu.* In truth, instead of a seller of salt fish, you deserve to be a seller of fresh fish. But, prithee, tell me if you were a Jew (for I cannot very well tell whether you are one or not), and you were like to be starved with hunger, would you eat swine's flesh or rather die? *Fi.* I cannot very well tell what I should do, for I do not yet well understand what I ought to do. *Bu.* God has forbid both, "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not eat swine's flesh." In such a case as this, which precept must give way to the other?

Fi. In the first place, it does not appear that God has forbidden the eating swine's flesh, meaning that a man should rather be accessory to his own death than eat it. For the Lord excuses David in that he ate shewbread contrary to the letter of the law. And in the Babylonish captivity many things were omitted by the Jews which were required by the law. Secondly, I am of opinion that the law which nature has dictated, and therefore is perpetual and inviolable, ought to be accounted the more obligatory, which never was nor ever will be abrogated. *Bu.* But why, then, were the Maccabees so much commended that chose rather to die than eat swine's flesh? *Fi.* I suppose because this eating being required by the king, did comprise in itself a denial in the general of the law of the country; as circumcision, which the Jews endeavoured to obtrude on the Gentiles, carried in it a profession of the whole law, just as money given in earnest obliges to the performance of the whole contract.

Bu. Well, then, if this more gross part of the law is justly taken away, after the exhibition of the gospel, by what authority are either the same or like things imposed upon us, especially when our Lord calls His yoke an easy one, and Peter, in the Acts of the Apostles, calls the law of the Jews a hard one, which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear! Circumcision is taken away, but baptism came in the room of it, and, indeed, I was about to say, with a harder condition. That was deferred till the eighth day; and if anything happened to the child in that time, the vow of circumcision was taken for circumcision itself. But we dip children scarce well got out of the dark caverns of the mother's womb, all over in cold water, which has stood a long time in a stony font (not to say while it stinks), and if it chance to die upon the first day, or in its very ingress into the world, though there be no fault neither in its parents nor friends, the poor babe is doomed to eternal damnation. *Fi.* They do say so indeed.

Bu. The sabbath is abrogated; nay, indeed, not abrogated, but translated to the Sunday. What does it signify? The Mosaic law enjoined a few fast days; but what a number have we added to them? And as to the choice of meats, how much freer were the Jews than we are, who were at liberty to eat sheep, capons, partridges, and kids all the year round? They were forbid the use of no garment, but what was mixed with linen and woollen. But now, besides the appointed and forbidden forms and colours of a great number of garments, the head must be shaven too, some after one manner, and some another. Not to mention that heavy burden of confession, the wallets of human constitutions, tithes, and those not single ones neither; matrimony screwed up into too narrow a compass, the new laws of affinity, and abundance of other things, which render the Jews' circumstances much more easy than ours.

Fi. Indeed, butcher, you are much out of the way, the yoke of Christ is not to be accounted for by that rule you imagine. A Christian is tied up in many points, and to harder circumstances, and liable to a greater punishment. But to make amends for this, the greater strength of faith and love that is added makes those things pleasant which by nature are burdensome. *Bu.* Pray, tell me why, when the Holy Spirit descended from heaven of old, in the shape of fiery tongues, and enriched the hearts of believers with a more copious gift of faith

and charity, why was the burden of the law taken away from them, as from persons weak, and in danger, under an unequal yoke? Why did Peter by the inspiration of the Spirit call it an intolerable burden?

Fi. It was taken away on one part, lest Judaism, as it had begun, should overwhelm the glory of the gospel; and lest the Gentiles, by the stumblingblock of the law, should be alienated from Christ, among whom there were many weak persons, who were in a double danger—on the one hand, lest they should believe there was no salvation to be had without the observation of the law; and on the other hand, lest they should rather choose to remain in paganism, than take upon them the yoke of the Mosaic law. It was necessary to allure these weak minds, as it were, with a bait of liberty. Secondly, That they might heal them who denied there was any hope of salvation by the profession of the gospel without the observation of the law, circumcision, sabbaths, and the choice of meats, and other things of that kind, they either wholly took away, or changed into something else. And besides, whereas Peter denies that he was able to bear the burden of the law, it is not to be understood of him as to the person he then bare, when there was nothing unbearable to him, but of the stupid and weak Jews, who, though they were cloyed with it, fed upon the husk, not having any relish of the Spirit.

Bu. You argue, indeed, very smartly; but for all that, in my opinion, even at this day, there is no less reason why those carnal obligations that are arbitrary, and not obligatory, should be taken away.

Fi. Why so?

Bu. I lately saw the whole world described in a large map; from thence I learned how small a part of the world it was that truly and sincerely professed the Christian religion. One small part of Europe to the east, and another towards the north; the third inclining towards the south, but reaching but a little way; and the fourth part, which is Poland, inclining towards the east. All the rest of the world is either possessed by barbarians or such as differ but very little from brute beasts; or schismatics, or heretics, or both. *Fi.* But did you not mind the southern shore, and the Christian islands that lay scattered about it? *Bu.* I saw them, and learned that there were great spoils brought out of them, but no Christianity carried into them. When, indeed, when there is so plentiful a harvest, it seems most advisable for the propagation of the Christian religion to do as the apostle did, who took away the burden of the Mosaic law, lest the Gentiles should fall back; so now to allure the weak, the obligations to some ceremonies should be removed, without which the world was saved in the beginning, and may now, if it hath faith and gospel charity.

Again, I both hear and see many who place religion in places, garments, meats, fasts, gestures, and songs, and for the sake of these things judge their neighbours contrary to the precept of the gospel. From whence it comes to pass, that whereas faith and charity constitute the Christian religion, they are both extinguished by those superstitions. For he is far from the faith of the gospel who depends upon these acts; and he is far from Christian charity who for the sake of meat or drink, which a person may lawfully use, exasperates his brother, for whose liberty Christ died. What bitter contentions do we see among Christians? What spiteful calumnies upon account of a gar-

ment differently tied, or of different colours than what is customary, and about that sort of food which the water produces and that which the land produces? And if this evil had reached but a few, it might have been slighted. But now we see the whole world in a flame on account of these deadly contentions. These and such like things, were they removed, we should both live in greater concord, not minding ceremonies, but pressing after those things which Christ hath taught us; and the nations of the world would the more readily embrace religion were it accompanied with liberty.

Fi. But there is no salvation out of the pale of the church. *Bu.* I confess it. *Fi.* Whosoever does not own the authority of the pope is out of the pale of the church. *Bu.* I don't deny that neither. *Fi.* But he that neglects his injunctions does not own him. *Bu.* But I hope a time will come that the pope, who is Clement by name, and most of all so by nature, will mitigate all these things which hitherto seem to have alienated some people from the Roman Church; that he may bring all nations to the communion of it, and will rather pursue those things that are for the good of the church than his own private interest. I hear daily complaints of yearly offerings, pardons, dispensations, and other exactions and church grievances; but I believe he will so moderate all things, that in time to come it would be impudent to complain. *Fi.* I wish all monarchs would do the like, and then I would not doubt but Christianity, which is now confined to a narrow compass, would extend itself, when the barbarous nations did perceive that they were called, not to human servitude, but to gospel liberty; and that they were not sought after to be made a prey of, but to a fellow-enjoyment of happiness and holiness. If once they came to be united with us, and found in us manners truly Christian, they would of their own accord offer us more than the utmost violence can extort from them.

Bu. I should soon hope to see that accomplished, if that mischievous Ate, that has engaged the two most mighty monarchs in the world in a bloody war, were sent to her place (*i.e.* to the dogs). *Fi.* I wonder that that is not done already, when nothing can be imagined more humane than Francis; and I look upon it that Charles has had principles instilled into him by his masters, that by how much the more fortune enlarges the bounds of his empire, by so much the more he increases in clemency and bounty; besides that, good humour and lenity are peculiar to his age. *Bu.* You will not find that they will be wanting in anything.

Fi. What, then, is it that hinders the accomplishment of that which all the world wishes for? *Bu.* Why, the lawyers have not yet come to an agreement about bounds and limits, and you know that the storm of a comedy always ends in the calm of a matrimony; and the tragedies of princes commonly end in the like manner. But in comedies matches are quickly made up, but among great men matters move but slowly; and it is better to have a wound long in healing than presently to break out again in an ulcer.

Fi. But do you think marriages to be firm bonds of amity? *Bu.* I would have them so, indeed; but I see sometimes the sharpest contentions rise from them; and when once a war arises between near kindred, it not only is more extensive, but harder to be made up.

Fi. I confess it, and acknowledge it to be true. *Bu.* But do you think it fit that because of the contentions and delays of lawyers in relation to contracts, the whole world should be kept in pain? For as matters are now, there is no safety anywhere, and the worst of men take advantage of the opportunity, while there is neither peace nor war.

Fi. It is not my business to determine concerning the counsels of princes. But if I were Cæsar, I know what I would do. *Bu.* Well, come on, then, you shall be Cæsar, and the pope too, if you please. What is it you would do? *Fi.* I had rather be emperor and king of France. *Bu.* Well, let it be so, you shall be both of them then. *Fi.* I would immediately take upon me a vow of peace, and publish a truce throughout my dominions, disband my forces, and make it a capital crime for any to touch so much as a hen that was not their own. So having settled affairs to my conveniency, or rather that of the public, I would treat concerning the limits of my dominion, or the conditions of a match. *Bu.* Have you projected any firmer ties than those of matrimony? *Fi.* I think I have. *Bu.* Let us hear them.

Fi. Were I emperor, I would without delay thus treat with the king of France:—"My brother, some evil spirit has set this war on foot between you and me; nor do we fight for our lives, but our dominions. You, as to your part, have behaved yourself as a stout and valiant warrior; but fortune has been on my side, and of a king made you a captive. What has been your lot may be mine, and your mishap admonishes all of our human condition. We have experienced that this way of contention has been detrimental to both of us; let us engage one another after a different manner. I give you your life, and restore you your liberty, and instead of an enemy take you for my friend. Let all past animosities be forgotten, you are at free liberty to return into your own dominions, enjoy what is your own, be a good neighbour, and for the future let this be the only contention, which shall outdo the other in offices of fidelity and friendship; nor let us vie one with another which shall govern the largest dominions, but who shall govern his own with the greatest justice and goodness. In the former conflict I have bore away the prize of fortune, but in this he that gets the better shall gain far more glory. As for me, the fame of this clemency will get me more true glory than if I had added all France to my dominion; and in you a grateful mind will be more to your praise than if you had drove me quite out of Italy. Do you not envy me the praise that I am ambitious of, and I will on the other hand carry myself toward you, that you shall willingly owe an obligation to so good a friend."

Bu. In truth, not only all France but all the world might be attached by this method. For if this ulcer should happen to be skinned over, rather than thoroughly healed by unequal terms, I am afraid that upon the first opportunity, the skin being broken, abundance of corrupt matter would issue out, and that with more dangerous consequences. *Fi.* How great and glorious would this act of humanity render Charles all over the world? What nation would not readily submit to so generous and kind a prince?

Bu. You have acted the part of the emperor very well: now act the pope too. *Fi.* It would be too long to go through everything.

I will tell you in brief. I would so demean myself that the whole world should see that there was a prince of the church that aspired after nothing but the glory of Christ and salvation of mankind. That would infallibly take away all invidiousness from the name of pope, and gain him solid and lasting glory. But, by the way, from worse to better. We have digressed from our first proposition. *Bu.* Well, I will bring you to rights again by and by. But do you say, then, that the pope's laws are binding to the whole church? *Fi.* I do say so. *Bu.* What! to the punishment of hell? *Fi.* They say so. *Bu.* And are the bishops' laws obligatory in like manner? *Fi.* I think they are, every one in his own diocese. *Bu.* And those of abbots too? *Fi.* I am in doubt as to that; for they receive their administration upon certain conditions, nor have any power to burden their inferiors with constitutions without the concurrence of the whole order. *Bu.* But what if a bishop receive his function upon the same conditions? *Fi.* I doubt as to that.

Bu. Can the pope annul what a bishop has constituted? *Fi.* I believe he can. *Bu.* Can nobody annul what the pope decrees? *Fi.* No, nobody. *Bu.* How comes it about that we hear of the resuming of popes' constitutions under this title, that they have not been rightly instructed, and that the constitutions of former popes have been antiquated by later, as deviating from piety? *Fi.* Those were surreptitious and temporary things; for the pope, considered as a man, may be ignorant of person and fact. But that which proceeds from the authority of an universal council is a heavenly oracle, and is of equal authority with the gospel itself, or at least very near it. *Bu.* Is it lawful to doubt concerning the gospels? *Fi.* By no means; no, nor the councils neither, rightly assembled by the Holy Spirit, carried on, published, and received. *Bu.* What if any one should doubt whether there is any council so constituted? as I hear concerning the council at Basil, which has been rejected by some; nor do all approve of that of Constance. I speak of those that are accounted orthodox, not to mention the late Lateran council. *Fi.* Let them that will doubt at their own peril. I will not doubt for my part.

Bu. Had Peter, then, the authority of making new laws? *Fi.* He had. *Bu.* And had Paul too, and the rest of the apostles? *Fi.* Yes, they had every one in their own churches committed to them by Peter or Christ. *Bu.* And have the successors of Peter a like authority with Peter himself? *Fi.* Why not? *Bu.* And is there the same regard to be had to the pope of Rome's letter as to the Epistle of St. Peter himself, and as much to the constitutions of bishops as to the Epistles of St. Paul? *Fi.* Nay, I think, and more too, if they command and make it a law by authority. *Bu.* Is it lawful to doubt whether Peter and Paul wrote by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit? *Fi.* Nay, let him be accounted an heretic that doubts of that.

Bu. And do you think the same of the ordinances and constitutions of the popes and bishops? *Fi.* I do as to the popes, but I should make some question as to the bishops, but that it seems a part of piety not to be suspicious of any person unless there be very good grounds for it. *Bu.* But why will the Holy Spirit suffer a bishop to err rather than a pope? *Fi.* Because that error is the most dangerous that proceeds from the head. *Bu.* If the constitutions of prelates are of such

force, what does the Lord mean in Deuteronomy, who uses so severe a commination, that none add to or diminish from the law? *Fi.* He does not add to the law that more largely explains what lay couched in it, and who suggests those things that have relation to the observation of the law; nor does he diminish who preaches the law according to the capacity of the hearers, declaring some things, and concealing others, according to the circumstances of the time.

Bu. Were the constitutions of the Pharisees and Scribes obligatory? *Fi.* I do not think they were. *Bu.* Why so? *Fi.* Because, though they had authority to teach, yet not to make laws. *Bu.* Which power is the greater, that of making human laws or that of interpreting divine? *Fi.* That of making human laws. *Bu.* I am of another mind; for he that has the right of interpreting his opinion has the force of a divine law. *Fi.* I do not well take you in. *Bu.* I will explain it to you. The divine law commands us to assist our parents. The Pharisee interprets it thus: That which is offered to the church is given to the Father, because God is the father of all. Does not the divine law then give place to this interpretation? *Fi.* But that is a false interpretation. *Bu.* But when once they have received an authority of interpreting, how can I tell which interpretation is true, and especially if they differ among themselves? *Fi.* If you cannot be satisfied as to the sense of the commonalty, follow the authority of the prelates; that is the safest.

Bu. Is then the authority of the Scribes and Pharisees devolved upon divines and preachers? *Fi.* It is. *Bu.* I hear none more ready to inculcate, "hear, I say unto you," than those that never made divinity much their study. *Fi.* You must hear all candidly, but with judgment, unless they are quite mad. Then people ought to rise and hiss them out of the pulpit, to make them sensible of their madness. But you ought to believe those that have arrived to the degree of a doctor in divinity. *Bu.* But among them I find a great many that are much more ignorant and foolish than those that are altogether illiterate; and I see much controversy among the learned themselves. *Fi.* Single out the best things, and leave those things that are difficult to others, always receiving those things that the consent of the rulers and majority has approved. *Bu.* I know that is the safest way. But then there are false constitutions as well as false interpretations. *Fi.* Whether there be or no, let others look to that. I believe there may be.

Bu. Had Annas and Caiaphas authority to make laws? *Fi.* Yes, they had? *Bu.* Did these men's constitutions in all things oblige to the punishment of hell? *Fi.* I cannot tell. *Bu.* Suppose Annas had made an order that nobody coming from a market should touch a bit of meat before he had washed his body: if any one ate meat unwashed, did he incur the pain of damnation? *Fi.* I think not, unless the contempt of the public authority aggravated the crime. *Bu.* Did all the laws of God oblige to the punishment of eternal damnation? *Fi.* I believe not; for God forbids all sin, how venial soever, if we may believe divines. *Bu.* But perhaps a venial sin might send to hell, unless God by His mercy assisted our infirmity. *Fi.* It is no absurdity to say so, but I dare not affirm it. *Bu.* When the Israelites were in captivity in Babylon, besides a great many other

things which the law requires, many of them omitted circumcision; did all these perish? *Fi.* God knows that.

Bu. If a Jew should privately, for fear of being starved, eat swine's flesh, would he be guilty of a crime? *Fi.* In my opinion, the necessity would excuse the fact; inasmuch as David was excused by the mouth of God himself, that he had ate holy bread, which is called shewbread, contrary to the precept of the law; and did not only eat it himself, but also fed his profane companions with it too. *Bu.* If any one lay under that necessity that he must either steal or starve, which ought he to choose, to steal or be starved to death? *Fi.* Perhaps, in that case, theft would not be theft. *Bu.* How is that? What, is not an egg an egg? *Fi.* Especially, if he took it with an intention of making a return, and pacifying the owner, as soon as he should be in a capacity to do it. *Bu.* What if a man must either lose his own life or swear falsely against his neighbour, which must he choose? *Fi.* Death. *Bu.* What if he could save his life by committing adultery? *Fi.* He ought rather to choose death. *Bu.* What if he could save his life by committing fornication? *Fi.* They say he ought rather to die. *Bu.* Why does not an egg cease to be an egg here, especially if there be no force offered or injury done? *Fi.* There is wrong done to the maiden's body. *Bu.* What if by perjury? *Fi.* He ought to die. *Bu.* What say you as to a simple harmless lie? *Fi.* They say a man must rather die. But I am of opinion that upon an urgent necessity, or a great advantage, such a sort of a lie rather is no fault, or a very small one; unless it be that having once opened the way, there is danger of our growing into a habit of lying injuriously. Put the case that by a harmless lie a man might save the bodies and souls of his whole country; which would a pious man choose? would he refuse to tell the lie? *Bu.* What others would do I cannot tell, but as for me, I would make no scruple of telling fifteen as notorious lies as ever Homer told in his life, and presently wash away my guilt with holy water. *Fi.* I would do the same.

Bu. Well, then, it is not what God has commanded nor what He has forbid that obliges to eternal damnation. *Fi.* It seems otherwise. *Bu.* Then the *modus* of the obligation is not so much from the author of the law as from the matter of it; for some things give way to necessity, and some do not. *Fi.* It seems so. *Bu.* What if a priest should be in danger of his life, and should save it by marrying? Whether should he choose? *Fi.* Death. *Bu.* When a divine law can give way to necessity, why does not this human law give way to it? *Fi.* It is not the law that hinders but the vow. *Bu.* What if any one should make a vow of going to Jerusalem but could not do it without being sure to lose his life, shall he go or shall he die? *Fi.* Why, he ought to die, unless he can get his vow dispensed with by the pope. *Bu.* But why may one vow be dispensed with and not another? *Fi.* Because one is a solemn vow and the other a private one. *Bu.* What do you mean by a solemn one? *Fi.* That which is usual. *Bu.* Why then, is not the other a solemn one which is a daily one? *Fi.* Yes, but then it is a private one.

Bu. Well, then, if a monk should profess privately before an abbot, would not this be a solemn one? *Fi.* You trifle. A private vow is the easier discharged, because it is dispensed with the least offence. He

that makes a private vow does it with this intention, that if it be convenient he may alter his mind. *Bu.* Then might they vow with this intention that vow perpetual chastity. *Fi.* They ought so to do. *Bu.* Then it would be perpetual and not perpetual. What if it were the case of a Carthusian monk that he must either eat meat or die? Whether ought he to choose? *Fi.* Physicians tell us that there is no flesh so efficacious but *aurum potabile*, and jewels would answer the end. *Bu.* Which is the more useful, to succour a person in danger of life with gold and jewels, or with the price of them to succour a great many whose lives are in danger, and to let the sick man have a chicken. *Fi.* I cannot say as to that. *Bu.* But the eating of fish or flesh is not of the number of those things that are called substantials. *Fi.* Let us leave the Carthusians to be their own judge.

Bu. Let us then talk in the general. Sabbath-keeping has been diligently, frequently, and largely inculcated in the law of Moses. *Fi.* True. *Bu.* Whether then ought I to relieve a city in danger, neglecting the sabbath or not? *Fi.* Do you think me a Jew then? *Bu.* I wish you were, and a circumcised one too. *Fi.* The Lord himself had solved that difficulty, saying, the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. *Bu.* Well, then, is that law of force in all human constitutions. *Fi.* Yes, except anything obstruct. *Bu.* What if a lawmaker make a law, not with this design, that it should be obligatory upon the pain of eternal damnation, nor indeed unto any guilt, and to have no other force but an exhortation? *Fi.* Good man, is it not in the lawmaker's power how far the law shall be binding? He uses his authority in making the law, but as to what it shall oblige to, and what not, that is in the hand of God.

Bu. Why, then, do we hear our parish priests out of the pulpit crying, "To-morrow you must fast, under pain of eternal damnation," if it does not appear to us how far a human law is binding? *Fi.* They do this that they may in an especial manner strike terror into the contumacious, for I presume those words do properly belong to them. *Bu.* Whether they are a terror to the contumacious I know not: they throw weak persons into scruples and danger. *Fi.* It is a hard matter to suit both. *Bu.* The power of the law and custom are much the same. *Fi.* Sometimes custom is the more powerful. *Bu.* They that introduce a custom, whether they do it with design of bringing any one into a snare or not, they oftentimes bring them into an obligation *nolens volens*. *Fi.* I am of your mind. *Bu.* Custom may lay a burden upon a man when it cannot take it off again. *Fi.* It may so. *Bu.* Well, then, now I hope you are sensible how dangerous a thing it is to impose new laws upon men without any necessity or a very great utility. *Fi.* I confess it.

Bu. When the Lord says, "Swear not at all," does He render every one that swears obnoxious to the pains of hell? *Fi.* I think not. I take it to be a counsel and not a command. *Bu.* But how can that be made clear to my understanding, when He has scarce forbid anything with greater strictness and severity than that we swear not? *Fi.* You must learn of your teachers. *Bu.* When Paul gives advice, does he oblige to the pain of damnation? *Fi.* By no means. *Bu.* Why so? *Fi.* Because he will not cast a stumblingblock before the weak. *Bu.* So then it is in the breast of the maker of the law to lay liable to damnation or

not. And it is a sacred thing to beware lest we lay a stumbling-block before the weak by any constitutions. *Fi.* It is. *Bu.* And if Paul made use of this caution, much more ought priests to use it, of whom it is uncertain whether they have the Spirit or not. *Fi.* I confess so.

Bu. But a little while ago you denied that it was at the lawgiver's pleasure how far the law should oblige a person. *Fi.* But here it is a counsel and not a law. *Bu.* Nothing is easier than to change the word "swear not." Is it a command? *Fi.* It is. *Bu.* Resist not evil. *Fi.* It is a counsel. *Bu.* But this last carries in it the face of a command more than the former; at least, is it in the breasts of bishops whether they will have their constitutions, commands, or counsels? *Fi.* It is. *Bu.* You denied that strenuously but now. For he who will not have his constitution render any one guilty of a crime he makes it advice, and not command. *Fi.* True; but it is not expedient the vulgar should know this, lest they should presently cry out that what they have not a mind to observe is counsel. *Bu.* But then what will you do as to those weak consciences that are so miserably perplexed by thy silence? But come on, pray tell me can learned men know by any certain tokens whether a constitution has the force of a counsel or a command? *Fi.* As I have heard, they can. *Bu.* May not a person know the mystery? *Fi.* You may, if you will not blab it out. *Bu.* Pshaw, I will be as mute as a fish. *Fi.* When you hear nothing but, "We exhort, we ordain, we command," it is a counsel; when you hear, "We command, we require," especially if threatenings of excommunication be added, it is a command.

Bu. Suppose I owe money to my baker and cannot pay him, and had rather run away than be cast into prison, am I guilty of a capital offence? *Fi.* I think not, unless a will be wanting as well as ability. *Bu.* Why am I excommunicated then? *Fi.* That thunderbolt affrights the wicked, but does not hurt the innocent; for, you know, amongst the ancient Romans there were certain dreadful threatening laws made for this very purpose, as that which is fetched from the twelve tables, concerning the cutting the body of the debtor asunder, of which there is no example extant, because it was not made for use but terror. And now as lightning has no effect upon wax or flax, but upon brass, so such excommunications do not operate upon persons in misery, but upon the contumacious. *Bu.* To speak ingenuously, to make use of Christ's thunderbolt on such frivolous occasions as these are seems in a manner to be, as the ancients said, *in lente unguentum.*

Bu. Has a master of a house the same power in his own house as a bishop has in his diocese? *Fi.* It is my opinion he has proportionably. *Bu.* And do his prescriptions equally oblige? *Fi.* Why not? *Bu.* I command that nobody eat onions, how is he that does not obey a sinner before God? *Fi.* Let him see to that. *Bu.* Then for the future I will say I admonish you, not I command you. *Fi.* That will be wisely done. *Bu.* But suppose I see my neighbour in danger, and therefore I take him aside and admonish him privately to withdraw himself from the society of drunkards and gamesters, but he, slighting my admonition, lives more profligately than before, does my admonition lay him under an obligation? *Fi.* In my

opinion it does. *Bu.* Then neither by counsel nor exhortation do we avoid the snare. *Fi.* Nay, it is not admonition, but the argument of admonition that brings into the snare. For if I admonish my brother to make use of slippers, and he does not do it, he is not guilty of a crime.

Bu. I will not put the question at this time how far the prescriptions of physicians are obligatory. Does a vow lay liable to the pain of eternal damnation? *Fi.* Yes. *Bu.* What, all kind of vows? *Fi.* Ay, all universally, if they be possible, lawful, and voluntary. *Bu.* What do you mean by voluntary? *Fi.* That which is extorted by no necessity. *Bu.* What is necessity? *Fi.* Fear falling upon a man of constancy. *Bu.* What, upon a Stoic, such a one as Horace says, If the world fall to pieces about his ears he would not be afraid? *Fi.* Shew me such a Stoic, and then I will give you an answer. *Bu.* But, without jesting, can the fear of famine or infamy fall upon a man of constancy? *Fi.* Why not?

Bu. Suppose a daughter that is not at her own disposal should marry privately, without the consent of her parents, who would give their consent if they knew it, will the vow be lawful? *Fi.* It will. I cannot tell whether it be or no; but this I am sure of, if there be any such this is one of the number of those which, although they be true, yet lest they be a scandal to the weak, are to be kept secret. *Bu.* Again, suppose a virgin who, by her parents' consent, has engaged herself in marriage to her lover should enter herself in the cloister of St. Clare, will this vow be allowable and lawful? *Fi.* Yes, if it be a solemn one. *Bu.* Can that be solemn that is done in a field and a dark monastery? *Fi.* It is accounted so. *Bu.* Suppose the same person at home, a few witnesses being present, should make a vow of perpetual virginity, will it not be a lawful vow? *Fi.* No. *Bu.* Why so? *Fi.* Because a more holy vow is in the way. *Bu.* If the same maid sell a field, will the contract be good? *Fi.* I think not. *Bu.* And will it be valid if she give herself into the power of another? *Fi.* If she devote herself to God.

Bu. And does not a private vow devote a person to God? and does not he that receives the holy sacrament of matrimony devote himself to God? and can they whom God has joined together devote themselves to the devil, when only of married persons God has said, Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder? And besides this, when a young man not come of age and a simple maid, by the threats of parents, severity of tutors, the wicked instigation of monks, fair promises, and terrifyings, are thrust into a nunnery, is the vow a free vow? *Fi.* Yes, if they are at years of discretion. *Bu.* A virgin of that age is emphatically *doli capax*, being easy to be imposed upon. What if I should purpose in my mind to drink no wine on a Friday, would my purpose bind me as strongly as a vow? *Fi.* I do not think it would. *Bu.* What difference is there then between a determinate purpose and a vow conceived in the mind? *Fi.* The mind of binding. *Bu.* You denied but just now that the mind signified anything in this matter. Do I purpose if I am able, and vow whether I am able or not? *Fi.* You have it. *Bu.* Have it? I have clouds painted upon the wall that is just nothing at all. What, then, is the ratio of the matter to be disregarded in a purpose? *Fi.* I think so.

Bu. And must we take care of that on account of the law, and this on account of the vow? *Fi.* Yes.

Bu. Suppose the pope should make a law that nobody should marry any one within the seventh degree of affinity, would he be guilty of a sin that should marry a cousin in the sixth degree? *Fi.* In my opinion he would. *Bu.* What if a bishop should put forth an edict that nobody should have to do with his wife but on a Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, would he be guilty of a sin that should have to do with her upon other days? *Fi.* I think he would. *Bu.* What if he should enjoin that nobody should eat bulbous roots? *Fi.* What does that signify to piety? *Bu.* Because bulbous roots are provocatives, but what I say of bulbs, I say even of the herb rocket. *Fi.* I cannot well tell. *Bu.* Why cannot you tell where lies the force of obligation in human laws? *Fi.* In the words of St. Paul, Be obedient to those that are set over you. *Bu.* Upon this foot the constitution of a bishop and magistrate binds all persons. *Fi.* Yes, if it be just and lawfully made. *Bu.* But who shall be judge of that? *Fi.* He that made it; for he that makes the law ought to interpret it.

Bu. What, then, must we be obedient to all constitutions without distinction? *Fi.* I think we should. *Bu.* What if a fool or a wicked person be set over us, and he make a foolish and wicked law, must we abide by his judgment, and must the people obey, as having no right to judge? *Fi.* What signifies it to suppose what is not? *Bu.* He that succours his father, and would not succour him unless the law obliged him to it, does he fulfil the law or not? *Fi.* No, I think he does not. *Bu.* Why not? *Fi.* In the first place, because he does not fulfil the will of the lawgiver; secondly, he adds hypocrisy to his wicked will. *Bu.* If he fasts that would not fast unless the church required him, does he satisfy the law? *Fi.* You change both the author of the law and the matter of it. *Bu.* Well, then, compare a Jew, if he fasting upon days appointed would not fast unless the law required him, with Christ, who, keeping a fast appointed by men, would not keep it if there were no law for it; or, if you had rather, a Jew abstaining from swine's flesh, and a Christian abstaining from flesh and milk-meats on Friday. *Fi.* I believe there ought to be some grains of allowance made to infirmity, though the law be against it; but not so to him that on purpose acts and murmurs against a law.

Bu. But you do allow that the divine laws do not always oblige to eternal damnation. *Fi.* Why should I not? *Bu.* But do you not dare to own that there is any human law which does not bind to the same penalty, but leave a man in suspense? Then you seem to attribute something more to the laws of men than to the laws of God. Lying and backbiting are evil in their own nature, and forbidden by God himself, and yet you acknowledge that some kind of lies and backbitings do not bind a person to the punishment of hell; and yet you do not dare to exempt a person from the same punishment that upon any condition whatsoever eats flesh on a Friday. *Fi.* It is none of my business to acquit or condemn any one.

Bu. If divine and human laws bind equally alike, what difference is there between one and the other? *Fi.* This difference, that he that transgresses a human law sins immediately against man (if you will allow me to use school terms), but mediately against God; he that

transgresses a divine law, *è contra.* *Bu.* Where is the difference in mingling vinegar and wormwood, which is put in first, if I must drink them both? Or what matter is it whether a stone that has given me a wound rebounds from me to a friend directly or sideways? *Fi.* I have learned that. *Bu.* And if the modus of a law's binding, in laws of both kinds, is to be taken from the matter and circumstances, what difference is there between the authority of God and that of man? *Fi.* Indeed, a very wicked question. *Bu.* There are, for all that, a great many that do not think there is much difference. God gave a law by Moses, and it is not lawful to violate it; and He also gives laws by a pope or a council—what difference is there between the one and the other? Moses's law was given by God, and our laws were given by men, and it should seem that those laws which God gave by one Moses should be of less moment than those which the Holy Spirit gives by a full council of bishops and learned men. *Fi.* It is unlawful to doubt concerning the spirit of Moses.

Bu. Paul comes in the place of a bishop; what difference is there, then, betwixt the precepts of Paul and of any other bishop? *Fi.* Because, without controversy, Paul wrote by the inspiration of the Spirit. *Bu.* How far extends this authority of writers? *Fi.* I think no farther than the apostles themselves, unless that the authority of councils ought to be looked upon inviolable. *Bu.* Why may we not doubt of Paul's spirit? *Fi.* Because the consent of the church is against it. *Bu.* May we doubt concerning that of bishops? *Fi.* We ought not rashly to be suspicious of those, unless the matter manifestly savours of gain or impiety. *Bu.* But what think you of the councils? *Fi.* We ought not to doubt of them, if they are rightly constituted and managed by the Holy Spirit. *Bu.* Is there, then, any council that is not so? *Fi.* It is possible there may be such, otherwise divines would never have made this exception. *Bu.* Then it seems that it is lawful to doubt concerning councils themselves. *Fi.* I do not think we may, if they be received and approved by the judgment and consent of Christian nations.

Bu. But since we have exceeded the bound that God has set, and within which He would have the sacred and inviolable authority of the scripture circumscribed, it seems to me that there is some other difference between laws divine and human. *Fi.* What is that? *Bu.* Divine laws are immutable, unless such as are of that kind that they seem to be given only for a time, for the sake of signification and coercion, which the prophets foretold should end as to the carnal sense of them, and the apostles have taught us are to be omitted. And then, again, as to human laws: there are sometimes unjust, foolish, and hurtful laws made, and therefore either abrogated by the authority of superiors or by the universal neglect of the people; but there is nothing such in the divine laws.

Again, a human law ceases of itself when the causes for which it was made cease; as, for instance, suppose a constitution should enjoin all persons yearly to contribute something towards building a church, the requirement of the law ceases when the church is built. Add to this, that a human law is no law, unless it be approved by the consent of those who are to use it. A divine law cannot be dispensed with nor abrogated, although, indeed, Moses being about to make a law required

the consent of the people; but this was not done because it was necessary, but that he might render them the more criminal in not keeping it. For, indeed, it is an impudent thing to break a law that you gave your approbation to the making of.

And in the last place, inasmuch as human laws commonly concern corporal matters, and are schoolmasters to piety, they seem to cease when a person has arrived to that strength in grace that he does not stand in need of any such restraints, but only should endeavour to avoid giving an offence to weak persons who are conscientiously scrupulous. As, for instance, suppose a father enjoins a daughter that is under age not to drink wine, that she may with the greater safety preserve her virginity till she is married, when she comes of age, and is delivered up to a husband, she is not bound to her father's injunction. There are many laws that are like medicaments, that are altered and give place according to the circumstances, and that with the approbation of the physicians themselves, who, if they should at all times make use of the remedies the ancients prescribed, would kill more than they cure. *Fi.* You, indeed, heap a great many things together, some of which I like and others I do not, and some I do not understand.

Bu. If a bishop's law manifestly savours of gain,—that is, if he makes an order that every parish priest every year purchase at a guinea a piece a right of absolution in those cases that are called episcopals, that he might extort the more money from those in his jurisdiction,—do you think it ought to be obeyed? *Fi.* Yes, I think it ought; but at the same time we ought to exclaim against this unjust law, but always avoiding sedition. But how comes it about that you turn catechiser at this rate, butcher? Every one should keep to his own trade. *Bu.* We are often perplexed with these questions at table, and sometimes the contest proceeds to blows and bloodshed. *Fi.* Well, let them fight that love fighting; I think we ought with reverence to receive the laws of our superiors, and religiously observe them as coming from God; nor is it either safe or religious either to conceive in mind or sow among others any sinister suspicion concerning them. And if there be any tyranny in them that does not compel us to impiety, it is better to bear it than seditiously to resist it.

Bu. I confess this is a very good way to maintain the authority of persons in power; I am pretty much of your mind, and as for them, I do not envy them. But I should be glad to hear anything wherein the liberty and advantage of the people is aimed at. *Fi.* God will not be wanting to His people. *Bu.* But where all this while is that liberty of the spirit that the apostles promise by the gospel, and which Paul so often inculcates, saying, "The kingdom of God consists not in meat and drink;" and that we are not children under a schoolmaster, and that we do no longer serve the elements of this world, and abundance of other expressions: if Christians are tied to the observance of so many more ceremonies than the Jews were, and if the laws of man bind more closely than a great many commands of God? *Fi.* Well, butcher, I will tell you, the liberty of Christians does not consist in its being lawful for them to do what they will, being set free from human ordinances, but in that they do those things that are enjoined them with a fervour of spirit and readiness of mind willingly and cheerfully, and so are sons rather than servants.

Bu. Very cleverly answered indeed! But there were sons under the Mosaic law, and there are now servants under the gospel; and I am afraid the greatest part of mankind are so if they are servants who do their duty by compulsion. What difference is there then between the new dispensation and the old? *Fi.* A great deal in my opinion: because the old taught under a veil, and the new is laid open to view; that which the old foretold by parables and riddles the new explains clearly; what that promised darkly, this exhibits for the most part manifestly: that was given to one nation singly, this equally teaches all the way of salvation; that imparted that notable and spiritual grace to a few prophets and famous men, but this largely sheds abroad every kind of gifts, as tongues, healing diseases, prophecies, and miracles, into persons of all ages, sexes, and nations whatsoever. *Bu.* Where are those gifts now? *Fi.* They are ceased, but not lost, either because there is no need of them now the doctrine of Christ is spread abroad, or else because many are only Christians in name, and we want faith, which is the worker of miracles.

Bu. If miracles are necessary on account of unbelievers I am sure the world is full of them now. *Fi.* This is an unbelief simply erring, such as that of the Jews murmuring against Peter because he had received Cornelius's family into the grace of the gospel; and such as was that of the Gentiles, who thought the religion they had received from their ancestors was sufficient to salvation, and the apostles' doctrine to be a strange superstition: these were converted by seeing miracles. But now those that believe not the gospel when it shines so gloriously through the whole world, do not err simply, but being blinded by their evil affections, will not understand that they may do what is good; such as these no miracles would reduce to a better mind. And now is the time of healing, but the time of punishing will come.

Bu. Indeed you have said many things that have a probability in them; however, I am resolved not to depend upon the judgment of a salt-fishmonger; but I will go to some divine, eminent for learning, and what he says concerning all these things I will believe. *Fi.* Who? Pharetrius? *Bu.* He dotes before he is old, and is fit to preach to none but doting old women. *Fi.* Well, then, what? Bliteus? *Bu.* Do you think I will give any credit to a prating sophist? *Fi.* Well, then, Amphicholus? *Bu.* I will never trust him to answer questions that never answered my demands for the meat I trusted him. Can he resolve hard questions that was always insolvent as to his debts? *Fi.* Who, then? Lemantius? *Bu.* I shall not choose a blind man to shew me the way. *Fi.* Who, then? *Bu.* If you have a mind to know, it is Cephalus, a man very well versed in three languages, and accomplished with all good literature, familiarly acquainted with the sacred scriptures and ancient fathers. *Fi.* I will advise you better: go to the Elysian shades, and there you will find Rabin Druin, he will cut all your knotty questions in two with a pair of shears. *Bu.* Do you go before and clear the way.

Fi. But, setting aside jesting, is that true you told me of a dispensation for flesh-eating? *Bu.* No, I did but joke with you to tease you. And if the pope had ever so much mind to do it, you fishmongers would raise mobs about it. And besides, the world is full

of a sort of pharisees who have no other way of appearing religious but by such superstitions, who would neither be deprived of their ostentatious sanctity, nor suffer their successors to have more liberty than they had themselves. Nor, indeed, would it be for the interest of butchers to have a free toleration to eat everything; for then our trade would be very uncertain, for now our profit is more certain, and we run less hazards, as well as have less trouble. *Fi.* What you say is very true, and we should be in the same condition. *Bu.* I am glad here is something found out at last, that a fishmonger and butcher can agree in. But to begin to talk seriously, as perhaps it would be convenient for Christians not to be tied up to so many ceremonies, especially to such as make but very little to true religion, not to say that make against it; so I have no mind to vindicate those persons who reject and set light by all human ordinances; nay, such as often do many things because they are forbid to do them. Yet I cannot but wonder at the absurd notions of mankind in many things. *Fi.* Nor can I help wondering at them neither.

Bu. We are for confounding heaven and earth together, if we do but suspect any danger of lessening the authority of priests, as to their impositions; and are all asleep when we are under imminent danger of attributing so much to the authority of man, that the authority of God suffers by it. So we avoid one evil and fall into another far more pernicious. That there is honour due to bishops nobody denies, especially if they act agreeably to what they talk. But it is a wicked thing to transfer the honour due to God alone upon men; and in doing too much honour to men, to do too little to God. God is to be honoured and reverenced in our neighbour; but, however, we ought to take care at the same time that God, by this means, be not robbed of His honour. *Fi.* We see a great many men lay so much stress upon corporal ceremonies, that relying upon them they neglect matters of real religion, arrogating that to their own merits which ought to be attributed to the divine bounty; and their taking up their station where they should begin to ascend to greater perfection, and reviling their neighbour for those things that in themselves are neither good nor bad.

Bu. And when in the same matter there are two things, one better than the other, we commonly choose the worst of them. The body and those things that belong to the body are everywhere made more account of than those of the mind. And it is accounted a great crime to kill a man, and indeed it is so; but to corrupt men's minds with poisonous doctrine and pernicious principles is made a jest on. If a priest lets his hair grow or wears a lay habit, he is thrown into prison and severely punished; but if he sits tippling in a bawdy-house with whores, games, or debauches other men's wives, and never takes a Bible in his hand, he is still a pillar of the church. Not that I excuse the wearing a lay habit, but I accuse the absurdity of men's notions. *Fi.* Nay, if he shall neglect to say his prayers at stated hours, he must be excommunicated; but if he be an usurer, or guilty of simony, he goes scot-free.

Bu. If anybody sees a Carthusian in a dress not of the order, or eating flesh, how does he curse him, tremble at the sight, and fall into a fright, lest the earth should open and swallow up him for wearing,

and himself for beholding it? But let the same person see him drunk as a lord, reviling his neighbour with notorious lies, imposing upon his poor neighbour with manifest frauds, he is not at all shocked at that. *Fi.* So if any one sees a Franciscan with a girdle without knots, or an Augustine girt with a woollen one instead of a leather one, or a Carmelite without one, or a Rhodian with one, or a Franciscan with whole shoes on his feet, or a Cruciferian with half-shoes on, will he not set the whole town into an uproar? *Bu.* There were lately in our neighbourhood two women, whom one would take for persons of prudence, and the one miscarried, and the other fell into a fit on seeing a canon, who was a president of the nuns in a cloister not far distant, appear out of doors without a surplice under his gown. But the same women have frequently seen these sort of cattle junketting, singing and dancing, to say no more, and their stomachs never so much as heaved at it.

Fi. Perhaps some allowance ought to be made for the sex. But I suppose you know Polythresius. He was dangerously ill, his distemper was a consumption. The physicians for a long time had persuaded him to eat eggs and milk-meats, but to no purpose. The bishop exhorted him to do the like; but he being a man of learning, and a bachelor in divinity, seemed to resolve rather to die than to take the advice of either of these physicians. At last the doctors, and his friends together, contrived to put the cheat upon him, making him a potion of eggs and goats' milk, telling him it was juice of almonds. This he took very freely, and for several days together mended upon it, till a certain maid told him the trick, upon which he fell to vomiting of it up again. But the very same man that was so superstitious in relation to milk, had so little religion in him, that he forswore a sum of money that he owed me, having got before an opportunity to tear the note of his hand that he had given me; he forswore it, and I was obliged to sit down with the loss. But he took not the oath with so much difficulty, but that he seemed to wish he had such complaints made against him every day. What can be more perverse than such a spirit? He sinned against the mind of the church in not obeying the priest and the doctors. But he whose stomach was so weak in relation to milk had a conscience strong enough as to perjury.

Bu. This story brings to my mind what I heard from a Dominican in a full auditory, who upon Easter eve was setting out the death of Christ, that he might temper the melancholiness of his subject by the pleasantness of his story. A certain young man had got a nun with child, and her great belly discovered her fault. A jury of nuns were impannelled, and the lady abbess sat as judge of the court. Evidence was given against her, the fact was too plain to admit of a denial; she was obliged to plead the unavoidableness of the crime, and defended the fact upon that consideration; also transferring the blame to another, having recourse to the Status Qualitatis, or if you will rather have it so, the Status Translationis. I was overcome, says she, by one that was too strong for me. Says the abbess, then you should have cried out. So I would, says the prisoner, had it not been a crime to make a noise in the dormitory. Whether this be a fable or not, it must be confessed there are a great many foolisher things than this done.

But now I will tell you what I have seen with my own eyes. The

man's name and place where he lives shall be concealed. There was a cousin of mine, a prior that was next in degree to the abbot of the Benedictine Order, but of that sort that don't eat flesh, unless it were out of the place they call the great refectory; he was accounted a learned man, and he was desirous to be so accounted, about fifty years of age. It was his daily practice to drink freely and live merrily, and once every twelve days to go to the hot-houses, to sweat out the diseases of his reins. *Fi.* Had he wherewithal to live at that rate? *Bu.* About six hundred florins a year. *Fi.* Such a poverty I myself would wish for. *Bu.* In short, with drinking and whoring he had brought himself into a consumption. The doctors had given him over; the abbot ordered him to eat flesh, adding that terrible sentence, upon pain of disobedience; but he, though at the point of death, could scarce be brought to taste flesh, though for many years he had had no aversion to flesh.

Fi. A prior and an abbot well matched! I guess who they are, for I remember I have heard the same story from their own mouths. *Bu.* Guess. *Fi.* Is not the abbot a lusty fat man, that has a stammering in his speech; and the prior a little man, but straight-bodied and long-visaged? *Bu.* You have guessed right.

Fi. Well, now, I will make you amends; I will tell you what I saw with my own eyes but the other day, and what I was not only present at, but was in a manner the chief actor. There were two nuns that went to pay a visit to some of their kinsfolks; and when they came to the place, their man-servant had left behind him their prayer-book, which was according to the custom of the order and place where they lived. Good God! what a vexatious thing that was! They did not dare to go to supper before they had said their vespers, nor could they read in any book but their own; and at the same time all the company was in great haste to go to supper; the servant runs back, and late at night brings the book; and by that time they had said their prayers, and got to supper, it was ten o'clock at night. *Bu* That is not much to be found fault with hitherto. *Fi.* You have heard but one part of the story yet. At supper the nuns began to grow merry with wine; they laughed, and joked, and kissed, and not over-modestly neither, till you could hardly hear what was said for the noise they made; but nobody used more freedom than those two virgins that would not go to supper before they had said their prayers. After supper there was dancing, singing of lascivious songs, and such doings I am ashamed to speak of, insomuch that I am much afraid that night hardly passed very honestly; if it did, the wanton plays, nods, and kisses deceived me.

Bu. I do not blame the nuns for this so much as the priests that look after them; but, come on, I will give you story for story, or rather a history that I myself was an eye-witness of. A little while since there were some persons sent to prison for baking bread on a Sunday, though at the same time they wanted it. Indeed, I do not blame the deed, but I do the punishment. A little after, being Palm Sunday, I had occasion to go to the next street, and being there about four o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a sight, I cannot well tell whether I shall call it ridiculous or wretched. I scarce believe any bacchanals ever had so much lewdness in them; some were so drunk they reeled

to and fro, like a ship tossed by the waves, being without a rudder; others were supporting one so drunk he could not go, and hardly able to stand themselves; others fell down, and could scarce get up again; some were crowned with leaves of oak. *Fi.* Vine leaves and wands would have befitted them better. *Bu.* The senior of them, acting the part of Silonus, was carried like a pack upon men's shoulders, after the manner they carry a dead corpse, with his feet foremost, but with his face downwards, lest he should be choked with his own vomit, vomiting plentifully down the heels of those that carried hindmost; and as to the bearers, there was not a sober man amongst them. They went along laughing, but after such a manner that you might perceive they had lost their senses. In short, they were all mad; and in this pickle they made a cavalcade into the city in the day-time. *Fi.* How came they to be all so mad? *Bu.* You must know, in the next town there was wine sold something cheaper than in the city, so a parcel of boon companions went thither, that they might attain the greater degree of madness for the lesser sum of money; but though, indeed, they did spend the less money, they got the more madness. If these men had but tasted an egg, they would have been hauled to prison as if they had committed parricide; when, besides their neglecting divine service and evening prayers upon so sacred a day, so much intemperance was not only committed with impunity, but nobody seemed to be so much as displeased at it.

Fi. But that you may not wonder so much at that, in the midst of the cities, and in alehouses next to the churches, upon the most solemn holidays, there was drinking, singing, dancing, fighting, with such a noise and tumult, that divine service could not be performed, nor one word heard that the parson said; but if the same men had set a stitch in a shoe, or eat pork on a Friday, they would have been severely handled. Though the Lord's day was instituted chiefly for this end, that they might be at leisure to attend to the doctrine of the gospel; and therefore it was forbid to mend shoes, that they might have leisure to trim their souls. But is not this a strange perverting of judgment? *Bu.* A prodigious one.

Fi. Whereas there are two things in the ordering a fast—the one abstinence from meat, and the other the choice of it—there is scarce anybody ignorant that the first is either a divine command, or very near it; but the other not only human, but also in a manner opposite to the apostles' real doctrine. However we excuse it, nevertheless, by a preposterous judgment in common, it is no crime to eat a supper, but to taste a bit of meat that is forbidden by man, but permitted by God, and also by the apostles, this is a capital crime. Fasts, though it is not certain they were commanded by the apostles, yet they are recommended in their examples and epistles. But the forbidding the eating of meats that God has made to be eaten with thanksgiving, if we were to defend that before St. Paul as a judge, to what shifts should we be driven? And yet, almost all the world over, men eat plentifully, and nobody is offended at it; but if a sick man taste a bit of a chicken, the whole Christian religion is in danger. In England the common people have a supper every other day, in Lent time, and nobody wonders at it; but if a man at death's door in a fever should sup a little chicken broth, it is accounted a crime worse than sacrilege.

Among the same persons in Lent time, than which there is nothing of greater antiquity, nor more religiously observed among Christians, as I have said before, they sup without any penalty; but if you shall attempt to do the same, after Lent is over, on a Friday, nobody will bear it; if you ask the reason of it, they will tell you it is the custom of the country. They curse a man who does not observe the custom of the country, and yet they forgive themselves the neglect of the ancient custom of the universal church.

Fi. He is not to be approved that without cause neglects the custom of the country wherein he lives. *Bu.* No more do I blame them that divide Lent between God and their bellies; but I find fault with preposterous censuring in matters. *Fi.* Though the Lord's day was instituted in an especial manner, that persons might meet together to hear the gospel preached, he that does not hear mass is looked upon as an abominable sinner, but he that neglects to hear a sermon, and plays at ball in the time, is innocent. *Bu.* What a mighty crime is it accounted for any one to receive the sacrament, not having first washed his mouth, when at the same time they do not stick to take it with an unpurified mind, defiled with vile affections! How many priests are there that would die before they would participate the sacrament in a chalice and charger that has not been consecrated by a bishop, or in their every-day clothes? But among them all that are thus nice, how many do we see that are not at all afraid to come to the Lord's table drunk with the last night's debauch? How fearful are they lest they should touch the wafer with that part of the hand that has not been dipped in consecrated oil? Why are they not as religious in taking care that an unhallowed mind does not offend the Lord himself? We will not so much as touch a consecrated vessel, and think we have been guilty of a heinous offence, if we shall chance so to do; and yet, in the meantime, how unconcerned are we while we violate the living temples of the Holy Spirit!

Fi. Human constitutions require that no bastard, lame, or one that hath but one eye, be admitted to any sacred function; how nice are we as to this point! But, in the meantime, unlearned, gamesters, drunkards, soldiers, and murderers are admitted everywhere. They tell us that the diseases of the mind lie not open to our view; I do not speak of those things that are hidden, but of such as are more plain to be seen than the deformity of the body. There are bishops, likewise, that have nothing as to their function to value themselves upon, but some sordid accomplishments. The gift of preaching, which is the chief dignity of a bishop, this they make to give place to every sordid thing, which they would never do unless they were possessed with a preposterous judgment. He that shall profane a holy-day instituted by a bishop is hurried away to punishment; but some great men, setting at nought the constitution of popes and councils, and all their thunderbolts, who hinder canonical elections, ravage the church lands, not sparing almshouses and hospitals erected by the alms of pious persons for the succour of the old, sick, and needy, think themselves Christians good enough if they do but wreak their ill-temper upon persons that offend in trivial matters.

Bu. But we had better let great men alone, and talk about salt *fish* and flesh. *Fi.* I agree with you; let us return to fasts and fish.

I have heard say that the pope's laws do by name except boys, old men, and sick and weakly persons, such as work hard, women with child, sucking children, and very poor people. *Bu.* I have often heard the same. *Fi.* I have also heard a very great divine, I think his name is Gerson, say further, if there be any other case of equal weight with those which the pope's laws except by name, the force of the precept gives way in like manner. For there are peculiar habits of body which render the want of some things more material than an evident disease; and there are distempers that do not appear that are more dangerous than those that do, therefore he that is acquainted with his own constitution has no need to consult a priest; even as infants do not, because their circumstances exempt them from the law. And, therefore, they that oblige boys, or very old men, or persons otherwise weak, to fast, commit a double sin; first, against brotherly charity, and secondly against the very intention of the pope, who would not involve them in a law the observation of which would be pernicious to them.

Whatsoever Christ has ordered, He has ordained for the health of body and mind both; neither does any pope claim to himself such a power, as by any constitution of his, to bring any person into danger of life; as suppose that any person by not eating in the evening should not rest at night, and so for want of sleep be in danger of growing light-headed, he is a murderer both against the sense of the church and the will of God. Princes, as oft as it suits with their conveniency, publish an edict threatening with a capital punishment. How far their power extends I will not determine; but this I will venture to say, they would act more safely if they did not inflict death for any other causes than such as are expressed in the Holy Scriptures. In things blameworthy, the Lord dehorts from going to the extremity of the limits, as in the case of perjury, forbidding to swear at all; in murder, forbidding to be angry, we by a human constitution force persons upon the extreme crime of homicide, which we call necessity. Nay, as oft as a probable cause appears, it is a duty of charity of our own accord to exhort our neighbour to those things that the weakness of his body requires; and if there be no apparent cause, yet it is the duty of Christian charity kindly to suppose it may be done with a good intention, unless it carries along with it a manifest contempt of the church.

A profane magistrate very justly punishes those that eat contumaciously and seditiously; but what every one shall eat in his own house is rather the business of a physician than a magistrate. Upon which account, if any person shall be so wicked as to cause any disorder, they are guilty of sedition, and not the person that consults his own health and breaks no law, neither of God nor man. In this the authority of the pope is misapplied; it is absurd to pretend the authority of popes in this case, who are persons of so much humanity that if they did but know a good reason for it they would of their own accord invite them to those things that are for their health, and defend them by dispensations against the slanders of all persons; and besides, throughout Italy they permit flesh to be sold in certain markets for the sake of the health of such persons as are not comprehended in that law. Besides, I have heard divines that have not been precise in their

sermons say, Do not be afraid at supper-time to eat a piece of bread, or drink a pint of wine or ale, to support the weakness of the body. If they take upon them the authority of indulging so that they will indulge a small supper to those that are in health, and that contrary to the ordinance of the church, which requires fasting, may they not permit not only a small supper but a pretty hearty one to such persons whose weakness requires it, and the popes themselves expressly declare that they approve it? If any one treats his body with severity it may be called zeal, for every one knows his own constitution best; but where is the piety and the charity of those persons that reduce a weak brother, wherein the spirit is willing but the flesh weak, even to death's door, or bringing him into a disease worse than death itself, against the law of nature, the law of God, and the sense and meaning of the law of the pope himself?

Bu. What you mention brings to my mind what I saw myself about two years since. I believe you know Eros, an old man, about sixty years of age, a man of a very weakly constitution, who by a lingering illness, acute diseases, and hard studies, even enough to kill a horse, was brought to death's door. This man, by some occult quality in nature, had from a child a great aversion to eating fish, and an inability to endure fasting, so that he never attempted them without imminent hazard of his life; at last he obtained a dispensation from the pope to defend him against the malevolent tongues of some pharisaical spirits. He not long ago, upon the invitation of friends, goes to the city Eleutheropolis, a city not at all like its name; it was then Lent time, and a day or two were devoted to the enjoyment of his friends. In the meantime fish was the common diet; but he, lest he gave offence to any person, though he had his necessity to justify him, as well as the pope's dispensation to bear him out, ate fish. He perceived his old distemper coming upon him, which was worse than death itself; so he prepares to take his leave of his friends and go home, being necessitated so to do unless he would lie sick there.

Some there suspecting that he was in such haste to go because he could not bear to eat fish, got Glaucoplutus, a very learned man, and a chief magistrate in that province, to invite him to breakfast. Eros being quite tired with company, which he could not avoid in a public inn, consented to go, but upon this condition, that he should make no provision but a couple of eggs, which he would eat standing, and immediately take horse and be gone. He was promised it should be as he desired; but when he comes, there was a fowl provided. Eros, taking it ill, tasted nothing but the eggs, and rising from table took horse, some learned men bearing him company part of the way. But, however, it came about, the smell of the fowl got into the noses of some sycophants, and there was as great a noise in the city as if ten men had been murdered; nor was the noise confined there, but was carried to other places two days' journey off, and, as is usual, still gained by carrying; adding, that if Eros had not got away, he had been carried before the justice, which, though that was false, yet true it was that Glaucoplutus was obliged to give the magistrate satisfaction. But now, considering the circumstances of Eros, had he ate flesh in public, who could justly have been offended at it? And yet in the same city all Lent time, but especially on holy-days, they drink till they are mad,

bawl, dance, fight, play at dice at the church-door, so that you cannot hear what the parson says when he is preaching; and this is no offence. *Fi.* A wonderful perversity of judgment!

Bu. I will tell you another story not much unlike this. It is now almost two years since the same Eros went for the sake of his health to Ferventia, and I, out of civility, bore him company. He went to an old friend's house who had given him frequent invitations by letters. He was a great man and one of the pillars of the church. When they came to eating of fish, Eros began to be in his old condition; a whole troop of distempers were coming upon him—a fever, severe headache, vomiting, and the stone. His landlord, though he saw his friend in this danger, did not dare to give him a bit of flesh-meat. But why? he saw a great many reasons that he might do it; he saw likewise the pope's licence; but he was afraid of public censure, and the disease had grown so far upon him that then it was in vain to give it him.

Fi. What did Eros do? I know the man's temper; he would sooner die than be injurious to his friend. *Bu.* He shut himself up in a chamber, and lived three days after his own manner; his dinner was one egg, and his drink water and sugar boiled. As soon as his fever was abated he took horse, carrying provision along with him. *Fi.* What was it? *Bu.* Almond milk in a bottle, and dried grapes in his portmanteau. When he came home the stone seized him, and he lay by it for a whole month. But for all this, after he was gone, there was a very hot but a false report of eating flesh followed him, which reached as far as Paris, and a great many notorious lies told about it. What remedy do you think proper for such offences? *Fi.* I would have everybody empty their chamber-pots upon their heads, and if they happen to meet them in the street, to stop their noses while they go by them, that they may be brought to a sense of their madness.

Bu. I think truly the divines ought to write sharply against such pharisaical impiety. But what is your opinion of his landlord? *Fi.* He seems to be a very prudent man, who knows from what frivolous causes the people excite such dismal tragedies. *Bu.* This may indeed be the effect of prudence, and we may interpret the good man's timorousness as favourably as may be; but how many are there who in the like case suffer their brother to die, and pretend a cautiousness to act against the usage of the church and to the offence of the people, but have no fear upon them of acting to the offence of the people in living a life publicly scandalous in rioting, whoring, luxury, and idleness, in the highest contempt of religion, in rapine, simony, and cheating? *Fi.* There are too many such; that which they call piety is nothing but a barbarous and impious cruelty. But yet methinks they seem to be more cruel who do not leave a man in danger occasionally, but invent dangers for him, and force many into them as into a trap, into manifest danger of both body and soul, especially having no authority for it. *Bu.* I wait to hear what you have to say.

Fi. About thirty years ago I lived at Paris, in the college called Vinegar College. *Bu.* That is a name of wisdom. But what say you? did a salt-fishmonger dwell in that sour college? No wonder then he is so acute a disputant in questions in divinity; for as I hear,

the very walls there teach divinity. *Fi.* You say very right; but as for me, I brought nothing out of it but my body full of gross humours, and my clothes full of lice. But to go on as I began: At that time one John Standonius was president, a man whose temper you would not mislike, and whose qualifications you would covet; for as I remember, in his youth, when he was very poor himself, he was very charitable, and that is much to be commended; and if he had still supplied the necessities of young persons as he found them materials for going on with their studies, he would not have had so much money to have spent lavishly, but would have done praiseworthily. But what with lying hard, by bad and spare diet, late and hard studies, within one year's space, of many young men of a good genius, and very hopeful, some he killed, others he blinded, others he made run distracted, and others he brought into the leprosy, some of whom I know very well; and, in short, not one of them but what was in danger by him. Was not this cruelty against one's neighbour? Neither did this content him, but adding a cloak and cowl, he took away the eating of flesh altogether, and transplanted such plants as those into far distant countries. So that if every one should give themselves such a liberty as he did himself, their followers would overspread the whole face of the earth.

If monasteries had their rise from such beginnings as these, what danger are not only popes, but kings themselves in! It is a pious thing to glory in the conversion of a neighbour to piety; but to seek for glory in a dress or diet is pharisaical. To supply the want of a neighbour is a part of piety; to take care that the liberality of good men be not converted to luxury is discipline; but to drive a brother into distempers, madness, and death is cruelty, is murdering him. The intention of murder may, indeed, be wanting, but murder it is. Perhaps some will say, nobody forces them into this kind of life; they come into it voluntarily, they beg to be admitted, and they are at liberty to go away when they are weary of it; but this is a cruel answer. Is it to be thought that young men can tell better what is good for them than men of learning, experience, and age? A man might thus excuse himself to a wolf that had drawn him into a trap, when he was almost famished with hunger. But can he that sets unwholesome and poisonous food before a man that is ready to gnaw his flesh for hunger so excuse himself to him when he is perishing, by saying, Nobody forced you to eat it, you devoured what was set before you willingly and eagerly? May he not justly answer him, You have not given me food, but poison? Necessity is very prevalent, hunger is very sharp; therefore let them forbear to use these plausible excuses. They were, indeed, at liberty to let it alone; but whosoever uses such engines uses force.

Neither did this cruelty only destroy mean persons, but many gentlemen's sons too, and spoiled many a hopeful genius. It is, indeed, the part of a father to hold in youth that is apt to grow lascivious by restraint. But in the very depth of winter, here is a morsel of bread given them when they ask for their commons; and as for their drink, they must draw that out of a well that gives bad water, unwholesome of itself, if it were not made the worse by the coldness of the morning. I have known many that were brought to such an ill state of health

that they have never got over it to this day. There were chambers on a ground floor, and rotten plaister, they stood near a stinking house of office, in which none ever dwelt but he either got his death or some grievous distemper. I shall say nothing of the unmerciful whippings, even of innocent persons. This they say is to break their fierceness, for so they call a spritely genius; and therefore they must cow their spirits, to make them more humble in the monasteries. Nor shall I take notice how many rotten eggs were eaten, nor how much sour wine was drank. Perhaps these things may be mended now; but, however, it is too late for those that are dead already, or carry about an infected carcase.

Nor do I mention these things because I have any ill will to the college, but I thought it worth while to give this monition, lest human severity should mar inexperienced and tender age under the pretence of religion. How much civility or true piety may be taught there at present I do not determine. If I could but see that those that put on a cowl put off naughtiness, I should exhort everybody to wear one. But, besides, the spirit of a vigorous age is not to be cowed for this sort of life; but the mind is to be formed for piety. I can scarce enter into a Carthusian monastery, but I find some fools and some madmen among them. But it is time now, after so long a digression, to return to our first proposition. *Bu.* We lose nothing by the digression as long as we have talked to the purpose; but, perhaps, you have something further to add concerning human constitutions. *Fi.* In my mind, he does by no means observe a human constitution who neglects to do what he aimed at that ordained it. He that upon holy-days forbears working, and does not employ them in divine duties, profanes the day by neglecting to do that for which end it was appointed; therefore is one good work forbidden that a better may be done. But now, as for those that leave their secular employ to go to junketting, whoring and drinking, fighting and gaming, they are guilty of a double profanation of it.

Bu. It is my opinion that the task of saying prayers was imposed upon priests and monks for this purpose, that by this exercise they might accustom themselves to lift up their hearts to God; and yet he that neglects saying his prayers is in danger to be punished, but he that only mumbles over the words with his mouth, and does not regard the meaning of them, nay, nor take pains so much as to learn the language they are written in, without which he cannot tell what the sound meaneth, is accounted a good man by others, and he thinks himself such. *Fi.* I know a great many priests that look upon it a heinous sin to omit any part of their prayers, or by mistake to have said concerning the Virgin Mary when they should have said concerning St. Paul; but the same persons count it no crime to game, whore, and drink, though these things are forbidden both by the law of God and man.

Bu. Nay, I myself have known a great many that would sooner die than be persuaded to take the sacrament after they had chanced to taste a bit of food, or let a drop of water go down their throat while they were washing their mouths; yet the same persons will own that they have so much malice against some, that if they had an opportunity they would kill them; nor are they afraid with this temper of mind to

approach the Lord's table. *Fi.* That they take the sacrament fasting is a human ordinance; but that they lay aside wrath before they come to the Lord's table is a command of the Lord himself.

Bu. But then, again, how preposterously do we judge concerning perjury? He is accounted an infamous person who swears he has paid a debt, when it is proved he has not. But perjury is not charged upon a priest who publicly lives unchastely, though he publicly profess a life of chastity. *Fi.* Why do you not tell this to the bishop's vicars, who swear before the altar that they have found all that they present to be entered into holy orders to be fit persons in age, learning, and manners; when for the most part there are scarce two or three that are tolerable, and most of them scarce fit to follow the plough? *Bu.* He is punished, that being provoked swears in a passion; but they that forswear themselves every three words they speak escape scot-free. *Fi.* But they do not swear from their hearts. *Bu.* By the same colourable pretence you may vindicate a man that kills another, saying, he did not do it in his heart. Perjury is not lawful either in jest or earnest; and it would make the crime the greater to kill a man in jest.

Fi. What if we should weigh the oaths princes take at their coronation in the same scale? *Bu.* These things, though indeed they are very serious matters, being done customarily, are not accounted perjuries. There is the same complaint concerning vows. The vow of matrimony is without doubt of divine right; yet it is dissolved by entering into a monastic life of man's invention. And though there is no vow more religious than that of baptism, yet he that changes his habit or his place is sought after, apprehended, confined, and sometimes put to death for the honour of the order, as though he had murdered his father; but those whose lives are diametrically repugnant to their baptismal vows, in that they serve mammon, their bellies, and the pomps of this world, are in mighty esteem, are never charged with breaking their vow, nor upbraided, nor called apostates, but are reckoned good Christians.

Bu. The common people have the like esteem of good and bad deeds, and the safeguard of virtue. What a scandal is it for a maid to be overcome? But a lying, slanderous tongue, and a malicious, envious mind are greater crimes; and where is it that a small theft is not punished more severely than adultery? Nobody will willingly keep him company that has been accused of theft; but it is accounted a piece of honour to hold a familiarity with such as are drenched in adultery. Nobody will deign to marry a daughter to a hangman, who executes the law for a livelihood, and a judge does the same; but they have no aversion at all to the affinity of a soldier, who has run away from his parents, and listed himself a soldier for hire, and is defiled with all the rapes, thefts, sacrileges, murders, and other crimes, that used to be committed in their marches, camps, and retreats; this may be taken for a son-in-law, and though he be worse than any hangman, a maid may love him dearly, and account him a noble personage. He that steals a little money must be hanged; but they that cheat the public of their money and impoverish thousands by monopolies, extortions, and tricking and cheating are held in great esteem. *Fi.* They that poison one person are hanged for it; but they that poison a whole nation with infectious provisions go unpunished.

Bu. I know some monks so superstitious that they think themselves in the jaws of the devil, if by chance they are without their sacred vestments; but they are not at all afraid of his claws while they are lying, slandering, drunkening, and acting maliciously. *Fi.* There are a great many such to be seen among private persons, that cannot think their house safe from evil spirits unless they have holy water, holy leaves, and wax tapers; but they are not afraid of them because God is so often offended in them, and the devil served in them. *Bu.* How many are there who put more trust in the safeguard of the Virgin Mary, or St. Christopher, than of Christ himself? They worship the mother with images, candles, and songs, and offend Christ heinously by their impious living. A mariner when in a storm is more ready to invoke St. Christopher, or some one or other of the saints, than Christ himself. And they think they have made the Virgin their friend, by singing her in the evening the little song, *Salve regina*, though they do not know what it is they do sing; when they have more reason to be afraid that the Virgin should think they jeer her by their so singing, when the whole day and great part of the night is spent in obscene discourses, drunkenness and such doings as are not fit to be mentioned.

Fi. Ay, and so a soldier, when he is about any dangerous enterprise, is more ready to remember George or Barbara than Christ. And though there is no reverence more acceptable to the saints than the imitation of their deeds, by which they have approved themselves to Christ, that is despised as much as can be; and we fancy that St. Anthony is mightily attached to us if we keep some hogs consecrated to him, and have him painted upon doors and walls with his hog, his fire, and his bell; and never fear that which is more to be dreaded, lest he should look with an evil eye upon those houses, where those wickednesses reign that the holy man always abhorred. Do we say over rosaries and salutations to the holy Virgin? we should rather recount to her the humiliation of our pride, the repressing our lusts, the forgiving of injuries. The mother of Christ takes more delight in such songs as these, and these are the offices that oblige them both.

Bu. A man that is sick is more ready to remember St. Rochus or Dionysius than Christ, the only health of mankind; and more than that, they that from the pulpit interpret the holy scriptures, which none without the assistance of the Spirit can rightly understand or profitably teach—they choose rather to invoke the aid of the Virgin Mary than of Christ or his Spirit. And he is suspected for a heretic that dares to mutter against this custom, which they call laudable. But the custom of the ancient fathers was much more laudable, such as Origen, Basil, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Ambrose, Jerome, and Austin used, who often invoked Christ's Spirit, but never implored the aid of the Virgin. But they are not at all displeased at them who have presumed to alter so holy a custom, taken from the doctrine of Christ and the apostles, and the examples of holy fathers.

Fi. A great many monks are guilty of such like errors, who persuade themselves that St. Benedict is mightily attached to them if they wear his cowl and cloak; though I do not believe he ever wore one so full of folds, and that cost so much money; and they are not afraid of his anger, in that they do not imitate him in his life at all.

Bu. He is a very good son of St. Francis who does not disdain to

wear an ash-coloured habit and a canvas girdle; but compare their lives, and nothing can be more disagreeable: I speak of a great many, but not of all. And this may be carried through all orders and professions. A preposterous confidence springs from an erroneous judgment, and from them both, preposterous scandals. Let but a Franciscan go out of doors with a leather girdle, if he has chanced to lose his rope, or an Augustine with a woollen one, or one that uses to wear a girdle without one, what an abomination would it be accounted? What danger is there, that if some women should see this they would miscarry! And from such trifles as these, how is brotherly charity broke in upon! what bitter envyings, how virulent slanderings! The Lord exclaims against these in the gospel, and so does Paul vehemently, and so ought divines and preachers to do.

Fi. Indeed they ought to do so; but there are a great many among them whose interest it is to have people, princes, and bishops such as they are themselves. And there are others again that have no more sense as to these things than the people themselves; or if they do know better, they dissemble it, consulting their own bellies rather than the interest of Jesus Christ. And hence it comes to pass, that the people being everywhere corrupted with erroneous judgments, are secure where there is danger, and fearful where there is none; can sit down satisfied where they should proceed, and go forward when they should return. And if a man attempt to bring any one off from these erroneous principles, presently they cry out sedition, as though it were sedition for any one with better remedies to endeavour to correct a vicious habit of body, which an ignorant pretender to physic has for a long time nourished, and almost brought it to be natural. But it is time to leave off these complaints, for there is no end of them. And if the people should hear what discourse we have, we are in danger to have a new proverb raised upon us, that a salt-fishmonger and a butcher trouble their heads about such things.

Bu. If they did, I would return this proverb upon them, *Sæpe etiam est olitor opportune locutis.* A little while ago I was talking of these things at the table, and as ill luck would have it, there sat a ragged, lousy, stern, old, withered, white-livered fellow; he had scarce three hairs on his head, and whenever he opened his mouth he shut his eyes; they said he was a divine, and he called me a disciple of Antichrist, and a great many such like things. *Fi.* What did you do then? Did you say nothing? *Bu.* I wished him a drachm of sound judgment in his stinking brain, if he had any. *Fi.* I should be glad to hear the whole of that story. *Bu.* So you shall, if you will come and dine with me on Thursday next; you shall have a veal-pie for dinner, so tender baked that you may suck it through a quill. *Fi.* I will promise you I will come; if you will come and dine with me on Friday, I will convince you that we fishmongers do not live merely on stinking salt fish.

THE FUNERAL.

Marcolphus, Phædrus.

Ma. Where have you been, Phædrus? What, are you just come out of Trophonius's cave? *Ph.* What makes you ask me that question?

Ma. Because you look so horridly sad, sour, and slovenly—in short, you do not look at all like what you are called. *Ph.* If they that have been a long time in a smith's shop commonly have a dirty face, do you wonder that I that have been so many days with two friends that were sick, dying, and are now dead, should look a little more sad than I used to do, especially when they were both of them my very dear friends? *Ma.* Who are they that you talk of? *Ph.* I suppose you know George Balearicus, don't you? *Ma.* I know him by name, and that is all, I never saw his face. *Ph.* I know the other was wholly a stranger to you; his name was Cornelius Montius. They were both of them my particular friends, and had been so for many years.

Ma. It was never my lot to be by where any one was dying. *Ph.* But it has been mine too often, if I might have had my wish. *Ma.* Well, but is death so terrible a thing as they make it? *Ph.* The way to it is worse than the thing itself, so that if a man could free his mind from the terror and apprehension of it, he would take away the worst part of it. And, in short, whatsoever is tormenting either in sickness or in death itself is rendered much more easy by resignation to the will of God; for as to the sense of death, when the soul is departing from the body, I am of opinion they are either wholly insensible or the faculty is become very dull and stupid, because nature, before it comes to that point, lays asleep and stupefies all the sensible faculties.

Ma. We are born without sense of pain as to ourselves. *Ph.* But we are not born without pain to our mother. *Ma.* Why might we not die so? why would God make death so full of pain? *Ph.* He was pleased to make birth painful and dangerous to the mother to make the child the dearer to her, and death formidable to mankind, to deter them from laying violent hands upon themselves; for when we see so many make away themselves as the case stands, what do you think they would do if death had no terror in it? As often as a servant or a son is corrected, or a woman is angry at her husband, anything is lost, or anything goes cross, men would presently repair to halters, swords, rivers, precipices, or poisons. Now the bitterness of death makes us put a greater value upon life, especially since the dead are out of the reach of the doctor. Although, as we are not all born alike, so we do not all die alike—some die suddenly, others pine away with a languishing illness; those that are seized with a lethargy and such as are stung by an asp are, as it were, cast into a sound sleep, and die without any sense of pain. I have made this observation that there is no death so painful but a man may bear it by resolution.

Ma. But which of them bore his death the most like a Christian? *Ph.* Why, truly, in my opinion, George died the most like a man of honour. *Ma.* Why, then, is there any sense of ambition when a man comes to that point? *Ph.* I never saw two people make such different ends. If you will give me the hearing I will tell you what end each of them made, and you shall judge which of them a Christian would choose to make. *Ma.* Give you the hearing! Nay, I desire you will not think much of the trouble, for I have the greatest mind in the world to hear it. *Ph.* Well, then, you shall first hear how George died. As soon as ever the certain symptoms of death appeared the physicians who had attended upon him during his sickness, saying

never a word of the despair they had of his life, demanded their fees. *Ma.* How many doctors had he? *Ph.* Sometimes ten, sometimes twelve, but never under six. *Ma.* Enough, in conscience, to have done the business of a man in perfect health. *Ph.* As soon as ever they had got their money they privately hinted to some of his near relations that his death was near at hand, and that they should take care of the good of his soul, for there was no hope of his recovery; and this was handsomely intimated by some of his particular friends to the sick man himself, desiring him that he would commit the care of his body to God, and only mind those things that related to a happy exit out of this world.

George, hearing this, looked wonderful sourly at the physicians, taking it very heinously that they should leave him now in his distress. They told him that physicians were but men, and not gods, and that they had done what art could do, but there was no physic would avail against fate, and so went into the next chamber. *Ma.* What did they stay for after they were paid? *Ph.* They were not yet agreed upon the distemper: one would have it to be a dropsy, another a tympany, another an imposthume in the guts, every man of them would have it to be a different disease, and this dispute they were very hot upon all the time he was sick. *Ma.* The patient had a blessed time of it all this while. *Ph.* And to decide this controversy, they desired by his wife that the body might be opened, which would be for his honour, being a thing very usual among persons of quality, and very beneficial to a great many others, and that it would add to the bulk of his merits; and lastly, they promised they would purchase thirty masses at their own charge for the good of his soul. It was a hard matter to bring him to it; but at last, by the importunities and fair words of his wife and near relations, he was brought to consent to it; and this being done the consultation was dissolved, for they say it is not convenient that physicians, whose business it is to preserve life, should be spectators of their patients' death, or present at their funeral.

By and by Bernardine was sent for to take his confession, who is, you know, a very reverend man, and warden of the Franciscans. His confession was scarce over, but there was a whole houseful of the four orders of begging friars, as they are called. *Ma.* What, so many vultures to one carcase? *Ph.* And now the parish priest was called to give him the extreme unction and the sacrament of the eucharist. *Ma.* That was very religiously done. *Ph.* But there had like to have been a very bloody fray between the parish priest and the monks. *Ma.* What, at the sick man's bedside? *Ph.* Nay, and Christ himself looking on too. *Ma.* Pray, what was the occasion of so sudden a hurly-burly? *Ph.* The parson of the parish, so soon as ever he found the sick man had confessed to the Franciscan, did point blank refuse to give him either the extreme unction, the eucharist, or afford him a burial, unless he heard his confession with his own ears. He said he was the parson of the parish, and that he was accountable for his own flock, and that he could not do it unless he was acquainted with the secrets of his conscience. *Ma.* And don't you think he was in the right? *Ph.* Why, indeed, they did not think so, for they all fell upon him, especially Bernardine and Vincent the Dominican. *Ma.* What

had they to say? *Ph.* They rattled off the parson soundly, calling him ass, and one fitter to be a pastor of swine than men's souls. I, says Vincent, am a bachelor of divinity, and am shortly to be licensed and take my degree of doctor, and you can scarce read the collect, you are so far from being fit to dive into the secrets of a man's conscience. But if you have such an itch of curiosity, go home and inquire into the privacies of your concubine and bastards. And a great deal more of such stuff, that I am ashamed to mention.

Ma. And did he say nothing to all this? *Ph.* Nothing, do you say? Never was any man so nettled. I, says he, will make a better bachelor than you of a beanstalk; as for your masters, Dominic and Francis, pray, where did they ever learn Aristotle's philosophy, the arguments of Thomas, or the speculations of Scotus? Where did they take their degree of bachelors? You have crept into a credulous world, a company of mean wretches, though some, I must confess, were devout and learned. You nested at first in fields and villages, and thence anon you transplanted yourselves into opulent cities, and none but the best part of them neither would content you. Your business lay then only in places that could not maintain a pastor, but now, forsooth, none but great men's houses will serve your turn. You boast much of your being priests, but your privileges are not worth a rush, unless in the absence of the bishop, pastor, or his curate. Not a man of you shall ever come into my pulpit, I will assure you, as long as I am pastor. It is true I am no bachelor, no more was St. Martin, and yet he discharged the office of a bishop for all that. If I have not so much learning as I should, I will never come a begging to you for it. Do you think the world is so stupid as to think the holiness of Dominic and Francis is entailed upon the habit? Is it any business of yours what I do at my own house? It is very well known in the world what you do in your cells, and how you handle your holy virgins. Nobody is ignorant that you make those rich men's houses you frequent no better than they should be.

For the rest, Marcolphus, you must excuse me, it is too foul to be told; but in truth he handled the reverend fathers very scurvily; and there had been no end of it if George had not held up his hand in token he had something to say, and it was with much ado that the storm was laid at last, though but for a little while. Then says the sick man, Peace be among you, I will confess myself over again to you, Mr. Parson; and as for the charge of tolling the bell, my funeral-rites, my monument and burial, they shall all be paid down to you before you go out of the house; I will take order that you shall have no cause to complain. *Ma.* Did the parson refuse this fair proposal? *Ph.* He did not absolutely refuse it, but he muttered something to himself about confession; but he remitted it at last, and told them there was no need of troubling the patient or the priest with the same things over again; but if he had confessed to me in time, said he, perhaps he would have made his will upon better conditions; but if it be not as it should be, you must now look to it. This equity of the sick man vexed the monks to the heart, who thought very much that any part of the booty should go to the parson of the parish. But upon my intercession the matter was composed; the parson gave the sick man the unction and the sacrament, received his dues, and went away.

Ma. Well, now, certainly a calm followed this storm, did there not? *Ph.* So far from it, that this storm was no sooner laid than a worse followed. *Ma.* Upon what ground, pray? *Ph.* I will tell you. There were four orders of begging friars in the house already, and now in comes a fifth of cross-bearers, against which all the other four orders rise up in a tumult, as illegitimate and spurious, saying, Where did you ever see a waggon with five wheels? or with what face would they reckon more orders of mendicants than there were evangelists? At this rate ye may even as well call in all the beggars to you from the bridges and cross-ways. *Ma.* What reply made the cross-bearers to this? *Ph.* They asked them how the waggon of the church went before there were any mendicants at all? and so after that, when there was but one order, and then again when there were three? As for the number of the evangelists, say they, it has no more affinity with our orders than with the die for having on every side four angles. Pray, who brought the Augustines or Carmelites into the order? When did Austin or Elias go a begging? for they make them to be principals of their order. These and a great deal more they thundered out violently; but being overpowered with numbers of the four orders, they could not stand the charge, but were forced to quit the ground, but threatening them with dreadful things.

Ma. Well, but I hope all was quiet now. *Ph.* Nay, not so, for this confederacy against the fifth order was come almost to daggers drawing; the Franciscan and Dominican would not allow the Augustines and Carmelites to be true mendicants, but bastards and suppositious. This contention rose to that height, that I was afraid it would have come to blows. *Ma.* And could the sick man endure all this? *Ph.* They were not in his bed-chamber now, but in a court that joined to it, but so that he could hear every word they said; for there was no whispering, believe me, but they very fairly exercised their lungs. Besides, men, as you know, are quicker of hearing than ordinary in sickness. *Ma.* But what was the end of this dispute? *Ph.* Why, the sick man sent them word by his wife that if they would but hold their tongues a little he would set all to rights; and therefore desired that the Augustines and Carmelites should go away for the present, and that they should be no losers by it, for they should have the same portion of meat sent them home that those had that staid there. He gave direction that all the five orders should assist at his funeral, and that every one of them should have an equal share of money; but that they should not all be set (down) at the common table, lest they should fall together by the ears.

Ma. The man understood economy, I perceive, that had the skill to compose so many differences, even upon his death-bed. *Ph.* Phoo; he had been an officer in the army for many years, where such sort of mutinies are common among the soldiers. *Ma.* Had he a great estate? *Ph.* A very great one. *Ma.* But ill-gotten, perhaps, as is common, by rapine, sacrilege, and extortion. *Ph.* Indeed officers commonly do so, and I will not swear for him that he was a jot better than his neighbours. But if I do not mistake the man, he made his fortune by his wit, rather than by downright violence. *Ma.* After what manner? *Ph.* He understood arithmetic very well. *Ma.* And what of that? *Ph.* What of that! why, he would reckon 30,000 soldiers when there

were but 7,000, and a great many of those he never paid neither. *Ma.* A very compendious way of accounting! *Ph.* Then he would lengthen out the war, and raise contributions monthly, both from friends and foes; from his enemies that they might not be plundered, and from his friends that they might have commerce with the enemy. *Ma.* I know the common way of soldiers; but make an end of your story.

Ph. Bernardine and Vincent staid with the sick man, and the rest had their provisions sent them. *Ma.* Well, and did they agree among themselves that staid upon duty? *Ph.* Not very well; they continually grumbled something about the prerogative of their bulls; but they were fain to dissemble the matter, that they might go the better on with their work. Now the will is produced, and covenants entered into before witnesses, according to what they had agreed upon between themselves. *Ma.* I long to hear what that was.

Ph. I will tell you in brief, for the whole would be a long history. He leaves a widow of thirty-eight years of age, a discreet, virtuous woman; and two sons, the one of nineteen, and the other fifteen years of age; and two daughters, both under age. He provided by this testament, that his wife, seeing she would not be prevailed upon to confine herself to a cloister, should put on the habit of a Beguin, which is a middle order between a laic and a religious; and the eldest son, because he could not be prevailed upon to turn monk——*Ma.* There is no catching old birds with chaff. *Ph.* That as soon as his father's funeral was over, he should ride post to Rome, and there being made a priest before his time, by the pope's dispensation, he should say mass once a day, for one whole year, in the Lateran Church, for his father's soul, and creep up the holy steps there upon his knees every Friday. *Ma.* And did he take this task upon himself willingly? *Ph.* To deal ingenuously with you, as willingly as an ass takes his burden. His younger son was dedicated to St. Francis, his eldest daughter to St. Clare, and the younger to Catherine Senensis. This was all that could be obtained; for it was George's purpose that he might lay the greater obligation upon God, to dispose of the five survivors into the five orders of the mendicants; and it was very hard pressed too. But his wife and his eldest son could not be wrought upon by any terms, either fair or foul. *Ma.* Why, this is a kind of disinheriting.

Ph. The whole estate was so divided, that the funeral charges being first taken out, one twelfth-part of it was to go to his wife; one half of that for her maintenance, and the other half to the stock of the place where she should dispose of herself, upon condition that, if she should alter her mind, the whole should go to that order. Another twelfth was to go to the eldest son, who was to have so much money paid him down upon the nail as would bear the charges of his journey, purchase him a dispensation, and maintain him at Rome; provided always, that if he should at any time change his mind, and refuse to be initiated into holy orders, his portion should be divided between the Franciscans and Dominicans; and I fear that will be the end of it, for he had a strange aversion to that course of life. Two twelfth-parts were to go to the monastery that should receive his younger son, and two more to those that should entertain his daughters; but upon this condition, that if they should refuse to profess themselves, the money

should go entire to the cloister. And then Bernardine was to have one twelfth, and Vincent another; a half share to the Carthusians, for the communion of the good works of the whole order. The remaining twelfth and moiety was to be distributed among such private poor as Bernardine and Vincent should think worthy of the charity. *Ma.* It would have been more lawyer-like to have said *quos vel quas,* instead of *quos* only.

Ph. The testament was read, and the stipulation ran in these words:—George Balearicus, dost thou, being alive, and of sound and disposing mind and memory, approve of this testament, which thou madest long since according to thy own mind? I approve it. Is this thy last and unchangeable will? It is. Dost thou constitute me and this bachelor Vincent the executors of this thy last will? I do so. And then he was commanded to subscribe it. *Ma.* How could he write when he was dying? *Ph.* Why, Bernardine guided his hand. *Ma.* What did he subscribe? *Ph.* Whosoever shall attempt to violate this testament, may he incur the displeasure of St. Francis and St. Dominic. *Ma.* But were they not afraid to have an action *testamenti inofficiosi* [of a forged will] brought against them? *Ph.* That action does not take place in things dedicated to God, nor will any man willingly go to law in a suit with Him. When this was over the wife and children give the sick man their right hands, and swear to the observance of his directions.

After this they fell to treating of the funeral pomp, and there was a squabble about that too; but it was carried at last that there should be nine out of every one of the five orders, in honour of the five books of Moses, and the nine choirs of angels; every order to carry its proper cross, and sing the funeral songs. To these, besides the kindred, there should be thirty torch-bearers hired, and all in mourning, in memory of the thirty pieces of silver our Saviour was sold for; and for honour's sake, twelve mourners to accompany them, as a number sacred to the apostolical order. That behind the bier should follow George's horse, all in mourning, with his head tied down to his knees in such a manner that he might seem to look upon the ground for his master. That the pall should be hung about with escutcheons, and that the body should be laid at the right hand of the high altar, in a marble tomb, some four feet from the ground, and he himself lying in effigy at length on the top of it, cut in the purest marble, all in armour from head to foot. To his helmet a crest, which was the neck of an onocrotalus, and a shield upon his left arm, charged with three boars' heads or, in a field argent; his sword by his side, with a golden hilt, and a belt embroidered with gold and pearl, and golden spurs, he being a knight of the Golden Order. That there should be a leopard at his feet, and an inscription on his tomb worthy of so great a man. His heart he would have to be buried separately in St. Francis's chapel, and his bowels he bequeathed to the parish, to be honourably interred in Our Lady's chapel.

Ma. This was a noble funeral, but a dear one. Now, a cobbler at Venice should have as much honour done him, and with very little or no charge at all; the company gives him a handsome coffin, and they have many times 600 monks, all in their habits, to attend one corpse. *Ph.* I have seen it myself, and could not but laugh at the vanity of

those poor people. The fullers and tanners march in the van, the cobblers bring up the rear, and the monks march in the body; you would have said it had been a chimera, if you had seen it. And George had this caution too, that the Franciscans and Dominicans should draw lots which should go first at the funeral, and after them the rest, that there might be no quarrelling for place. The parson and clerk went in the lowest place (that is, first), for the monks would not endure it otherwise. *Ma.* I find George had skill in marshalling of a ceremony as well as an army. *Ph.* And it was provided that the funeral service, which was to be performed by the parish priest, should be performed with a concert of music, for the greater honour of the deceased.

While these and such like things were doing, the patient was seized with a convulsion, which was a certain token that he was near his end, so that they were now come to the last act. *Mu.* Why, is not all done yet? *Ph.* Now, the pope's bull is to be read, wherein he is promised a full pardon of all his sins, and an exemption from the fear of purgatory, and with a justification over and above of his whole estate. *Ma.* What, of an estate got by rapine? *Ph.* Got by the law of arms and fortune of war. But one Philip, a civilian, his wife's brother, happened to be by at the reading of the bull, and took notice of one passage that was not as it should be, and raised a scruple upon it of its not being authentic. *Ma.* It might very well have been let pass at this time, and no notice taken of it, if there had been any error, and the sick never the worse for it. *Ph.* I am of your mind, and I will assure you it so wrought upon George, that it had like to have cast him into despair; and in this case Vincent shewed himself a man indeed; he bid George be satisfied, for that he had an authority to correct or supply any error or omission that might be in the bull. So that, says he, if this bull should deceive you, this soul of mine shall stand engaged for thine, that thine shall go to heaven, or mine be damned.

Ma. But will God accept of this way of changing souls? or, if he does, is the pawn of Vincent's soul a sufficient security for George's? What if Vincent's soul should go to the devil, whether he changes it or no! *Ph.* I only tell you matter of fact. It is certain that Vincent effected this by it, that the sick man was much comforted. By and by the covenants are read, by which the whole society promise to transfer to George the benefits of the works which were done by all the four orders, and also a fifth, that of the Carthusians. *Ma.* I should be afraid that such a weight would sink me to hell, if I were to carry it. *Ph.* I speak of their good works only; for they bear down a soul that is about to fly to heaven no more than feathers do a bird. *Ma.* But who will they bequeath their evil works to then? *Ph.* To the German soldiers of fortune. *Ma.* By what right? *Ph.* By gospel right; for, "to him that has shall be given." And then was read over how many masses and psalms were to accompany the soul of the deceased, and there was a vast number of them. After this, his confession was repeated, and they gave him their benediction.

Ma. And so he died? *Ph.* Not yet. They laid a mat upon the ground, rolled up at one end in the form of a pillow. *Ma.* Well, and what is to be done now? *Ph.* They strewed ashes upon it, but very thin, and there they laid the sick man's body; and then they conse-

crated a Franciscan's coat with prayers and holy water, and that they laid over him, and a cowl under his head (for there was no putting it on then), and his pardon and the covenants with it. *Ma.* This is a new way of dying. *Ph.* But they affirm that the devil has no power over those that die in this manner; for so they say St. Martin and St. Francis and others died. *Ma.* But their holy lives were correspondent to their deaths. But, prithee, what followed? *Ph.* They then presented the sick man with a crucifix and a wax candle. Upon the holding out the crucifix, says the sick man, I used to be safe in war under the protection of my own buckler, but now I will oppose this buckler to my enemy; and having kissed it, laid it at his left side. And as to the holy taper, I was, said he, ever held to be a good pikeman in the field, and now I will brandish this lance against the enemy of souls. *Ma.* Spoken like a man of war!

Ph. These were the last words he spake, for death presently seized his tongue, and he breathed his last. Bernardine kept close to him in his extremity, on his right hand, and Vincent on his left; and they had both of them their pipes open. One shewed him the image of St. Francis, the other that of St. Dominic, while the rest up and down in the chamber were mumbling over certain psalms to a most melancholy tune, Bernardine bawling in his right ear, and Vincent in his left. *Ma.* What was it they bawled? *Ph.* Bernardine spake to this purpose:—George Balcaricus, if thou approvest of all that is here done, lean thy head toward thy right shoulder; and so he did. Vincent on the other side, said, George, fear not, you have St. Francis and St. Dominic for your defenders, therefore be of good courage. Think on what a great number of merits are bestowed upon thee, of the validity of thy pardon, and remember that I have engaged my soul for thine, if there be any danger. If you understand all this, and approve of it, lean your head upon your left shoulder; and so he did. And then they cried out as loud as before, If thou art sensible of all this, squeeze my hand; then he squeezed his hand. So that, what with turning of his head and squeezing of the hand, there were almost three hours spent. And when George began to yawn, Bernardine stood up and pronounced the absolution, but could not go through with it before George's soul was out of the body. This was about midnight, and in the morning they went about the anatomy.

Ma. And pray, what did they find out of order in the body? *Ph.* Well remembered, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a piece of a bullet that stuck to the diaphragm. *Ma.* How came that? *Ph.* His wife said he had been wounded with a musket-shot, and from thence the physicians conjectured that some part of the melted lead remained in his body. By and by they put the mangled corpse (after a sort) into a Franciscan's habit, and after dinner they buried him with pomp, as it had been ordered. *Ma.* I never heard of more bustle about a man's dying, or of a more pompous funeral; but I suppose you would not have this story made public. *Ph.* Why not? *Ma.* Lest you should provoke a nest of hornets. *Ph.* There is no danger, for if what I relate be done well, it is convenient the whole world should know it, but if it be ill done, all good men will thank me for discovering it; and they themselves being seized with shame for what they have done, will do so no more. Besides, it may possibly preserve the

simple from falling into the like mistakes; for some learned and pious men have frequently complained to me that the superstition and wickedness of some few brings a scandal upon the whole order.

Ma. This is well and bravely said. But I would fain know what became of Cornelius. *Ph.* Why, truly, he died as he lived, without troubling anybody. He had an anniversary fever, which took him every year at such a certain time; but being now worse than ordinary, either by reason of age (for he was above sixty years old), or some other cause, finding that his fatal day was drawing on, he went to church upon a Sunday, four days before he died, confessed to the parish priest, heard divine service and the sermon, and having received the sacrament, went home. *Ma.* Had he no physicians? *Ph.* Only one, who was as good in morals as he was in his profession; his name is James Castrutius. *Ma.* I know him, as honest a man as any in the world. *Ph.* He told him he should be ready to serve him in anything he could as a friend, but that, in his opinion, his business lay rather with God than the doctor. Cornelius received his answer as cheerfully as if he had assured him of his recovery. Wherefore, although he had been always very charitable according to his power, yet he then bestowed upon the needy all that he could possibly spare from the necessities of his wife and children, not upon such as take a seeming pride in a sort of poverty that are everywhere to be met withal, but upon those good men that oppose a laborious industry to an innocent poverty.

I desired him that he would betake himself to his bed, and send for a minister to him, rather than fatigue his weak body. He replied that it had been always his desire rather to make his friends easy where he could, by doing good offices, than to make himself troublesome to them by receiving, and that he was now willing to die as he had lived. Nor would he take to his bed till the very last day, and part of the last night of his life. In the interim he supported his weak body with a stick, or else sat in a chair, but very rarely went into the naked bed, but lay down in his clothes, his head being raised. And in this time he was either giving orders for the relief of the poor, especially those of his acquaintance and neighbours, or reading something of the scriptures proper to strengthen his faith in God, or that shew His love to mankind. And when he was so tired that he could not read himself, he heard some friend read to him, and would very frequently, and with wonderful affection, exhort his family to mutual love and concord, and the exercise of true piety; comforting his friends, who were solicitous for his death, with great tenderness, and gave it often in charge to his family to take care to see all his debts paid.

Ma. Had he not made a will? *Ph.* Yes, a long time before; he had taken care to do that when he was in perfect health; for he was used to say, that what a man did at his last gasp was rather a dotage than a testament. *Ma.* Had he given anything to monasteries or poor people? *Ph.* No, not a cross; I have, says he, already in my lifetime given according to my ability, and now, as I leave the possession of what I have to my family, I leave them the disposing of it too, and I trust that they will employ it better than I have done. *Ma.* Did he send for no holy men, as George did? *Ph.* Not a man; there was nobody about him but his own family and two intimate friends. *Ma.* I wonder what he meant by that. *Ph.* He said he was not will-

ing to trouble more people when he went out of the world than he did when he came into it.

Ma. I want to hear this story out. *Ph.* You shall hear it presently. Thursday came, and finding himself extremely weak, he kept his bed. The parish priest being then called, gave him the extreme unction, and again the sacrament; but he made no confession, for he said he had no scruple upon his mind. The parson then began to talk to him about his burial, with what pomp and in what place he would be buried. Bury me, says he, as you would bury the meanest Christian; nor do I concern myself where you lay this worthless body of mine—it will be found all one at the day of judgment wheresoever you lay it; and as to the pomp of my funeral, I matter it not. When he came to mention the ringing of bells and saying masses (tricenary and anniversary), pardons, and purchasing a communion of merits, he replied, My good pastor, I shall find myself never the worse if no bell be rung at all; if you will afford me but one funeral office it will abundantly content me, but if there be anything else that the public custom of the church has made necessary, and that cannot well be omitted without scandal to the weak, I leave that to your pleasure. Nor am I at all desirous to buy any man's prayers or rob any man of his merits; there is merit enough in Christ, and to spare; and I trust that I myself shall be the better for the prayers and merits of the whole church, if I be but a living member of it. My whole hope is in these two assurances: the one is, that the Lord Jesus, the chief Shepherd, hath taken all my sins upon Him, nailing them to His cross; the other is, that which Christ Himself hath signed and sealed with His own holy blood, which gives us assurance of eternal salvation if we place all our trust in Him. Far be it from me to insist upon being furnished with merits and pardons, and provoke my God to enter into judgment with His servant, in whose sight no flesh living shall be justified; because His mercy is boundless and unspeakable, to it I appeal from His justice.

The parson hearing this went away; and Cornelius, with great joy and cheerfulness (as one transported with the hope of a better life), caused some texts to be read out of the Holy Scriptures, that confirm the hope of the resurrection and set before him the rewards of immortality; as that out of Isaiah, concerning the death of Hezekiah, together with the hymn; and then the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, the death of Lazarus out of John, but especially the history of Christ's passion out of the Gospels. But, oh, with what affection did he take in all these scriptures, sighing at some passages, folding his hands, as in thankfulness, at others; one while rapt and overjoyed at some passages, and another time sending up short ejaculations. After dinner, having taken a little rest, he ordered the twelfth chapter of St. John to be read to the end of the story. Here you would have said the man was transfigured and possessed with a new spirit.

When it grew towards evening he called for his wife and children, and raising himself as well as he could, he thus bespake them: My dear wife, the same God that once joined us together doth now part us, but only in our bodies, and that too for a short time. That care, kindness, and piety that thou hast hitherto used to divide betwixt me and the tender pledges of our mutual love, do thou now transfer wholly to

them. Think thou canst do nothing more acceptable either to God or to me than to educate, cherish, and instruct those whom God has given as the fruit of our conjugal relation, that they may be found worthy of Christ. Double therefore thy piety upon them, and account upon my share too as translated unto thee. If thou shalt do this, as I trust thou wilt, they will not be accounted orphans; and if ever thou shouldst marry again—at which word his wife burst out into tears, and was about to forswear ever to think of marrying again, but Cornelius interposed—My dearest sister in Christ, if the Lord Jesus shall vouchsafe to thee resolution and strength of spirit, be not wanting to the heavenly gift, for it will be more commodious as well for thyself as the children. But if the infirmity of the flesh shall carry thee another way, know that my death has indeed freed thee from the bonds of wedlock, but not from that obligation which in both our names thou owest in common to the care of our children. As to marriage itself, make use of the freedom that God has given thee; only let me entreat and admonish thee of this one thing, to make choice of a husband of such a disposition, and discharge thyself so towards him that he, either by his own goodness or for thy good carriage, may be kind to our children. Therefore have a care of tying thyself up by any vow; keep thyself free to God and to our children, and bring them up in all points religiously, and take care that they do not fix upon any course of life till by age and experience they shall come to understand what is fittest for them. Then, turning to his children, he exhorted them to the study of piety, obedience to their mother, and mutual love and concord among themselves. And having done, he kissed his wife and them, prayed for them, and making the sign of the cross recommended them to the mercy of Christ.

And then, looking round upon all about him, By to-morrow morning, says he, the Lord who renewed this morning to me will graciously please, out of His infinite mercy, to call this poor soul of mine out of the sepulchre of my body, and out of the darkness of this mortality, into His heavenly light. I will not have you fatigue yourselves in your tender age with unprofitable watching, and as for the rest, let them take their rest by turns; one is enough to sit up with me, and read to me. Having passed the night, about four o'clock in the morning, all the family being present, he caused that psalm to be read which our Saviour praying recited upon the cross. And when that was done he called for a taper and a cross, and taking the taper in his hand, he said, The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear? And then, kissing the cross, he said, The Lord is the defender of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? And by and by, laying his hands upon his breast in a praying posture, with his eyes lift up to heaven, he said, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit; and immediately he closed his eyes, as if he were only going to sleep, and with a gentle breath delivered up his spirit. You would have thought he had only been in a slumber, and had not expired. *Ma.* I never heard of a less painful death in my life. *Ph.* His life was as calm as his death. These two men were both of them my friends, and perhaps I am not so good a judge which of them died most like a Christian; but you that are unbiassed may perhaps make a better judgment. *Ma.* I will think of it, and give you my opinion some time or other at leisure.

THE ECHO.

The Young Man and the Echo.

Yo. I have a mind to ask your advice about a few things, if you are at leisure. *Ec.* I am at leisure. *Yo.* And if I, a young man, shall be welcome to you. *Ec.* You shall be welcome. *Yo.* And can you tell me true concerning things to come? *Ec.* I can. *Yo.* And do you understand Greek too? What novelty is this! *Ec.* I do. *Yo.* What kind of studies do you think those of the muses to be? *Ec.* Divine ones. *Yo.* Do you think, then, that those authors that conduce to learning ought to be studied? *Ec.* Do thou study them. *Yo.* What is then in their minds that speak contemptibly of these studies? *Ec.* The thoughts of a swine. *Yo.* But I wish the lovers of these were as studious of piety. *Ec.* I wish they were so. *Yo.* Now-a-days the wickedness of some makes all hated. *Ec.* It does so. *Yo.* And many lay the sins of man on the back of learning. *Ec.* Ay, asses. *Yo.* Why, but they commonly seem not to be of the meanest sort. *Ec.* They are vile persons. *Yo.* What do you think they do who spend their time in a sophistical kind of learning? Perhaps they spin cobwebs? *Ec.* They do so. *Yo.* And they weave and unweave Penelope's web. *Ec.* They do weave it.

Yo. What course of life do you advise me to follow? *Ec.* A safe one. *Yo.* Will it prove fortunate if I shall marry? *Ec.* Do it late. *Yo.* But what if it shall happen to be my lot to marry an unchaste or extravagant wife? *Ec.* You must bear it? *Yo.* Why, but it is worse than death itself to live with such. *Ec.* It is so. *Yo.* Does fortune so domineer in human affairs? *Ec.* Yes, she only. *Yo.* Perhaps a person had better enter himself into the life of a monk than that of marriage. *Ec.* That binds one. *Yo.* What remedy is there left when any one is bound by that knot that cannot be unloosed? *Ec.* Melancholy. *Yo.* Well, but it is a miserable life for men to live alone. *Ec.* It is entirely so. *Yo.* What sort of men do you account the monks of these times to be? *Ec.* A trouble. *Yo.* What then makes some esteem them as half-gods? *Ec.* Fear. *Yo.* What do most hunt after who sue for a benefice? *Ec.* Idleness. *Yo.* Does a priest get nothing else? *Ec.* Yes, gain. *Yo.* What good thing do they get that obtain bishoprics? *Ec.* Labours. *Yo.* But none live more in idleness. *Ec.* I know it. *Yo.* What things will be able to make them think and understand what a great burden they have upon them? *Ec.* Understanding. *Yo.* Therefore the priesthood is an excellent thing, if a man behave himself as he ought to do in it. *Ec.* It makes him happy.

Yo. What advantage shall I have if I go into their court who excel in princely dignity? *Ec.* Misery. *Yo.* But I see a great many that are wont to promise themselves great happiness from thence. *Ec.* They are blockheads. *Yo.* But in the meantime, while they go clothed in their silks, the common people look upon them as brave fellows? *Ec.* They are not worth a fig. *Yo.* Why, then, you speak of men that are golden without and wooden within, if anybody were but to inspect them narrowly? *Ec.* Not so good. *Yo.* Why, then, those men have but little excellency in them, that being arrayed in

silks, we worship as gods? *Ec.* Mischief. *Yo.* And, perhaps, you will put no great value upon military men? *Ec.* A farthing. *Yo.* But your astrologers that tell fortunes by the stars promise great things. *Ec.* They are fables. *Yo.* But grammarians take a great deal of pains. *Ec.* To no purpose. *Yo.* I believe hungry, greedy lawyers don't please you. *Ec.* They are wolves. *Yo.* What sort of a man shall I be if I turn a handicraftsman? *Ec.* The scum of the people. *Yo.* What, then, do good nor bad arts procure one nothing else? *Ec.* A maintenance.

Yo. Shall I be happy if I shall persevere in good learning? *Ec.* You shall. *Yo.* But what will make me pious? *Ec.* Age. *Yo.* I have spent my time this ten years in Cicero. *Ec.* O you ass! *Yo.* How comes it into your mind to call me an ass? *Ec.* By the thing itself. *Yo.* Perhaps you mean that I should not so apply myself to him as to leave off others? *Ec.* I do say so. *Yo.* Why, then, does not he please you that fatigues himself all his days only for this purpose that he may become a Ciceronian at last? *Ec.* He is a madman. *Yo.* What is left for them to do that are old, whose age is not seasonable for the learning these things? *Ec.* The plough tail. *Yo.* I believe you would be more eloquent if you were at a greater distance. *Ec.* I should be so. *Yo.* I do not like words of two syllables. *Ec.* Go your way. *Yo.* I began first, and I see I cannot hinder your having the last word. *Ec.* Let me have it. *Yo.* Do you now think I am sufficiently instructed to perform those things well which shall happen in life? *Ec.* Yes. *Yo.* Well, then, if you would have me go away, bid me be gone. *Ec.* Be gone.

THE UNEQUAL BANQUET.

Spudæus, Apitius.

Sp. Soho, soho, Apitius! *Ap.* I do not hear you. *Sp.* Soho, I say, Apitius! *Ap.* What troublesome fellow is this? *Sp.* I have a matter of consequence to tell you of. *Ap.* And I am going about a matter of consequence, and in great haste too. *Sp.* Whither, prithee? *Ap.* Why, to supper. *Sp.* That was it I wanted to talk with you about. *Ap.* I have not time now to meddle with talkers or doers, lest I lose my labour. *Sp.* You shall lose no time, I will go along with you. *Ap.* Well, tell me what it is quickly. *Sp.* I am busy in contriving how to make a feast, so as to please all and displease none of my guests, and knowing you to be the principal artist in this scheme, I apply myself to you as to an oracle. *Ap.* Well, take this for an answer, and, according to ancient usage, in verse,—

If none you would displease, then none invite.

Sp. But it is a public entertainment; I am under a necessity of having a great many guests. *Ap.* To be sure, the more you invite the more you will displease. What play was so well written or so well acted as to please the whole theatre? *Sp.* But come, darling of the god of banquets, assist me with your advice in this affair, and I will account you an oracle for time to come. *Ap.* Take this in the first

place, do not attempt to do that which is impossible to be done. *Sp.* What is that? *Ap.* To be a master of a feast, and give satisfaction to all your guests, when there is a great variety of palates. *Sp.* Well, then, that I may displease but a few? *Ap.* Call but a few. *Sp.* But that cannot be. *Ap.* Then invite those that are equals and of agreeable humours. *Sp.* I am not at liberty to do that neither; I cannot avoid inviting a great many, and of different humours, nor are they all of the same speech or nation. *Ap.* You talk of a bedlam rather than a banquet. Here will necessarily arise such confusion as the Hebrews relate to have happened at the building of Babel, that when one asks for cold water the other will bring him hot. *Sp.* But, prithee, help me out at a dead lift; you shall find I will be both mindful of and grateful for your good office.

Ap. Well, come, then; seeing you are not at liberty to pick and choose your guests, I will give you advice in this difficult point. It signifies no small matter as to the mirth of the entertainment what places any of them sit in. *Sp.* That is very right. *Ap.* But to take away all occasion of uneasiness, let them cast lots for their places. *Sp.* That is well advised. *Ap.* Let not your dishes proceed gradually from the upper to the lower end of the table, so as to make the letter Σ, or rather in a serpentine order, or to be changed reciprocally hither and thither, as the myrtle in old times used to be handed about at banquets. *Sp.* How then? *Ap.* To every four guests set four dishes, so that the fourth may be the middlemost, as boys upon three nuts set a fourth; in every one of these let there be a different sort of victuals, that every one may help himself to what he likes.

Sp. Well, I like that very well; but how often must I change the dishes? *Ap.* How many parts are there in a theatrical oration? *Sp.* Five, I think. *Ap.* How many acts are there in a play? *Sp.* I have read in Horace that they ought not to exceed five. *Ap.* Well, then, so many different courses you must have. Let the first course be soup, and the last a dessert of sweetmeats. *Sp.* What order of the courses do you approve of? *Ap.* The same that Pyrrhus did in his army. *Sp.* What say you? *Ap.* As in an oration so at a feast, the preface or first courses should not be very delicate; and again, the last course should rather excel in variety than daintiness. So Pyrrhus's discipline consisted in three particulars, that on each side there should be something excellent, and in the middle that which was more ordinary. By this method it will be so ordered that you will neither appear to be sparing nor prodigal by reason of a cloying abundance.

Sp. The eating part is well enough contrived; now tell me what is to be done as to drinking. *Ap.* Do not you give the cup to anybody; leave that to your servants, to ask everybody what sort of wine he likes, and to fill every one the wine he drinks readily at the very first call or nod. In this there will be a twofold conveniency, they will drink both more sparingly and more merrily; not only because every now and then there would otherwise be a different sort of wine given them, but also because nobody will drink but when he is dry. *Sp.* Upon my word, this is very good advice. But then, how will they all be made merry? *Ap.* That is partly in your power. *Sp.* How is that? *Ap.* You know the old proverb, A hearty welcome is the best cheer. *Sp.* How is that? *Ap.* Entertain them courteously,

speak to them with a cheerful countenance, ordering your speech according to each person's age and humour. *Sp.* I will come nearer to you that I may hear the better. *Ap.* You understand languages? *Sp.* Yes, most languages. *Ap.* You must ever and anon speak to every one in his own tongue; and that the entertainment may be the more diverting by a variety of stories, intermix such matters as every one will remember with pleasure, and nobody will be uneasy to hear. *Sp.* What sort of matters mean you?

Ap. The peculiar differences of dispositions, which you yourself are better versed in; I will only touch upon some heads. Old men take a pleasure in relating those things that are out of the memory of many persons, and are admirers of those times in which they were in their prime. It is a pleasant thing to a married woman to have the memory of that time refreshed when she was courted by her sweethearts. Mariners that have been in divers and far distant countries take a pleasure to tell of those things that they have seen and other people admire at; and according to the proverb, the remembrance of dangers when they are over is very pleasant, if they are such as have nothing opprobrious in them, as in the army, in travels, in the dangers at sea. And in the last place, every one loves to talk of his own calling, especially in that part that he excels in. These are some general heads; as to particular affections it is not possible to describe them; but, for example sake, one is ambitious of honour, another would be accounted learned, another loves to be taken for a rich man; one is full of talk, another is sparing of his speech; some will be surly, others, on the other hand, affable; some do not care to be thought old when they are so, and some would fain be thought older than they are, affecting to be admired for carrying their age well. Some women please themselves mightily in being thought handsome, and some love to be flattered. These dispositions being known, it will be no difficult matter so to intermix speeches as to be pleasing to every one, and to avoid those things that cause uneasiness.

Sp. Upon my troth, you are excellently skilled in the art of ordering an entertainment. *Ap.* Phoo! If I had spent as much time and taken as much pains in the study of the law, physic, or divinity, as I have spent upon this art, I had long before now commenced doctor of them all. *Sp.* I am of your mind. *Ap.* But, hark ye, that you may not mistake, you must be sure to take care that your stories be not long-winded ones, and that they do not turn upon drunkenness; for as there is nothing better than wine drank with moderation, so, on the other hand, there is nothing worse if you drink too much. It is the same in stories. *Sp.* You say right. But what remedy have you for this?

Ap. When you perceive any disposed to be quarrelsome, take an opportunity to break off abruptly from what you were saying, and talk of something else. I take it to be unnecessary to caution you against bringing any one's affliction to his mind during the time of the entertainment. Plato is of opinion that banquets will cure some distempers, the wine driving away sorrow and making persons forget what caused uneasiness to them. But you ought to be cautioned of this, not to salute the guests too often; yet I would have you walk about sometimes, and speak kindly first to one and then to another, for a master

of a feast ought to act a movable part in the play. But then, again, there is nothing more uncivil than to be continually talking of the sorts of provision, the manner of dressing it, and what it cost you. It is the same thing as to the wine. But you should rather modestly undervalue the provision; for if you undervalue it too much, it will be much the same as if you were ostentatious concerning it. It is sufficient to say twice, or at the most three times, Much good may it do you; and though my entertainment is but homely, your welcome is hearty. Sometimes you may break a jest, but such a one that has no teeth. It will also be proper to bespeak every one, now and then, in his own tongue, but in few words. But it now comes into my mind to speak what I should have said at the beginning. *Sp.* What is it?

Ap. If you have not a mind to place the guests by lot, take care to choose three out of the company that are of a diverting humour and apt to talk, place one at the upper end of the table, another at the lower end, and a third in the middle, that they may keep the rest from being either silent or melancholy. And if you perceive the company grow either mute or noisy and inclinable to fall out——*Sp.* This is very common with our countrymen; but what must be done then? *Ap.* Then take the course that I have frequently experienced to succeed. *Sp.* I want to hear it. *Ap.* Bring in a couple of buffoons or jesters, who by their gestures may express some argument without speaking a word. *Sp.* But why without speaking? *Ap.* That the guests may be all equally diverted, or, if they do speak, let them speak in a language that none of them understands. By speaking by gestures they will all understand alike. *Sp.* I cannot very well tell what you mean by an argument. *Ap.* There are a thousand—as suppose a wife fighting with the husband for the breeches, or any other such comical transaction in low life. And as to dancing, the more ridiculous it is the more diverting it will be. These ought not to be above half-fools; for, if they be downright idiots, they will, before they are aware, foolishly blab out what may give offence. *Sp.* As you have given me good advice, so I wish that the deity Comus may always befriend ye. *Ap.* I will conclude with this, or rather repeat what I said at first: Don't be too thoughtful to please everybody, not only in this affair, but in any other circumstance of life, and that will be the way to please them the sooner; for it is a good maxim in life, "Too much of one thing is good for nothing."

THINGS AND WORDS.

Beatus and Boniface.

Be. God bless you, Boniface. *Bo.* And God bless you heartily, Beatus. But I wish we were both of us answerable to our names—you rich and I handsome. *Be.* Why, then, do you account it so small a matter to have a great name? *Bo.* Indeed I make very small account of the name unless there be the thing too. *Be.* But most men are of another mind. *Bo.* Perhaps they may be mortals, but I don't take them to be men. *Be.* Nay, good man, they are men, unless you think there are now-a-days camels and asses in the shape of men. *Bo.* I should sooner be of that mind, than believe that they can be men who had rather have

the name than the thing itself. *Be.* In some sort of things, I confess, that many had rather have the thing than the name; but in many things it is quite the contrary. *Bo.* I don't very well take you in. *Be.* We have an example of it in ourselves. You are called Boniface, and you have what you are called; but if you were to be deprived of either of them, had you rather have an ugly face or be called Cornelius? *Bo.* Why, indeed, I had rather be called Thersites than have a face as ugly as the devil: whether I have a handsome one now or not I cannot tell.

Be. Then, again, if I was rich and must either part with my wealth or my name, I had rather be called Irus than be deprived of my estate. *Bo.* I grant what you say to be true, and I am of opinion it is the common temper of those that enjoy health and other corporeal enjoyments. *Bo.* It is probable. *Be.* But how many may we see that had rather have the name of being learned and pious than to be learned and pious? *Bo.* I know a great many of this sort of people. *Be.* Well, then, is not the name more esteemed among us than the thing itself? *Bo.* So it seems to be. *Be.* Now, if we had a good logician, who could properly define what a king, a bishop, a magistrate, and a philosopher was, it is very likely we should find some among them who are more for the name than the thing itself. *Bo.* He is really a king who aims at the good of his people, and not his own, governing them by law and justice; and he a bishop who watches carefully over the Lord's flock; and he is a magistrate who sincerely studies the good of the public. And a philosopher is one who, neglecting the goods of fortune, studies only to get the endowments of the mind. *Be.* By these you may see how many examples of this kind I could produce. *Bo.* Why, truly, a great many. *Be.* Will you deny all these to be men? *Bo.* I am afraid we shall sooner lose the name of men ourselves.

Be. But if man is a rational animal, how contrary is it to reason that in the conveniences, rather than the real goods of the body, and in external things which fortune gives and takes away at her pleasure we had rather have the thing itself than the name, and in the real goods of the mind we put more value upon the name than the thing itself. *Bo.* It is an absurd way of judging, if a man did but consider it seriously. *Be.* And the reason is quite the same in those things that are on the contrary side. *Bo.* I expect what you are going to say. *Be.* We may pass the same judgment as to the names of those things that are to be avoided as has been given as to those that are to be desired. *Bo.* That is plain. *Be.* For to be a tyrant is more to be abhorred than to have the name; and if a bishop be a bad man, the scripture calls him a thief and a robber. These names are not to be detested by us so much as the things themselves. *Be.* In truth, I am of your mind. *Bo.* Do you infer the same as to the rest? *Bo.* I understand you perfectly well.

Be. Do not all fools hate to be called fools? *Bo.* Yes, indeed, and more than other folks. *Be.* Would not he be a fool that should fish with a golden hook, and prefer glass before jewels? that should put more value upon his horses than his wife and children? *Bo.* He would be a greater fool than Ben of the Minories. *Be.* Are not they such fools that list themselves for soldiers, and for the sake of a poor pay expose body and soul to danger? who make it their study to scrape

up riches when their minds are destitute of all good science? who make their clothes and houses fine, but let their minds lie neglected and slovenly? who are very careful to preserve their bodies in health, and take no care of their minds, that are sick of mortal diseases? and in the last place, who, for the sake of enjoying the fleeting pleasures of this life, deserve eternal torments? *Bo.* Reason itself obliges a man to confess that they are worse than fools. *Be.* But though every place is full of such fools as these, you can scarce find one that can bear to be called a fool, though they have no aversion to being fools. *Bo.* It is really so.

Be. Come on, you know everybody hates to be called a liar or a thief. *Bo.* They are very hateful names, and not without reason. *Be.* But for all that, though to debauch another man's wife is a greater sin than theft, some glory in the name of adulterers; and if you were to call them thieves they would draw their swords upon you. *Bo.* This is a common thing with a great many. *Be.* And, again, though many give themselves up to whoring and drinking, and do it publicly, yet if you should call them whoremasters they would be highly offended at it. *Bo.* These glory in the thing and hate the name that belongs to it.

Be. There is scarce any name that sounds harsher in our ears than the name of a liar. *Bo.* I know some that would run a man through that should affront them by giving them the lie. *Be.* But I wish they did as much abhor the practice. Have you never had it happen to you, that he that promised to pay you what you lent him, upon a certain day, failed you? *Bo.* Ay, very often; and though he had sworn to it too, and not only once, but over and over. *Be.* But it may be they were not able to pay. *Bo.* Nay, they were able enough, but they thought it more to their advantage to let it alone. *Be.* And is not this lying? *Bo.* Ay, downright. *Be.* And did you dare to say to this debtor, Why have you told me so many lies? *Bo.* No, not except I had a mind to fight him too. *Be.* Well, and in like manner do not masons, smiths, goldsmiths, and tailors promise things upon a certain day, and do not perform it, although it is of great concern to you? *Bo.* Ay, and are not at all ashamed of it. And you may add to these such persons as promise to do you a kindness. *Be.* Ay, you might give a thousand instances more, not one of which would bear to have the lie given them. *Bo.* The world abounds with these lies.

Be. So, in like manner, nobody will bear to be called thief, when at the same time they have not the same abhorrence of stealing. *Bo.* I would have you tell me plainly what difference there is between him that steals a thing out of your escritoire and him that forswears what you have deposited with him. *Be.* No difference but this, that he is the more wicked man that robs him who reposes a confidence in him. *Bo.* But how few are there that do restore that which has been put into their hands? or, if they do, restore the whole? *Be.* I believe but very few. But yet not one of them will bear to be called a thief, though he has no aversion to the thing itself. *Bo.* This is very common. *Be.* Now do but reckon up with me what is commonly done in the management of the estates of orphans, as to wills and legacies; how much sticks to the fingers of the managers? *Bo.* Very

often the whole. *Be.* They love thieving, but hate the name of it. *Bo.* It is true.

Be. What do collectors and coiners of public money do, who either coin it with too great an alloy, or too light? or they who raise and fall the exchange of money for private ends? Though we do not very well understand the reason of it, yet we may speak of what we experience daily. He that borrows or runs in debt with design never to pay, although he be able, differs very little from a thief. *Bo.* He may probably be said to be more wary, but not more honest. *Be.* But notwithstanding there is so great a number, yet none of them can endure the name of a thief. *Bo.* God alone knows the heart; and for that reason, among men those that run themselves over head and ears in debt are not called thieves. *Be.* What signifies what men call them, if God accounts them thieves? Surely every one knows his own mind.

And besides, he that owes a great deal of money, and yet dishonestly lavishes away what money he gets, and after he has broke, and cheated his creditors in one city, runs into another, hunting about for people to cheat; the oftener he does so, does not he declare the more plainly what he is at heart? *Bo.* Ay, too plainly; but they oftentimes gloss over the matter. *Be.* How? *Bo.* They pretend that this is a common practice with great men and kings to owe a great deal of money, and to a great many persons; and therefore they that are of this disposition more resemble great men. *Be.* What use would they make of that? *Bo.* It is admirable what great liberty they would have allowed to knights. *Be.* But by what right or by what law? *Bo.* Just the same that the lord of the manor shall claim to himself whatsoever is cast ashore from a shipwreck, although there be a right owner of it; or by which other persons would keep to their own use what they take from a highwayman after he has been apprehended. *Be.* Robbers themselves might make such laws. *Bo.* Ay, and they would too, if they knew how to maintain them; and they would have enough to plead in excuse of them if they did but denounce war before they committed the robbery.

Be. Who gave knights this privilege above the commons? *Bo.* The law of arms; for thus they are trained up for war, that they may be more expert at plundering the enemy. *Be.* I believe it was after this manner that Pyrrhus trained his soldiers up to war. *Bo.* No, but the Lacedemonians did. *Be.* A mischief take them and their whole army too. But how came this title to have so great a prerogative? *Bo.* Some have it by descent, some purchase it with money, and some take it to themselves. *Be.* And may anybody have it that will? *Bo.* Yes, he may, if his manners be but answerable to theirs. *Be.* What are they? *Bo.* Never to be guilty of doing a good action, to go fine, wear a diamond ring, whore stoutly, game continually, spend his life in drinking and diversion, speak of nothing that is mean, be continually cracking of castles, duels, battles, and everything that looks great. They take the liberty of quarrelling with whom they have a mind, although they have not a foot of land of their own to set their feet upon. *Be.* Such knights as these deserve to be mounted upon the wooden horse. But there are a great many such knights in Gelderland.

CHARON.

Charon, Genius Alastor.

Ch. Whither are you going so brisk and in such haste, Alastor? *Al.* O Charon, you come in the nick of time, I was coming to you. *Ch.* Well, what news do you bring? *Al.* I bring a message to you and Proserpine that you will be glad to hear. *Ch.* Out with what you have brought, and lighten your burden. *Al.* The Furies have been no less diligent than they have been successful in gaining their point: there is not a foot of ground upon earth that they have not infected with their hellish calamities, seditions, wars, robberies, and plagues; so that they are grown quite bald, having shed their snakes, and having quite spit all their venom, they ramble about in search after whatever they can find of vipers and asps; being become as smooth as an egg, not having so much as a single hair upon their heads, and not one drop of venom more in their breasts. Do you get your boat and your oars ready; you will have such a vast multitude of ghosts come to you anon, that I am afraid you will not be able to carry them all over yourself. *Ch.* I could have told you that. *Al.* How came you to know it? *Ch.* Ossa brought me that news above two days ago. *Al.* Nothing is more swift than that goddess. But what makes you loitering here, having left your boat?

Ch. My business brought me hither; I came hither to provide myself with a good strong three-oared boat, for my boat is so rotten and leaky with age, that it will not carry such a burden, if Ossa told me true. But, indeed, what need was there of Ossa? for the thing shews itself, for I have suffered shipwreck already. *Al.* Indeed you are dropping dry, I fancied you were just come out of a bath. *Ch.* No, I swam out of the Stygian lake. *Al.* Where did you leave the ghosts? *Ch.* They are swimming among the frogs. *Al.* But what was it that Ossa told you? *Ch.* That the three monarchs of the world were bent upon one another's destruction with a mortal hatred, and that there was no part of Christendom free from the rage of war; for these three have drawn all the rest in to be engaged in the war with them. They are all so haughty, that not one of them will in the least submit to the other. Nor are the Danes, the Poles, the Scots, nor the Turks at quiet, but are preparing to make dreadful havoc. The plague rages everywhere, in Spain, Britain, Italy, and France; and more than all, there is a new fire sprung out of the variety of opinions, which has so corrupted the minds of all men that there is no such thing as sincere friendship anywhere; but brother is at enmity with brother, and husband and wife cannot agree. And it is to be hoped that this distraction will be a glorious destruction of mankind, if these controversies, that are now managed by the tongue and the pen, come once to be decided by arms.

Al. All that fame has told you is very true; for I myself, having been a constant companion of the Furies, have with these eyes seen more than all this, and that they never at any time have approved themselves more worthy of their name than now. *Ch.* But there is danger lest some good spirit should start up and of a sudden exhort

them to peace. And men's minds are variable, for I have heard that among the living there is one Polygraphus who is continually, by his writing, inveighing against wars, and exhorting to peace. *Al.* Ay, ay, but he has a long time been talking to the deaf. He once wrote a sort of hue and cry after peace, that was banished or driven away; and after that an epitaph upon peace defunct. But then, on the other hand, there are others that advance our cause no less than the Furies do themselves. *Ch.* Who are they?

Al. They are a certain sort of animals in black and white vestments, ash-coloured coats, and various other dresses, that are always hovering about the courts of princes, and are continually instilling into their ears the love of war, and exhorting the nobility and common people to it, haranguing them in their sermons, that it is a just, holy, and religious war. And that which would make you stand in admiration at the confidence of these men is the cry of both parties. In France they preach it up that God is on the French side, and they can never be overcome that have God for their protector. In England and Spain the cry is, The war is not the king's, but God's; therefore, if they do but fight like men, they depend upon getting the victory, and if any one should chance to fall in the battle, he will not die, but fly directly up into heaven, arms and all. *Ch.* And is credit given to all this? *Al.* What cannot a well dissembled religion do, when to this there is added youth, inexperiencedness, ambition, a natural animosity, and a mind propense to anything that offers itself. It is an easy matter to impose upon such; it is an easy matter to overthrow a waggon that was inclining to fall before. *Ch.* I would do these animals a good turn with all my heart. *Al.* Prepare a good treat, you can do nothing that will be more acceptable to them. *Ch.* What, of mallows, and lupines, and leeks, for you know we have no other provision in our territories. *Al.* No, but of partridges, and capons, and pheasants, if you would have them look upon you as a good caterer.

Ch. But what is it that moves these people to be so hot for war? What will they get by it? *Al.* Because they get more by those that die than those that live. There are last wills and testaments, funeral obsequies, bulls, and a great many other articles of no despicable profit; and in the last place, they had rather live in a camp than in their cells. War breeds a great many bishops, who were not thought good for anything in a time of peace. *Ch.* Well, they understand their business. *Al.* But what occasion have you for a new boat? *Ch.* None at all, if I had a mind to be wrecked again on the Stygian lake. *Al.* How came that about? because you had too large a company? *Ch.* Yes. *Al.* But you carry shadows, not bodies. *Ch.* Let them be water spiders, yet there may be enough of them to overload a boat; and then you know my boat is but a shadowy boat neither. *Al.* But I remember once upon a time, when you had a great company, so many that your boat would not hold them, I have seen three thousand hanging upon your stem, and you were not sensible of any weight at all.

Ch. I confess there are such sorts of ghosts; those are such as pass slowly out of the body, being reduced to little or nothing with consumptions and hectic fevers. But as for those that are torn of a sudden out of gross bodies, they bring a great deal of corpulent sub-

stance along with them, such as are sent hither by apoplexies, quinseys, pestilences, and especially by war. *Al.* I don't think the French or Spaniards bring much weight along with them. *Ch.* Much less than the rest, but for all that their ghosts are not altogether so light as feathers neither. But as for the Englishmen and Germans that feed well, they come sometimes in such case that I was lately in danger of going to the bottom in carrying only ten, and unless I had thrown some of my lading overboard, I had been lost, boat, passengers, and boat-hire altogether. *Al.* You were in great danger then, indeed. *Ch.* But what do you think I must do when so many fat lords, hectors, and bullies shall come to us?

Al. As for those that die in a just war, I suppose none of them will come to you, for they say they fly bolt upright into heaven. *Ch.* I cannot tell where they fly to, but this I am sure of, as often as there is a war there come so many wounded and cripples to me that I wonder that there should be one soul left above ground, and they come overcharged, not only with surfeits and paunch bellies, but with bulls, benefices, and a great many other things. *Al.* But they don't bring these things along with them, but come naked to you. *Ch.* True, but at their first coming they bring the dreams of all these things along with them. *Al.* Are dreams so heavy then? *Ch.* They load my boat—load it, did I say? nay, they have sunk it before now. And, in the last place, do you think so many halfpence do not weigh anything? *Al.* Yes, I believe they do, if they bring brass ones. *Ch.* Therefore I am resolved to look out for a vessel that shall be fit for my cargo.

Al. You are a happy fellow. *Ch.* Wherein? *Al.* Because you will get an estate in a trice. *Ch.* What, out of a multitude of ghosts? *Al.* Yes, indeed. *Ch.* Ay, if they did but bring their wealth along with them. But now they sit in my boat bewailing themselves for the kingdoms, and dignities, and abbacies, and the innumerable talents of gold they have left behind them, and bring me nothing but a poor halfpenny. So that all I have been scraping together for these three thousand years will go for the purchase of a new boat. *Al.* They that expect gain must be at some charge. *Ch.* But the people in the world have better trading, I hear; for if fortune favour them, they can get an estate in three years' time. *Al.* Ay, and sometimes turn bankrupts too; though your gain is less it is more certain. *Ch.* I cannot tell how certain it is; if any deity should start up and make peace among the princes, all this goodly expectation of mine is knocked on the head at once. *Al.* As to that matter, I will take upon me to be your security, so that you may set your heart at rest. You have no reason to fear a peace for these ten years; the pope is the only man that persuades them to come to an agreement among themselves, but he had as good keep his breath to cool his porridge. The cities murmur at the load of calamities they lie under, and some there are, I cannot tell who, that whisper it about, that it is an unreasonable thing that the whole world should be turned upside down for the private piques and ambition of two or three persons. But for all this, take my word for it, let these attempts be as promising as they will.

But what occasion had you to come into this world to get a boat; have we not workmen enough among ourselves? We have Vulcan, have we not? *Ch.* Ay, right, if I wanted a boat of brass. *Al.* Or

you may send for a workman for a small matter. *Ch.* I might do that, but I want materials. *Al.* What say you, are there no woods in this country? *Ch.* All the woods in the Elysian fields are destroyed. *Al.* In doing what? *Ch.* In burning heretics' ghosts, so that of late for fuel we have been forced to dig for coals in the bowels of the earth. *Al.* What, could not ghosts be punished at a less charge than that? *Ch.* Rhadamanthus, the judge, would have it so. *Al.* If it be so, when you have got a boat where will you get oars? *Ch.* It is my business to steer, let the ghosts row themselves, if they have a mind to get over. *Al.* But some of them never learned to row. *Ch.* I have no respect for persons—kings and cardinals row with me; every one takes his turn as much as the poorest peasant, whether they have learned to row or not. *Al.* Well, do you see and get a boat as cheap as you can; I will not detain you any longer, I will away to hell with my good news. But, soho, soho, Charon. *Ch.* What is the matter? *Al.* Make haste, and get back as soon as you can, lest you be smothered in the crowd. Nay, you will find at least two hundred thousand upon the bank already, besides those that are paddling in the lake. *Ch.* I will make what haste I can, and do you tell them I shall be there presently.

THE ASSEMBLY OF GRAMMARIANS.

Albinus, Bertulphus, Canthelus, Diphilus, Eumenius, Fabullus, Gaditanus.

Al. Is there anybody here that understands arithmetic? *Be.* For what? *Al.* To cast up exactly how many grammarians there are of us. *Be.* That may be done without a counting-table; we may count upon our fingers—I count you upon my thumb, myself upon my fore finger, Canthelus upon my middle finger, Diphilus upon my ring finger, and Eumenius upon my little finger; and now I go to my left hand—there I count Fabullus upon my thumb, and Gaditanus on my fore-finger, so that, unless I am out in my account, we are seven of us. But to what purpose is it for us to know that? *Al.* Because, as I have heard, the number seven makes up a complete council. *Be.* What makes you talk of a council? *Al.* There is a matter of moment that has puzzled me a long time, and not me alone, but a great many other men of no mean learning; I will propose it that the question may be decided by the authority of this assembly. *Ca.* Sure it must be some knotty subject, that you cannot decide it yourself, Albinus; or that it should puzzle you that are of so penetrating a judgment. Therefore we desire to know what this difficult matter is. I speak in the name of all the rest.

Al. Well, then, do you all be very attentive, applying both your ears and your minds. Two heads are better than one. Is there any one of you all that can explain what is the meaning of this word, antico-marita? *Be.* That is the easiest thing in the world, for it signifies a kind of a beet, which the ancients called a water-beet, having a knotty-wreathed stalk, very insipid, but of a very stinking smell if you touch it, so that it may vie with the bean-cod tree. *Ca.* A natatile beet, do

you say? Nay, rather a cacatile beast. Who ever heard of, or ever read the name of a swimming beet? *Be.* Yes, Mammotrectus (as he is corruptly called), which should be pronounced Mammothreptos, as though you should say his grandmother's darling, has made this as plain as the nose on a man's face. *Al.* What sort of a title is that? *Be.* This is to give you to understand that there is nothing in the book but darling things, because mammas, *i.e.*, grandmothers, are wont to be more fond of their grandchildren than their mothers themselves are of their own children.

Al. You talk of a darling work indeed. I happened lately to dip into this book; I even burst my sides with laughing. *Ca.* Where did you get that book? it is very scarce. *Be.* Being at dinner at Bruges, Livinius, the abbot of Bavo, carried me into his private library, which the old gentleman had furnished with scarce books at a vast expense, being desirous to leave some monument of himself to posterity. There was not a book but what was a manuscript, and upon vellum too, and illuminated with various pictures, and bound in velvet, and embossed with gold; and besides, there being a vast number of them, they made a very stately show. *Al.* What books were they? *Be.* They were all excellent books. There was the Catholicon, Brachylogus, and Ovid expounded allegorically, and abundance of others; and among them I found this facetious book Mammothreptus. And among the rest of the curiosities I found also this natatile beet. I will relate to you what I read; as for the truth of it, let the author be answerable for that. Forasmuch, says he, as it grows in wet stinking places, and thrives nowhere so well as in mud, or a dunghill, saving your reverence, sir —— *Al.* Therefore it stinks, does it? *Be.* Ay, worse than a turd.

Al. Is this herb good for anything? *Be.* Yes, it is accounted a great delicacy. *Al.* Perhaps by swine, or asses, or Cyprian cows. *Be.* Nay, by men themselves, and very fine-mouthed ones too. There is a people called the Peligni who make their dinners of an extraordinary length, and the parting glass they call a resumpta in their language, as we call it a dessert or kickshaws. *Al.* Fine desserts, indeed! *Be.* The law of the entertainment is, that the entertainer shall have the liberty of having what he will brought to the table; and it is not allowed that the guest should refuse anything, but must take all well. *Al.* What if they should have henbane, or twice-boiled coleworts, set before them? *Be.* Let it be what it will, they must eat it, and not speak a word against it; but when they come home, they are at liberty to vomit it up again if they please. And in their entertainments one dish is commonly this water-beet, or anticomarita, for it matters not which name you call it by, the thing is the same. They mix a great deal of oak-bark and a good quantity of garlic with it. And this is the composition of the tansey. *Al.* Who made this barbarous law? *Be.* Custom, the most mighty of tyrants. *Al.* You tell me a story of a tragical conclusion, which has such a nauseous ending. *Be.* I have given my solution of the question, not imposing it upon anybody, nor to prevent anybody who has a mind to offer theirs.

Ca. I have found out that the ancients had a fish that they called anticomarita. *Be.* What author is that in? *Ca.* I can produce the book, but I cannot tell the author's name; it is written in French

words, but in the Hebrew character. *Be.* What is the shape of this fish called anticomarita? *Ca.* The belly is white, but all over everywhere else it has black scales. *Be.* I fancy you have a mind of this fish to make a cynic with a cloak; what taste has it? *Ca.* It has the nastiest taste in the world; and besides that, it is infectious too. It breeds in old lakes, and sometimes in houses of office. It is a good-for-nothing muddy fish; if you put but a bit of it into your mouth, it causes a certain tough phlegm that you can hardly bring up by taking a vomit. It is very common in the country called Celtithrace; they esteem it as a delicacy, and at the same time account it a more detestable crime than murder to taste a bit of flesh. *Al.* A very wretched country with their anticomarita? *Ca.* This is what I have to say, but I would not have anybody to be determined by my opinion.

Di. What occasion have we to fetch the explanation of this word from Mammothreptus's or Hebrew writings, when the very etymology of the word shews plainly that anticomarita signifies damsels unhappily married, that is to say, to old husbands? And it is no new thing for writers to write *co* instead of *quo; c, q,* and *k* are cognate letters. *Eu.* What Diphilus has mentioned carries something of weight with it, if we were sure the word was a Latin one. I take it to be a Greek word, and a compound of these three, ἀντὶ, which signifies against; κώμη which signifies a town; and ὀαρίζειν, which signifies to tattle like a woman; and so by striking out *o* by the figure synalæpha, it is anticomarita, one who by clownish prating makes everybody deaf. *Fa.* My Eumenius has made it out very elaborately; but in my opinion the word is composed of as many words as it has syllables; for ἀν stands for ἄνους, τι for τιλλων, κω for κώδια, μα for μάλα, and ῥυ for ῥυπαρὰ (for it is an error to write it with an ι) and τα for τἀλας; and out of these is formed this sentence, A mad, wretched person, pulling the hairs out of a rotten hide. *Al.* Indeed, such food as a water-beet was very fit for such a workman as Bertulphus was speaking of just now. *Be.* That is as much as to say an anticomarita for an anticomarita.

Ga. You have all spoken very learnedly to the matter, but I am of opinion that a disobedient wife is called anticomarita by the figure syncope, for antidicomarita, because she always crosses her husband. *Al.* If we allow of such tropes, we might of a turd make a bird, and of a cook a cuckoo. *Be.* But Albinus, who is the chief of this assembly, has not given his opinion yet. *Al.* I have, indeed, nothing of my own to offer; but, however, I shall not think much to acquaint you with what I lately learned from my landlord, who was a very talkative man; he used to change his discourse oftener than a nightingale does her note. He asserted it was a Chaldee word, compounded of three words. That among the Chaldeans, *anti* signified cross-grained, or brain-sick; and *comer,* a rock; and *ita,* belonging to a shoemaker. *Be.* Who ever said that a rock had brains? *Al.* There is no absurdity in that, if you do but change the gender.

Ga. This synod makes the old proverb good, "So many men, so many minds." But what conclusion are we come to? The opinions may be summed up, but cannot be divided, so that the major part may carry it against the minor. *Al.* Well, then, let the better overcome

the worse. *Ga.* But we must have another assembly to do that; for every man's own geese are swans. *Al.* If that proverb held good, we should not have so many adulteries as we have. But I can advise you to an expeditious method. Let us cast lots whose opinion of all of them shall be allowed to be determinative. *Ca.* That lot will fall upon yourself. Have not I spoken the truth? *Al.* I approve best of the first and of the last. *Ca.* If I may speak for the rest, we all agree. *Al.* Well, then, let it go for authentic. *Ca.* Let it be so. *Al.* If anybody shall dissent, what shall be the penalty? *Ca.* Let him be set down in great letters, A HERETIC IN GRAMMAR.

Al. I will add very fortunately one thing, that in my opinion ought not to be omitted. Having received it from a Syrian physician, I will communicate it to my friends. *Be.* What is it? *Al.* If you pound a water-beet, an oak-gall, and some shoemaker's ink in a mortar, and sprinkle with it six ounces of copper, and make it into a poultice, it will be a present remedy for the mange and measles in hogs. *Be.* But, hark you, Albinus, you that have helped us all to this job of the anticomarita, what author did you read it in? *Al.* I will tell you, but in your ear, and but one of you. *Be.* Well, I will receive it, but upon this condition, that I may whisper it in the ear of one person too. *Al.* But one repeated often enough will make a thousand. *Be.* You say right, when you have once a couple, it is not in your power to stop it from going farther. *Al.* That which a few know may be kept a secret, but that which a great many know cannot; three makes a multitude. *Be.* Right, he that has three wives at the same time, may be said to have many; but he that has but three hairs upon his head, or three teeth in his mouth, may be said to have a few or none. *Al.* Mind, sophist. *Be.* What strange story is this? This is as absurd as if the Greeks who carried so many fleets to conquer Troy should not be able to call it by its name, but instead of Troy should say Sutrium. *Al.* But this is a rabbin that is lately come down from heaven, who, unless he had, like a present deity, lent his assistance in sustaining human affairs, we had long ere now been at a loss to find either men, religion, philosophy, or letters. *Be.* In troth, he ought to be one of Moria's noblemen of the first rank, and deserves for the future to be called Archimorita (an arch-fool), with his anticomaritas.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

Petronius and Gabriel.

Pe. Whence is our Gabriel come with this sour look? What, is he come out of Trophonius's cave? *Ga.* No, I have been at a wedding. *Pe.* I never saw a look in my life that had less of the air of a wedding in it; for those that have been at weddings use to look cheerfully and airily for a whole week after, and old men themselves to look younger by ten years. What wedding is it that you have been at? I believe at the wedding of death and the cobbler. *Ga.* Not so, but of a young gentleman with a lady of sixteen, who has all the accomplishments that you can wish for, whether beauty, good humour, family, or fortune; in short, a wife fit for Jupiter himself. *Pe.* Phoo! what, so

young a girl to such an old fellow as he? *Ga.* Kings do not grow old. *Pe.* But what makes you look so melancholy then? It may be you envy the happiness of the bridegroom, who has rivalled you. *Ga.* Pshaw, there is nothing of that in the matter. *Pe.* Well, then, has anything happened like what is related of the Lapithæ's feast? *Ga.* No, not so neither. *Pe.* What then, had you not wine enough? *Ga.* Yes, and too much too. *Pe.* Had you no pipers? *Ga.* Yes, and fiddlers too, and harpers, and trumpeters, and bagpipers. *Pe.* What was the matter then? Was not Hymen at the wedding? *Ga.* They called loudly for him with all this music, but to no purpose. *Pe.* Were not the Graces there neither? *Ga.* Not a soul of them, nor bridemaid Juno, nor beautiful Venus, nor Jupiter Gamelius.

Pe. By my troth, you tell me a story of a dull wedding indeed, an ungodly one, or rather an unmarried marriage. *Ga.* You would have said so, indeed, if you had seen it. *Pe.* Had you no dancing at it? *Ga.* No, but we had wretched limping. *Pe.* What, had you no lucky godship at all to exhilarate the wedding? *Ga.* No, not one there but a goddess that the Greeks called Psora. *Pe.* Why, you give me an account of a scabby wedding indeed. *Ga.* Nay, a cankered and a pocky one. *Pe.* But prithee, friend Gabriel, tell me what makes the remembrance of it fetch tears from your eyes? *Ga.* Ah, dear Petronius, it is enough to fetch tears from a flint stone. *Pe.* I believe so, if a flint-stone had been present and seen it. But, prithee, what extraordinary mischief is this? Do not hide it from me, nor keep my expectation any longer in suspense.

Ga. Do you know Lampridius Eubulus? *Pe.* Yes; there is not a better nor happier man in the city. *Ga.* Well, and do you know his daughter Iphigenia too? *Pe.* You have mentioned the very flower of the age. *Ga.* She is so; but do you know who she is married to? *Pe.* I shall know when you have told me. *Ga.* She is married to Pomponius Blenus. *Pe.* What, to that Hector that used to talk folks to death in cracking of his bullying tricks? *Ga.* To the very man. *Pe.* He has been for a long time very noted in this town for two things chiefly—*i.e.*, lying and the mange, which has no proper name to it, though, indeed, it has a great many. *Ga.* A very proud distemper, that will not strike sail to the leprosy—the elephantine leprosy—tetters, the gout, or ringworm, if there was to be an engagement between them. *Pe.* So the sons of Esculapius tell us.

Ga. What need is there, Petronius, for me to describe to you a damsel that you are very well acquainted with, although her dress was a great addition to her native beauty. My Petronius, you would have taken her for a goddess had you seen her. Everything in her and about her was graceful. In the meantime out comes our blessed bridegroom with his snub nose, dragging one leg after him, but not so cleverly neither as the Switzers do; itchy hands, a stinking breath, heavy eyes, his head bound up with a forehead-piece, and a running at his nose and ears. Other people wear their rings on their fingers, but he wears his on his thighs. *Pe.* What was in the mind of the lady's parents to join such a daughter to a living mummy? *Ga.* I cannot tell, except it was with them as it is with many more that have lost their senses. *Pe.* It may be he was very rich. *Ga.* He is very rich, indeed, but it is in the debts he owes. *Pe.* What greater punishment

could they have inflicted upon the maid if she had poisoned her grandfathers and grandmothers, both of the father's and mother's side? *Ga.* Nay, if she had scattered her water upon the grave of her parents, it would have been a punishment bad enough to have obliged her but to have given a kiss to such a monster. *Pe.* I am of your mind.

Ga. I look upon it a greater piece of cruelty than if they had stripped their daughter naked, and exposed her to bears, lions, or crocodiles; for these wild beasts would either have spared her for her exquisite beauty, or put her out of her pain by a quick despatch. *Pe.* You say right; I think this is what would have become Mezentius himself, who, as Virgil tells us, bound dead bodies to living ones, hands to hands, and mouths to mouths. But I do not believe Mezentius himself would have been so inhuman as to have bound such a lovely maid to such a carcase as this; nor is there any dead body you would not choose to be bound to, rather than to such a stinking one; for his breath is rank poison, what he speaks is pestilence, and what he touches mortifies. *Ga.* Now, Petronius, imagine with yourself what a deal of pleasure she must needs take in these kisses, embraces, and nocturnal dalliances.

Pe. I have sometimes heard persons talk of unequal matches; that may certainly with the greatest propriety be called an unequal match, which is, as it were, setting a jewel in lead. But all this while I stand in admiration at the virgin's courage; for such young damsels are frightened out of their wits at the sight of a fairy or a hobgoblin. And can this damsel dare to embrace such a carcase as this in the night-time? *Ga.* The damsel has these three things to plead in her excuse—the authority of her parents, the persuasion of her friends, and the inexperiencedness of her age. But I am amazed at the madness of her parents. Who is there that has a daughter never so homely that would marry her to a leper? *Pe.* Nobody, in my opinion, that had a grain of sense. If I had a daughter that had but one eye, and but one leg, and as deformed as Thersites was, that Homer speaks of, and I could not give her a penny for her portion, I would not marry her to such a son-in-law as he. *Ga.* This pox is more infectious and destructive than the worst of leprosies; it invades on a sudden, goes off, and rallies again, and frequently kills at last, while the leprosy will sometimes let a man live, even to extreme old age. *Pe.* Perhaps the parents were ignorant of the bridegroom's distemper. *Ga.* No, they knew it very well. *Pe.* If they had such a hatred to their daughter, why did they not sew her up in a sack and throw her into the Thames? *Ga.* Why, truly, if they had, the madness would not have been so great.

Pe. By what accomplishments did the bridegroom recommend himself to them? Was he excellent in any art? *Ga.* Yes, in a great many; he is a great gamester, he will drink down anybody, a vile whoremaster, the greatest artist in the world at bantering and lying, a notable cheat, pays nobody, revels prodigally, and, in short, whereas there are but seven liberal sciences taught in the schools, he is master of more than ten liberal ones. *Pe.* Sure, he must have something very extraordinary to recommend him to the parents. *Ga.* Nothing at all but the glorious title of a knight. *Pe.* A fine sort of a knight that can scarce sit in a saddle for the pox! But it may be he had a great

estate. *Ga.* He had once an indifferent one; but by his living so fast has little or nothing left, but one little turret from whence he makes incursions to rob passengers; and that is so illy provided for entertainment that you would not accept of it for a hog-stye. And he is always bragging of his castles, and fiefs, and other great things, and is for setting up his coat of arms everywhere.

Pe. What coat of arms does his shield bear? *Ga.* Three golden elephants in a field gules. *Pe.* Indeed an elephant is a good bearing for one that is sick of the elephantiasis. He must, without doubt, be a man of blood. *Ga.* Rather a man of wine; for he is a great admirer of red wine, and by this means he is a man of blood for you. *Pe.* Well, then, his elephant's trunk will be serviceable to him. *Ga.* It will so. *Pe.* Then this coat of arms is a token that he is a great knave, a fool, and a drunken sot; and the field of his coat of armour represents wine, and not blood, and the golden elephant denotes that what gold he had has been spent in wine. *Ga.* Very right. *Pe.* Well, what jointure does this bully settle upon his bride? *Ga.* What? why, a very great one. *Pe.* How can a bankrupt settle a large one? *Ga.* Pray, do not take me up so short; I say again, a very large one—a thundering pox. *Pe.* Hang me if I would not sooner marry my daughter to a horse than to such a knight as he. *Ga.* I should abundantly rather choose to marry my daughter to a monk, for this is not marrying to a man, but to the carcase of a man. Now, tell me, had you been present where this spectacle was to be seen, could you refrain from tears? *Pe.* How should I, when I cannot hear it without? Were the parents so abandoned to all natural affection as to throw away their only child, a virgin of such beauty, accomplishments, and sweet conditions, by selling her for a slave to such a monster for a lying coat of arms?

Ga. But this enormous crime, than which you cannot find one more inhuman, cruel, or unlike a parent, is made but a jest on now-a-days by our people of quality; although it is necessary that those that are born for the administration of the affairs of the government should be persons of very sound and strong constitutions: for the constitution of the body has a great influence upon the mind; and it is not to be doubted but this disease exhausts all the brains a man has, and by this means it comes to pass that our ministers of state have neither sound minds nor sound bodies. *Pe.* It is not only requisite that our ministers of state should be men of sound judgment and strong constitutions, but men of honour, and goodly personages. Although the principal qualifications of princes are wisdom and integrity, yet it is of some considerable moment what the form of his person is that governs others: for if he be cruel, the deformity of his body will expose him the more to envy. If he be a prince of probity and piety, his virtue will be rendered more conspicuous by the amiableness of his person. *Ga.* That is very true.

Pe. Do not people use to lament the misfortune of those women whose husbands soon after their marriage fall into leprosies or apoplexies? *Ga.* Yes, and that with very good reason too. *Pe.* What madness is it, then, voluntarily to deliver a daughter over into the hands of a leper? *Ga.* Nay, it is worse than madness. If a nobleman has a mind to have a good pack of hounds, do you think

he would bring a mangy scoundrel cur to a well-bred bitch? *Pe.* No; he would with the utmost diligence look for a dog that upon all accounts was of a good breed, to line her, that he might not have a litter of mongrels. *Ga.* And if a lord had a mind to have a good breed of horses, would he admit a diseased good-for-nothing stallion to leap a most excellent mare? *Pe.* No, he would not suffer a diseased stallion to enter his stable door, lest he should infect other horses. *Ga.* And yet at the same time they do not matter what sort of a son-in-law they give their daughters to, from whom those children are to be produced that are not only to inherit their estates, but also to govern the state. *Pe.* Nay, a country farmer will not suffer any bull to leap a young cow, nor every horse his mare, nor every boar to brim his sow; though a bullock is designed for the plough, a horse for the cart, and a swine for the kitchen. See now how perverse the judgments of mankind are. If a poor fellow should presume to kiss a nobleman's daughter they would think the affront a foundation enough to go to war upon. *Pe.* And very hotly too.

Ga. And yet these persons voluntarily, knowingly, and deliberately give up the dearest thing they have in the world to such an abominable monster, and are privately unnatural to their own flesh and blood, and publicly to their country. *Pe.* If the bridegroom does but halt a little, although as to anything else he is perfectly sound, how is he despised for a husband! And is the pox the only thing that is no inconvenience in a married life? *Ga.* If any man should marry his daughter to a Franciscan, what an abominable thing would it be accounted! what an outcry would there be, that he had thrown his daughter away! But yet, when he has pulled off that dress, he has every way well-made sound limbs; while the other must pass her days with a rotten carcase, that is but half alive. If any one is married to a priest, he is bantered on account of his unction; but one that is married to one that has the pox has one whose unctions are worse by abundance. *Pe.* Enemies that have taken a maid captive will not be guilty of such barbarity as this; nor will kidnappers themselves to those they have kidnapped away; and yet parents will be guilty of it against their only daughter; and there is no magistrate ordained to prevent the mischief. *Ga.* How should a physician cure a madman, if he has a spice of the same distemper himself.

Pe. But it is a wonder to me that princes whose business it is to take care of the commonwealth only in those things which relate to the body, of which nothing is of greater moment than the health of it, should find out no remedy for this evil. This egregious pestilence has infected great part of the earth, and in the meantime they lie snoring on, and never mind it, as if it were a matter not worth their notice. *Ga.* Have a care, Petronius, what you say as to princes. But hark you, I will tell you a word in your ear. *Pe.* Oh, wretched! I wish what you say were not true. *Ga.* How many diseases do you think are caused by bad wine, a thousand ways sophisticated? *Pe.* Why, if we may believe the physicians, they are innumerable. *Ga.* Well, and do the ministers of state take any care of the matter. *Pe.* They take care enough as to the collecting the excise, but no further. *Ga.* She that knowingly marries a husband that is not sound, perhaps may deserve to suffer the punishment she has brought upon herself;

although if it were my fortune to sit at the helm, I would banish them both from civil society. But if any one married one that was infected with this disease, who told her he was a sound man, and I were chosen pope, I would make this marriage void, although it had been confirmed by a thousand contracts. *Pe.* Upon what pretence, I wonder? for marriage legally contracted cannot be disannulled by any human power.

Ga. What? Do you think that legally contracted which is contracted treacherously? A contract is not valid, if a slave palms himself upon a maid for a freeman, and she marries him as such. She that marries such a slave marries an errant slave; and her slavery is so much the more unhappy, in that the lady Psora never makes anybody free; that there is no comfortable hope of ever being delivered from this slavery. *Pe.* Indeed, you have found out a colour for it. *Ga.* And besides, there can be no such thing as marriage but between those persons that are living; but in this case a woman is married to a dead man. *Pe.* You have found out another pretence. But I suppose you would permit pocky folks to marry pocky, that, according to the old proverb, there might be like to like. *Ga.* If it was lawful for me to act for the good of the public, I would suffer them to be married together, but I would burn them after they were married. *Pe.* Then you would act the part of a tyrant, not of a prince.

Ga. Do you account a surgeon to be a tyrant who cuts off some of the fingers, or burns some part to preserve the whole body? I do not look upon that to be cruelty, but rather mercy. And I wish this had been done when this distemper first appeared in the world; then the public welfare of mankind had been consulted by the destruction of a few. And we find examples of this in the French histories. *Pe.* But it would be a gentler way to geld them, or part them asunder. *Ga.* And what would you have done to the women, pray? *Pe.* I would padlock them up. *Ga.* That is one way, indeed, to prevent us from having more of the breed; but I will confess it is a gentler way, if you will but own the other to be safer. Even those that are castrated have an itching desire upon them; nor is the infection conveyed by one way only, but by a kiss, by discourse, by a touch, or by drinking with an infected party. And we find also that there is a certain malicious disposition of doing mischief peculiar to this distemper, that whosoever has it takes a delight to propagate it to as many as he can, though it does him no good. Now, if they be only separated, they may flee to other places, and may either by night impose upon persons, or on them that do not know them. But there can be no danger from the dead. *Pe.* I confess it is the safest way, but I cannot tell whether it is agreeable to Christian gentleness or no.

Ga. Prithee, tell me, then, from whom is there the most danger, from common thieves or from such cattle? *Pe.* I confess money is of much less value than health. *Ga.* And yet we Christians hang them, nor is it accounted cruelty, but justice; and if you consider the public good, it is our duty so to do. *Pe.* But in this case the person is punished that did the injury. *Ga.* What, then these, I warrant you, are benefactors to the public? But let us suppose that some get this distemper without any fault of their own, though you will find that very few have it that do not get it by their own wickedness: the lawyers will tell you it is sometimes lawful to put the innocent to

death, if it be very much for the good of the public; as the Greeks, after the taking of Troy, put Astyanax, the son of Hector, to death, lest he should set a new war on foot: nor do they think it any wickedness to put a tyrant's innocent children to death after they have slain the father. And do not we Christians go to war, though at the same time the greatest share of the calamities falls on those persons that least deserve them? He that does the injury is saved, and the greatest part of the calamities falls upon those persons that least deserve them. And it is the same thing in our reprisals or letters of marque; he who did the wrong is safe, and the merchant is robbed, who never so much as heard one word of it, he is so far from being chargeable with the fault. Now, if we make use of such remedies as these in things of no great moment, what think you ought to be done in a matter of the greatest consequence? *Pe.* I am overcome by the truth of your arguments.

Ga. Then take this along with you too. As soon as ever the plague begins to appear in Italy, the infected houses are shut up, and the nurses that look after the sick are forbidden to appear abroad. And though some call this inhumanity, it is the greatest humanity; for by this prudent care the calamity is put a stop to by the burials of a few persons. But how great humanity is it to take care to preserve the lives of so many thousands? Some think it a very inhospitable thing for the Italians, when there is but the bare report of a pestilence, to drive travellers from their very gates in an evening, and force them to lie all night in the open air. But for my part, I account it an act of piety to take care of the public good at the inconvenience of a few. Some persons look upon themselves very courageous and complaisant in daring to venture to visit one that is sick of the plague, having no manner of call at all to do it; but what greater folly can there be than by this courage, when they come home, to bring the distemper to their wives and children, and all their family? What can be more unkind than by this complaisance to a friend, to bring those persons that are the dearest to you in the world into the danger of their lives? But then again, how less dangerous is the plague itself than the pox? The plague frequently passes by those that are nearest, and seldom affects the old, and as to those that it does affect, it either despatches them quickly or restores them to their health much sounder than they were before. But as for the pox, what is that but a lingering death, or, to speak more properly, burial?

Pe. What you say is very true, and at least the same care ought to be taken to prevent so fatal an evil as they take to prevent the spreading of the leprosy; or if this should be thought too much, nobody should let another shave him, but be his own barber. *Ga.* But what will you say if both of them keep their mouths shut? *Pe.* They would take the infection in at their nostrils. *Ga.* But there is a remedy for that too. *Pe.* What is it? *Ga.* They may do as the alchemists do, they may wear a mask with glasses for eyes to see through, and a breathing place for their mouths and nostrils through a horn which reaches from their jawbones down to their back. *Pe.* That contrivance might do pretty well if there were no danger from the touch of the finger, the linen, the combs, and the scissors. *Ga.* But, however, I think it is the best way to let the beard grow, though it be even down to the knees. *Pe.* Why, I am of that mind too. And then let there

be an act of Parliament that the same person shall not be a barber and a surgeon too. *Ga.* But that is the way to starve the barbers. *Pe.* Then let them spend less, and be something better paid for shaving. *Ga.* Let it be so with all my heart.

Pe. And let there be a law made, too, that nobody shall drink out of the same cup with another. *Ga.* They will scarce be confined to that in England. *Pe.* And that two shall not lie in the same bed, unless they be husband and wife. *Ga.* I like that very well. *Pe.* And then as to inns, let no stranger sleep in the same sheets that another has lain in before. *Ga.* But what will you do then with the Germans, who scarce wash them twice a year? *Pe.* Let them employ washerwomen. And, besides, let them leave off the custom of saluting with a kiss, although it be of an old standing. *Ga.* But then as to the churches? *Pe.* Let every one hold his hand before his mouth. *Ga.* But then as to common conversation? *Pe.* Let that direction of Homer be observed, "Not to come too near the person he talks too, and let he that hears him keep his lips shut." *Ga.* Twelve tables would scarce contain all these laws. *Pe.* But in the meantime, what advice do you give for the poor unfortunate girl? *Pe.* What can I give her but this, that unless she likes being miserable (she be so as little as she can), to clap her hands before her mouth whenever her husband offers to kiss her, and to put on armour when she goes to bed with him. *Ga.* Whither do you steer your course when you go home? *Pe.* Directly to my closet. *Ga.* What are you going to do there? *Pe.* They have desired me to write an epithalamium; but instead of it I will write an epitaph.

THE IMPOSTURE.

Philip and Livinus.

Ph. I wish you health, Livinus. *Li.* I will be well, if that will please you; but do you be upon your guard, for I design to catch you if you don't watch me very narrowly. *Ph.* An open enemy is not much to be feared. But come on, deceive me if you can. *Li.* I have deceived you already, and you have not perceived it; but take care of the second time. *Ph.* I believe I have to do with a master of leger-demain; I cannot find you have imposed upon me at all. *Li.* Well, then, be very attentive this time, except you have a mind to be deceived, as you have been twice already. *Ph.* I am prepared for you; begin. *Li.* What you bid me do is done already. *Ph.* What is acted, or what is done? I perceive nothing of deceit. *Li.* Well, though I have given you warning so many times already, however, mind this time. *Ph.* This is a new sort of conjuration. You tell me you have imposed upon me, and I perceive nothing of art in all this, although I watch very narrowly your eyes, your hands, and your tongue. But come, the other touch; begin again.

Li. I have begun again and again, over and over so many times, and you cannot see the trap that is laid for you. *Ph.* Wherein do you lay a trap for me? *Li.* This tongue, I say, of mine entraps you, and you neither perceive it with your ears nor see it with your eyes. However, now let your eyes and ears be both attentive. *Ph.* I can-

not be more attentive if my life lay at stake; but, however, try to trick me once more. *Li.* Why, I have tricked you again already, and you perceive nothing of the artifice. *Ph.* You make me mad: prithee, tell me, what kind of hocus-pocus is this? *Li.* Why, all this while I have been speaking to you in verse, and am at this time. *Ph.* I thought of nothing less than of that. *Li.* At first I answered you in two trimeter iambics, then in a trochaic tetrameter catalectic, after that in nothing but cretics, after that in a phaulecian hendecasyllable, then again in mere coriambics, then in plain anapæstes, then again in three sapphics, by and by in a sotadic, and last of all in a trochaic tetrameter. *Ph.* Good God! I should have guessed a hundred things before I should have guessed that. If I live I will serve you the like trick. *Li.* Do, if you can. *Ph.* I have payed you in your own coin twice, and you did not perceive the trick. *Li.* What, in this short time? *Ph.* I threatened you in an iambic tetrameter catalectic; after that I added five cretics. *Li.* Why, then, I find it is according to the old proverb, Set a thief to catch a thief. *Ph.* Very true; but I pray this for both of us, that neither of us may have a more injurious cheat put upon us.

CYCLOPS; OR, THE GOSPEL CARRIER.

Cannius, Polyphemus.

Ca. What is Polyphemus hunting after here? *Po.* Do you ask what I am hunting after, when I have neither dogs nor hunting-pole? *Ca.* Perhaps some lady of the wood here. *Po.* You have guessed shrewdly; lo, here is my hunting-net. *Ca.* What is this I see? Bacchus in a lion's skin. Polyphemus, with a book in his hand; γαλῆ κρόκωτον, a cat in a laced petticoat. *Po.* Nay, I have not only painted my book with saffron, but also with vermilion and azure. *Ca.* I did not speak of crocus, but I spoke Greek, *crocoton.* It seems to be a military book, for it seems to be armed with bosses and plates, and kings of brass. *Po.* Look into it. *Ca.* I see what it is, and truly it is very fine, but not so fine as it should be. *Po.* What does it want? *Ca.* You ought to put your coat of arms upon it. *Po.* What arms? *Ca.* The head of Silenus looking out of a hogshead. But what does it treat of, the art of drinking? *Po.* See what it is, that you do not speak blasphemy before you are aware. *Ca.* Why, then, is there anything in it that is sacred? *Po.* What can be more sacred than the gospel? *Ca.* Good God! what does Polyphemus do with the gospel? *Po.* Why don't you ask what a Christian has to do with Christ? *Ca.* I do not know but that a halbert would become you better; for if any one should meet you at sea in that figure, he would take you for a pirate; or in the wood, for a highwayman. *Po.* But the gospel teaches us not to judge of men by outward appearance; for as a tyrannous disposition often lies hid under a monkish habit, yet sometimes a short head of hair, curled whiskers, a stern brow, a fierce look, and a feather in the cap, and a buff coat and breeches, cut and slashed, cover an evangelical mind. *Ca.* And why may it not? Sometimes a sheep lies hid under a wolf's skin. And if we may give any credit to emblems, an ass lurks under the coat of a lion.

Po. Nay, I have known a man carry the sheep in his face and the fox in his heart. And I wish he had as candid friends as he has black eyes, and that he had as well the value of gold as the colour of it. *Ca.* If he that wears a woollen hat must needs wear a sheep's head, how do you go loaded that carry a sheep and an ostrich too on your head? But does not he act more absurdly that carries a bird upon his head, and an ass in his breast? *Po.* You bite too close. *Ca.* But it were very well if that gospel that you have so finely adorned did reciprocally adorn you. You have adorned it with colours, I wish it did adorn you with good manners. *Po.* I will make that my care. *Ca.* As you used to do.

Po. But omitting all reflections, do you really blame those that carry the gospel about them? *Ca.* No, by no means (*minime gentium*). *Po.* What, will you say that I am the least man in the world, that am taller than you by an ass's head? *Ca.* I do not think you are so much taller, though the ass should prick up his ears. *Po.* By an ox's head, I dare say. *Ca.* I like the comparison, but I said *minime* the adverb, not *minime* the vocative case. *Po.* Pray, what is the difference between an egg and an egg? *Ca.* And what is the difference, say you, between the middle finger and the little finger? *Po.* Why, the middle finger is the longest. *Ca.* Wittily said. What is the difference between the ears of an ass, and those of a wolf? *Po.* The ears of a wolf are shorter. *Ca.* You have hit it. *Po.* But I used to measure long and short things by the span and by the ell, and not by the ears. *Ca.* Come on. He that carried Christ was called Christopher; and instead of Polyphemus, you, who carry the gospel, shall be called the gospel-bearer.

Po. Do you not think it a holy thing to carry the gospel? *Ca.* Not at all, unless you will allow me that asses are the greatest saints. *Po.* Why so? *Ca.* Because one ass will carry at least three thousand such books; and I am persuaded you would be able to carry as many yourself, if you were well hampered. *Po.* I think there is no absurdity in attributing holiness to an ass because he carried Christ. *Ca.* I shall not envy you that holiness; and if you have a mind to it, I will give you some relics of that very ass that Christ rode upon to kiss. *Po.* You will give me a very acceptable present; for that ass was consecrated by being touched by the body of Christ. *Ca.* And those persons touched Christ too that smote our Saviour on the face.

Po. But come, tell me your mind seriously; is it not a pious thing to carry the book of the gospel about one? *Ca.* It is a pious thing, if it be done sincerely, and without hypocrisy. *Po.* Talk of hypocrisy to monks; what has a soldier to do with hypocrisy? *Ca.* But first tell me what hypocrisy is. *Po.* When a man seems to be one thing, and is really another. *Ca.* But what does the carrying the gospel about you signify; does it not signify a holy life? *Po.* I suppose it does. *Ca.* Well, then, where a man's life is not suitable to the book, is not that hypocrisy? *Po.* It seems so to be. But what is it truly to carry the gospel? *Ca.* Some carry the gospel in their hands, as the Franciscans do the rules of St. Francis; and at that rate the Paris porters, asses, and geldings may carry it as well as a Christian. Some carry it about in their mouths, and talk of nothing but Christ and the gospel; this is pharisaical. Others carry it about in their hearts. He

is the true gospel-bearer that carries it in his hands, in his mouth, and in his heart. *Po.* But where are these? *Ca.* The deacons in the churches, who both carry the gospel, read it to the people, and have it in their hearts.

Po. But for all that, they are not all holy who carry the gospel in their hearts. *Ca.* Do not play the sophist with me. A man does not carry it in his heart that does not love it with all his soul; and nobody loves it as he ought, that does not conform to it in his life. *Po.* These subtleties I do not understand. *Ca.* I will be plainer then. If you were to carry a flagon of wine upon your shoulders, what is it but a burden? *Po.* Nothing. *Ca.* If you hold it in your mouth and spurt it out? *Po.* I should be never the better for it, though I do not often use to do so. *Ca.* But suppose you take a hearty draught, as your way is? *Po.* There is nothiug more divine. *Ca.* It warms the whole body, brings the blood into the cheeks, and makes a man look with a merry countenance. *Po.* Most certainly. *Ca.* So it is with the gospel; being received into the veins of the soul, it renews the whole habit of the man. *Po.* It may be you think, then, that I do not lead my life according to my book. *Ca.* Nobody can tell that better than yourself. *Po.* If it indeed were to be resolved after the military manner.

Ca. Suppose a man should give you the lie to your face, or call you blockhead, what would you do? *Po.* What would I do? I would give him a box on the ear. I would make him feel the weight of my fingers. *Ca.* What if he should give you a box on the ear? *Po.* Why, then, I would cut his throat for it. *Ca.* But your book teaches you another lesson, and bids you return good (words) for evil; and if any one strikes you on the right cheek, to turn to him the left also. *Po.* I have read so, but I had forgot it. *Ca.* You pray often, I suppose. *Po.* That is pharisaical. *Ca.* Long prayers are, indeed, pharisaical, if they be accompanied with ostentation. But your book teaches that you should pray always, but with your mind. *Po.* Well, but for all that, I do pray sometimes. *Ca.* When? *Po.* Sometimes when I think of it. It may be once or twice a week. *Ca.* And what is your prayer? *Po.* Why, the Lord's prayer. *Ca.* And how often do you say it over? *Po.* But once. For the gospel forbids vain repetitions. *Ca.* Can you go through the Lord's prayer without thinking of anything else? *Po.* I never tried that. Is it not enough that I pronounce? I cannot tell that God takes notice of anything in prayer but the voice of the heart.

Ca. Do you fast often? *Po.* No, never. *Ca.* But your book recommends prayer and fasting both. *Po.* I should approve of it too, but my stomach will not bear it. *Ca.* But St. Paul says, "that he is no servant of Christ that serves his belly." Do you eat flesh every day? *Po.* Yes, when I can get it. *Ca.* And you are of a robust constitution, that would live upon hay (like a horse) or the barks of trees. *Po.* But Christ says "that those things that go into a man do not defile him." *Ca.* Nor do they, if they be taken moderately, and without giving scandal. But St. Paul, who was a disciple of Christ, would rather starve with hunger than offend a weak brother by his eating; and he exhorts us to follow his example, and that we become all things to all men. *Po.* But Paul is Paul, and Polyphemus

is Polyphemus. *Ca.* But it is Ægon's office to feed she-goats. *Po.* But I had rather eat myself. *Ca.* That is a pleasant wish; you will sooner be a he-goat than a she one. *Po.* But I used *esse* for *edere*. *Ca.* Neatly spoken. Do you give liberally to the poor? *Po.* I have nothing to give. *Ca.* But you would have something to give if you lived soberly and took pains. *Po.* But it is a pleasant thing to live at ease.

Ca. Do you keep the commandments? *Po.* That is a hard task, indeed. *Ca.* Do you repent of your sins? *Po.* Christ has made satisfaction for us already. *Ca.* How is it, then, that you make it out that you love the gospel? *Po.* I will tell you; there was a certain Franciscan with us, who was perpetually thundering out of the pulpit against Erasmus' New Testament. I caught the fellow once by himself, and took him hold by the hair with my left hand, and nubbled him so well-favouredly with my right, that you could see no eyes he had for the swellings. What do you say now? Was not this done like a man that loves the gospel? And after all this, I gave him absolution with this very book, knocking him over his coxcomb three times, made three bunches upon his crown, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and so absolved him in form. *Ca.* This was evangelically done without question. This is, indeed, a defending one gospel with another.

Po. I chanced to light upon another, a brother of his of the same order, who was still railing against Erasmus without either end or measure. My gospel-zeal moved me once again, and I threatened him so severely that I brought him to beg pardon on his knees, and confess that what he said was by the instigation of the devil. I stood over him with my partisan in my hand, looking upon him like the picture of Mars in a battle, ready to have cut off his head if he had not done it readily; and this was done in the presence of a great many witnesses. *Ca.* I wonder the man was not frightened out of his wits. But to proceed, do you live chastely? *Po.* It may be I shall when I come to be old. But shall I tell you the truth, Cannius? *Ca.* I am no priest, and if you have a mind to confess yourself you must seek somebody else.

Po. I use to confess to God, but for once I will do it to you. I am as yet no perfect, but a very ordinary Christian. We have four gospels, and we military gospellers propound to ourselves chiefly these four things:—1st. To take care of our bellies; 2ndly. That nothing be wanting below; 3rdly. To have wherewith to live on; and, lastly, To do what we list. And when we have gained these four points, we drink and sing as if the town was our own, Let the gospel live, and Christ reign. *Ca.* This is the life of an epicure, not of a Christian. *Po.* I cannot deny that. But you know Christ is omnipotent, and can make us other men in an instant if He pleases. *Ca.* Yea, and He may make you swine too, and that seems to be an easier change than into good men. *Po.* I wish there were no worse things in the world than swine, oxen, asses, and camels. You may find a great many people that are fiercer than lions, more ravenous than wolves, more lustful than camels—who will bite worse than dogs, and sting worse than vipers. *Ca.* But it is now high time for you to turn from a brute to a man. *Po.* You say well, for I find in the prophecies of

these times that the world is near at an end. *Ca.* There is so much the more reason for you to make haste to repent.

Po. I hope Christ will give me His helping hand. *Ca.* But do you see that you render yourself fit matter to work upon. But from whence do they gather that the world is so near an end? *Po.* Because, they say, people are now doing just as they did before the flood; they are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; they whore, they buy, they sell, they pawn and lend upon usury, and build; kings make war, and priests study to increase their revenues; schoolmen make syllogisms, monks run up and down the world; the rabble makes mobs, and Erasmus writes Colloquies; and, in fine, no miseries are wanting—hunger, thirst, robberies, hostilities, plagues, seditions; and there is a great scarcity of all that is good. And do not all these things argue that the world is near an end? *Ca.* But of all this mass of mischiefs, which of them is it that troubles you most? *Po.* Guess. *Ca.* That spiders, perhaps, make cobwebs in your empty pockets. *Po.* As I hope to live you have hit it. I am just now come from drinking hard; but some other time, when I am sober, if you will, we will have another touch at the gospel. *Ca.* And when shall I see you sober? *Po.* When I am so. *Ca.* And when will you be so? *Po.* When you see me so. And, my dear Cannikin, in the meantime all happiness attend you. *Ca.* And, by way of requital, I wish you may be what you are called. *Po.* And that you may not outdo me in courtesy, I wish the can from whence you have borrowed your name may never fail Cannius.

THE IMPERTINENTS; OR, CROSS-PURPOSES.

Annius and Lucius.

An. I was told that you were at Pancratius' and Albina's wedding. *Lu.* I never had a more unhappy voyage in my life than at this time. *An.* What say you? Was there such a power of company then? *Lu.* I never would have taken less for my life than at that time. *An.* See what it is to be rich; now I had but a few at my wedding, and they were poor folks too. *Lu.* We were scarce put to sea, but a great storm arose. *An.* Why, you are talking of an assembly of the deities; were there so many noblemen and ladies there? *Lu.* Boreas tore the sail in pieces and blew it quite away. *An.* I know the bride, she is a perfect beauty. *Lu.* Presently a wave comes and tears off the rudder. *An.* It is everybody's opinion. And her bridegroom does not come much short of her in beauty, according to common report. *Lu.* What do you think we thought of the matter? *An.* It is very rare now-a-days for any to be maids when they are married. *Lu.* We were obliged to sail back again. *An.* You talk of an incredible portion. *Lu.* Presently we had another misfortune befel us. *An.* Why did they venture such a tender girl to such a boisterous fellow? *Lu.* We espied a pirate ship. *An.* In truth, it is so in many cases; naughtiness makes amends for want of age. *Lu.* There we had a double engagement, one with the sea and another with the pirates.

An. What, so many services? and, in the meantime, nobody gives a farthing to the poor. *Lu.* What! should we have struck sail? Nay, despair made us fight desperately. *An.* I am afraid it will be but a barren match, if what you say be true. *Lu.* Nay, we threw our grappling irons. *An.* This is a novelty indeed! What, with child before marriage? *Lu.* Had you but seen the conflict, you would have sworn that I fought like a hero. *An.* Well, I find the marriage was not only made, but consummated too. *Lu.* We jumped aboard the pirate ship. *An.* But I admire that they invited you who are a stranger, and did not invite me who am related to the bride's father in the third degree of consanguinity. *Lu.* We threw them all overboard into the sea. *An.* You say right. The afflicted have no friends. *Lu.* We shared all the booty among us. *An.* I will rally the bride for it the first opportunity I have. *Lu.* It presently grew very calm; you would have said it had been the halcyon days. *An.* If she has money, I have a stomachful spirit. I don't care a fig for her kindness. *Lu.* And so we brought two ships home instead of one. *An.* Let him be angry that will. *Lu.* Where am I going, do you ask? Why, to church, to make an offering of part of the sail to St. Nicholas. *An.* I am not at leisure to-day, I expect some friends to dine with me; at another time I will not refuse.

THE FALSE KNIGHT.

Harpalus and Nestor.

Ha. Can you help me out now with your advice? If you can, you shall find I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful. *Ne.* I will bring it about that you shall be what you would be. *Ha.* But it is not in our own power to be born noblemen. *Ne.* If you are not a nobleman, strive by virtuous actions that your nobility may derive its original from yourself. *Ha.* That is a long way about. *Ne.* Then the king will sell it you for a small matter. *Ha.* But nobility that is purchased with money is ridiculed by the vulgar. *Ne.* If nobility that is bought be so ridiculous a thing, why are you so fond of being a knight? *Ha.* There are reasons for that, and no slight ones neither, which I shall freely tell you, if you will but put me in the way of making myself honourable in the opinion of the vulgar. *Ne.* What signifies the name without the thing?

Ha. But as I have not the substance, I would have the reputation of it. But, my Nestor, give me your advice, and when you hear my reasons you will say it is worth my while. *Ne.* Well, since you will have it I will tell you: In the first place, remove yourself to a place where you are not known. *Ha.* Right. *Ne.* Then work yourself into the acquaintance of young men of quality. *Ha.* I take you in. *Ne.* First of all, by this means, people will be apt to judge of you by the company you keep. *Ha.* They will so. *Ne.* But then you must be sure to have nothing about you that is vulgar. *Ha.* As to what do you mean? *Ne.* I speak of your clothes, that they be not made of wool, but silk; but if you cannot go to the price of silk, rather fustian or canvass than cloth. *Ha.* You are in the right.

Ne. And take care not to wear anything that is whole; but cut your hat and your doublet, your hose and your shoes, and your nails too, if you can. Never talk of anything that is mean. If any traveller comes out of Spain, inquire of him how the king and the pope agree, how your cousin the Count of Nassau does, and all the rest of the officers your old jolly acquaintances. *Ha.* It shall be done. *Ne.* Wear a seal-ring upon your finger. *Ha.* That is if my pocket will speak. *Ne.* Then you may have a brass ring gilt with a doublet for a small matter; but then you must have your coat of arms upon it too. *Ha.* What bearing would you have me choose? *Ne.* Why, if you will, two milk-pails and a pot of ale. *Ha.* You joke upon me; but do tell me seriously. *Ne.* Were you ever in a battle? *Ha.* I never saw a battle. *Ne.* But I believe you have beheaded the farmers' geese and capons. *Ha.* Ay, many a time, and manfully too. *Ne.* Why, then, let your coat of arms be three goose heads or, and a whin-yard argent. *Ha.* What must the field be? *Ne.* What should it be but gules? a monument of blood shed plentifully. *Ha.* Ay, why not? for the blood of a goose is as red as the blood of a man. But, pray, go on. *Ne.* Have this coat of arms hung over the gate of every inn you lodge at.

Ha. What shall be added to the helmet? *Ne.* That is well thought on; make that with a mouth slit from ear to ear. *Ha.* What is your reason for that? *Ne.* First, to give you air, and then that it may be suitable to your dress. But what must the crest be? *Ha.* I want to know that. *Ne.* A dog's head with bangle ears. *Ha.* That is common. *Ne.* Then add two horns to it—this is uncommon. *Ha.* I like that very well. But what beasts shall I have for supporters? *Ne.* Why, as for bucks, and dogs, and dragons, and griffins, they have been all taken up already by princes; you shall have two harpies. *Ha.* Nothing can be better.

Ne. But then we want the title. In the first place, you must be sure to take care not to suffer yourself to be called Harpalus Comensis, but Harpalus a Como; the one is noble, the other pedantic. *Ha.* It is so. *Ne.* Is there anything you can call yourself lord of? *Ha.* No, not so much as a hog's stye. *Ne.* Were you born in any famous city? *Ha.* No, in a poor sorry village; for a man must not lie when he asks counsel. *Ne.* That is very true; but is there never a mountain near that village? *Ha.* There is. *Ne.* And is there any rock near that? *Ha.* Yes, a very steep one. *Ne.* Why, then, you shall be Harpalus, the Knight of the Golden Rock. *Ha.* But most great men, I observe, have their peculiar mottoes,—as Maximilian had, Keep within compass; and Philip, He that will; and Charles, Further yet; some one thing and some another. *Ne.* Well, do you let yours be, Turn every stone. *Ha.* Nothing more pertinent.

Ne. Now, to confirm the world in their esteem of you, you must counterfeit letters sent you from such and such great persons, in which you must frequently be styled the illustrious knight; and there must be mention made of great affairs, as of estates, castles, huge revenues, commands, great offices, rich matches; and you must contrive that these letters shall fall into people's hands, as being dropped by chance or forgotten. *Ha.* That will be very easy to me; for I understand letters, and have so used myself to it, that I can counterfeit any man's hand so

exactly that he shall not know it from his own. *Ne.* Either sew them into your garment or leave them in your pocket, that when you send your clothes to the tailor to mend he may find them, and he will make no secret of it; and when you come to the knowledge of it, put an air of vexation and displeasure on your countenance, as if you were heartily vexed you were so careless as to leave them there. *Ha.* I have practised that so long that I can as easily change my countenance as I can my dress. *Ne.* By this means the deceit will not be discovered, and the matter will be blazed abroad. *Ha.* I will be sure to take great care of that.

Ne. Then you must furnish yourself with companions, or servants, who shall stand cap in hand to you, and call you my young lord at every turn. You need not be discouraged at the charge; there are a great many young men who will act this part for nothing, or for the humour's sake. And besides, there are a great many scribbling blades in this country that are strangely infected with the itch (I was going to say the scab) of writing; and there are hungry printers that will venture at anything, if there be but any hope of getting money. You must bribe some of these to give you in their pamphlets the title of a nobleman of your country, and let it be repeated every now and then in capital letters. Thus they will celebrate you a nobleman in Bohemia; and one book spreads more than a hundred talkative tongues or prattling servants. *Ha.* I do not dislike this way neither; but there will be servants to be maintained. *Ne.* There will so; but then you must not keep idle servants that have no hands, they will be unprofitable. You must send one one way, and another another, and so they will lay their fingers on something or other; they will have frequent opportunities of doing that. *Ha.* Say no more: I understand you.

Ne. And then there are other inventions. *Ha.* Pray, let me hear them. *Ne.* Unless you are an expert gamester at cards and dice, a rank whoremaster, a stout drinker, a daring extravagant, and understand the art of borrowing and bubbling, and have got the French pox to boot, scarce any one will believe you to be a knight. *Ha.* I have been trained up to these exercises. But where must I get the money? *Ne.* Hold, I was coming to that: have you any estate? *Ha.* A very little one. *Ne.* Well, but when you are once settled in the reputation of a great man you will easily find fools that will give you credit; some will be ashamed, and others afraid to deny you; and there are a thousand ways to delude creditors. *Ha.* I am not unacquainted with them. But they will be very pressing when they find nothing coming but words. *Ne.* Nay, on the contrary, no man has his creditors more at command than he that owes money to a great many. *Ha.* How so? *Ne.* First of all, your creditor pays you that observance as if he was the person obliged, and is afraid lest he should give any occasion of losing his money. No man has his servants so much in awe as the debtor his creditor; and if you ever pay them anything, it is more kindly taken than if you gave it them. *Ha.* I have found it so.

Ne. But you must take care not to deal with little people, for they will make a great noise for a small matter; those that have a more plentiful fortune are more easy to be appeased; they will be restrained

by modesty, led on by hope, or deterred by fear, for they know the danger of meddling with men of power. And last of all, when you are got over head and ears in debt, then upon one pretence or another remove your quarters first to one place and then to another; and you need not be ashamed of that, for nobody is more in debt than great princes. If you find yourself pressed by a fellow of mean condition, make as if you were provoked by his confidence; but make a small payment now and then, but never pay the whole sum, nor to all your creditors. But you must always take care that none ever come to know that you have an empty pocket; always make a show of money. *Ha.* But what can a man make a show of that has nothing? *Ne.* If any friend has given you anything to lay up for him, shew it as your own, but do it artfully, as if it were done by chance. And it will be good in this case to borrow money and shew it, though you pay it again presently. Pull a couple of guineas, that you have placed by themselves, out of your pocket, from a whole pocketful of counters. You may imagine—— *Ha.* I understand you; but at last I must of necessity sink under my debts.

Ne. You know what knights can do with us. *Ha.* They do just what they please, and there is no redress. *Ne.* Let those servants you keep be such as are diligent ones, or some of your kindred, such as must be kept however. They will stumble now and then upon some merchant upon the way and rob him; they will find something in an inn, a house, or a boat that wants a keeper; they will remember that a man's fingers were not given him for nothing. *Ha.* Ay, if this could be done with safety. *Ne.* You must take care to keep them in handsome liveries, and be still sending them with counterfeit letters to this great man or the other. If they steal anything, although they should suspect them, nobody will dare to charge them with it, for fear of the knight their master. If they chance to take a booty by force, it is as good as a prize in war. *Ha.* Oh, brave counsel! *Ne.* This maxim of knighthood is always to be maintained, that it is lawful for a knight upon the road to ease a common traveller of his money; for what can be more dishonourable than for a pitiful tradesman to have money enough, and a knight at the same time wants it to spend upon his whores and at dice? Get as much as you can into the company of great men, though you pin yourself upon them; and that you may not be ashamed of anything, you must put on a brazen face, but especially to your host. And it will be best for you to live in some public place, as at the Bath, and at the most frequented inns. *Ha.* I was thinking of that.

Ne. In such places fortune will oftentimes throw some prey in the way. *Ha.* How, I beseech you? *Ne.* Suppose one drops a purse, another leaves the key in the door of his storehouse, or so, you take me in. *Ha.* But—— *Ne.* What are you afraid of? Who will dare to suspect a person that goes as you do, talks great, the Knight of the Golden Rock? If there shall happen to be any saucy fellow impudent enough to dare to suspect you, the suspicion will rather be cast upon somebody that went away the day before. There will be a disorder among the master and the servants, and do you behave yourself as a person wholly unconcerned. If this accident befals either a man of modesty or of brains, he will pass it over without making words of it,

lest he lose his credit as well as his money for looking no better after it. *Ha.* That is very probable, for I suppose you know the Count of the White Vulture. *Ne.* Why not? *Ha.* I have heard of a certain Spaniard, a handsome genteel fellow, that lodged at his house; he carried away a matter of six hundred florins, behaving himself with that state that the count never dared to open his mouth against him.

Ne. You have a precedent, then. You may now and then send out a servant for a soldier, and he, having rifled churches and monasteries, will return laden with the plunder that he has got by the law of arms. *Ha.* This is the safest expedient that we have had yet. *Ne.* There is yet another way of getting money. *Ha.* Pray, let me hear what that is. *Ne.* Pick a quarrel with those that have a good deal of money, especially with monks or priests, for the people generally look very invidiously upon them now-a-days—viz., one broke a jest upon you, another spit upon your escutcheon, another spoke dishonourably of you; one or the other wrote something that might be interpreted scandalous. Send your heralds to declare an irreconcilable war. Breathe nothing but destruction and ruin, and they, being terrified, will come to you to make it up. Then see that you set a great price upon your dignity; and that is, you must ask out of reason for your bearing that which is reasonable. If you make a demand of three thousand guineas, they will be ashamed to offer you less than two hundred. *Ha.* And I will threaten others with the law. *Ne.* That is more like a sycophant; but yet it may help in some degree.

But, hark you, Harpalus, I had almost forgot what I should have mentioned first. Some young wench with a good fortune is to be drawn into the noose of matrimony; you have charms in yourself, you are young and handsome, you are a beau, and have a pretty smiling countenance; give it out that you are called away to some great office in the emperor's court. Girls are fond of marrying nobility. *Ha.* I know some that have made their fortunes this way. But what if the cheat should be discovered, and all my creditors should fall upon me at once? Then I, the sham knight, shall become a laughing-stock; for creditors hate this sort of tricking worse than they do robbing of churches. *Ne.* Why, in this case you must remember to put on a brazen face, and that impudence never passed so current for wisdom as it does now-a-days. You must betake yourself to invention for some excuse, and you will always find some easy people that will favour it, and some so civil that if they perceive the fallacy they will not discover it. And last of all, if you can do nothing else you must shew them a pair of heels, and run into the army or a riot; for as the sea hides all mischief, so war hides all sins. And now-a-days he that has not been trained up in this school is not looked upon fit to be a commander. This must be your last shift, when everything else fails you; but you must turn every stone before you come to it.

Take care that you are not ruined by being bound for other men. Shun little towns that a man cannot let a fart in but the people must know it. In great and populous cities a man may take more liberty, unless it be in such a place as Marseilles. Make it your business to know what people say of you; and when you hear the people begin to talk at this rate, What does this man do here so long? why does he not go home and look after his castles? whence does he take his pedi-

gree? whence does he get money to live so extravagantly?—when you find that such talk as this grows rife among the people, it is time for you to think of packing up your awls and be jogging in good time; but make your retreat like a lion, and not like a hare. Pretend you are called away by the emperor to some great employment, and that you shall return in a short time at the head of an army. Those that have anything they are not willing to lose will not dare to open their mouths against you when you are gone.

But above all, I advise you to have a care of that peevish, malicious set of men called poets. If anything displeases them they will envenom their papers, and the venom of them will be of a sudden diffused all the world over. *Ha.* Let me die if I am not wonderfully pleased with your counsel, and I will make it my business to let you see that you have got a docible scholar, and a youth that is not ungrateful; the first good horse that I shall get into my pasture that is equal to your deserts I will present you with. *Ne.* Well, all that remains is that you be as good as your word. But what is the reason that you should be so fond of a false opinion of nobility? *Ha.* For no other reason but that they are in a manner lawless, and do what they please. And do you think this a matter of small moment? *Ne.* If the worst come that can come, death is owing to nature, although you lived a Carthusian; and it is an easier death to be broken on the wheel than to die of the stone, the gout, or the palsy; for it is like a soldier to believe that after death there remains nothing of a man but his carcase. *Ha.* And I am of that opinion.

THE GAME OF COCKAL.

Quirinus, Charles.

Qu. Cato bids us learn of those that are learned, and for that reason, my Utenhovius, I have a mind to make use of you for my master. For what reason did the ancient directors in religious affairs order the clergy to wear ankle-coats—that is, vestments reaching down to their ankles? *Ch.* I am of opinion it was done for these two reasons: first, for the sake of modesty, that nothing of nakedness might be exposed, for in old time they did not wear those sort of trousers that reach from the waist to the feet, nor did they in common wear drawers or breeches. And, for the same reason, it is accounted immodest for women to wear short coats, long ones being more agreeable to the modesty of the sex. In the second place, not only for the sake of modesty, but also to distinguish them from the common people by their habit; for the more loose they are in their morals the shorter they wear their coats. *Qu.* What you say is very probable. But I have learned from Aristotle and Pliny that men have not the tali but only four-footed beasts; and not all of them neither, but only some of those that are cloven-footed, nor have they them in their hinder legs. How then can the garment be called a talarian garment which a man wears, unless in former days men went upon all-fours, according to Aristophanes's play? *Ch.* Nay, if we give credit to Œdipus, there are some men that are four-footed, some three-footed, and some two-footed,

and oftentimes they come from a battle one-footed, and sometimes without ever a foot at all. But, as for the word, you would be more at a loss if you were to read Horace, who attributes the tali to plays. For thus, I think, he writes in his *Art of Poetry*—

Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

Being regardless whether or no the comedy fall or stand upon its talus.

Qu. Poets have a liberty of speaking as they please, who give ears to Tmolus, and make ships speak and oaks dance. *Ch.* But your own Aristotle could have taught you this, that there are half tali, which he calls ἡμιαστραγάλους, that he attributes to those beasts that are of the lynx kind. And he says that lions have that which is instead of the talus, but it is crooked or turned to and fro; and that which he calls λαβυρινθώδες, Pliny translates *tortuosum* [full of turnings and windings]. And in the last place, bones are everywhere inserted into bones, for the conveniency of bending the joints; and there are cavities for the receiving the prominences that answer to them, that are defended on each side with a slippery cartilage, the parts being so environed, or kept in, that they cannot hurt one another, as the same Aristotle teaches us. And there is, for the most part, in these something that answers pretty near both in form and use to the talus. In the lower part of the leg, near the heel, where is the bending of the whole foot, there is a prominence which resembles the talus, which the Greeks call σφυρὸν. Again, we see in the bending of the knee a vertebra, which, if I am not mistaken, they call ἴσχιον. And we also see something like this in the hips, in the shoulders, and, lastly, in the joints of the toes and fingers. And, that it may not seem strange to you, the Greeks write that the word ἀστραγαλος is, in approved authors, applied to the bones of which the spine is composed, especially in the neck. For they quote you this verse—

Ἐκ δέ μοι αυχὴν ἀστραγάλων ἐάλη.
My neck-bone was broke on the outside the tali.

And, as Aristotle says, the fore-legs are given to animals upon the account of swiftness, and for that reason are without the tali; the hind-legs for firmness, because the weight of the body bears upon that part, as also it contributes to strength in those creatures that kick. Horace, to signify that the play was not cut short but acted quite to the end, says, *Stetit fixo talo;* and uses the word talus in a play in the same sense as we apply the word calx to a book, and also says the *umbilicus voluminis*, or navel of a volume. *Qu.* In troth, you play the part of a grammarian very cleverly. *Ch.* But to confirm it, the more learned Greeks will have Ἀστραγαλος derived of στρέφω, and the privative particle *a*, because it is never bended, but is immovable. But others choose to derive ἀστραγαλος from ἀστάγαλος, by inserting the letter ρ, because it cannot stand by reason of its slippery volubility.

Qu. If you go that way to work, you may make a great many more guesses; but I think it a fairer way to confess ignorance in the matter. *Ch.* This guess will not seem so very absurd if you consider

what great obscurity there is in the primitive origin of words. And besides, there is nothing contradictory in the matter, if you look narrowly into it. The talus is voluble, but it is voluble after such a manner that it renders that part to which it is inserted the more firm for standing, and then it joins one bone to another. *Qu.* I find you can play the part of a sophist when you have a mind to it. *Ch.* But there is nothing in the word talus that the etymology of it should perplex us, for that which the modern Greeks call ἀστράγαλος, the ancients, of which Callimachus was one, called ἄστριον, to whom this hemistich is ascribed, Δὲκα δ' ἄστρια ἄνυτο λύτρον; whence, as the Greeks used the word ἀστραγαλίζειν, so they also used the word ἀστρίζειν, to play at cockal.

Qu. What then is that which is properly the talus? *Ch.* It is that which now-a-days the girls play with; it was formerly a boy's play, as cob-nuts was; concerning which there is this Greek sentence, Ἀμφ' ἀστραγάλοισι χολωθεὶς, when they would intimate that persons were angry for a trifle. Again, Horace in his Odes has *Nec regna vini sortiere talis.* And also in his Sermones, *Te talos Aule nucesque*, &c. And lastly, that saying of the Lacedemonian, if I am not mistaken, *Pueros esse fallendos talis, viros jurejurando.* They deny that the talus is found in any animal that is μονυχον, that is, that has a solid hoof, except the Indian ass, that has but one horn; or that is πολυχιδὲς, that has its foot divided into many toes or claws; of which sort are the lion, the panther, the dog, the ape, a man, a bird, and a great many others. But those animals that are δίχηλα, that have a hoof divided into two, many of them have the talus, and that, as you said very rightly, in their hinder legs. Man only has not the talus, for two reasons:—first, because he is two-footed; and secondly, because his foot is divided into five toes.

Qu. That I have heard often; but I should be glad to hear where the talus was situated, and what form it has described; for that sort of play is quite out of doors with boys now-a-days, and they rather affect dice, cards, and other masculine plays. *Ch.* That is not to be wondered at, when they affect divinity itself. But if I were a mathematician, or a painter, or a founder, I could not represent it more clearly to you than by shewing you the talus itself, unless you would have me describe it algebraically, as they do. *Qu.* Have you got ever a talus? *Ch.* Here is one out of the right leg of a sheep; you see it has but four sides, when a cube and a dice has six, four on the sides, one at the top, and one at the bottom. *Qu.* It is so. *Ch.* And forasmuch as the upper and lower part of the talus is crooked, it has but four sides, one of which, you see, rises like a ridge. *Qu.* I see it. *Ch.* On the opposite side there is a hollow; this Aristotle calls προνὲς, that is, prone; and this ὕπτιον, that is, supine: as when in the act of copulation, for the sake of procreation, the woman is supine and the man is prone. And the hand, if the palm of it be held towards the ground, is prone, if you turn it up it is supine; though orators and poets do sometimes confound the use of these words, but that is nothing to the matter in hand.

Qu. You have demonstrated this very plainly to my sight; but what is the difference between the two other sides? *Ch.* One of them

is hollowed a little, to make it answerable to the bone to which it is joined; the other has no hollow at all to speak of, and is not so much defended with a cartilaginous coat, but is only covered with a nerve and a skin. *Qu.* I see it very plain. *Ch.* The prone side has no nerves at all; but to the concavity of the supine part a nerve adheres to the top of the right side and the bottom of the left. *Qu.* You make it out very plain; but how must I know the right side from the left? *Ch.* That is very well minded, for I had instructed you very illy, except you suppose me to mean the talus of the right leg. I will tell you, and at the same time I will shew you the situation of it which you desire to know. The talus is in that bending of the leg beneath the hip. *Qu.* A great many are of opinion it is near the foot.

Ch. They are under a mistake. That which is properly called the talus is in the bending of the joints, which the Greeks call καμπὰς; but those of the hinder legs, as I said before, between your foot and your knee, is the tibia. *Qu.* Why, so I think. *Ch.* Behind the knee, καμπὴ. *Qu.* I allow it. *Ch.* For those bendings which men have in their arms, four-footed beasts have in their hinder legs; but I except the ape, which is but half man: and so that which is the knee in the leg is the elbow in the arm. *Qu.* I take it in. *Ch.* And so one bending answers to another. *Qu.* You mean of the fore-legs and the hinder legs. *Ch.* You have it. So that in that bending which answers to the bending which is behind the knee the talus stands, when a four-footed beast stands upright, the upper and lower part of which is a little bended, but not altogether after the same manner; for the upper part is folded back into a sort of horns, as it were, which Aristotle calls κεραίας; Theodorus translates the word *antennas*, near to which the prone side gives way; the bottom has no such thing. *Qu.* I perceive it very plainly. *Ch.* Therefore Aristotle calls that side which is towards the fore-legs supine, and that which is contrary to it prone. Again, there are two sides, one of which inwardly is towards the hinder leg, either the right or left, suppose which you will, the other looks outwards; that which looks inwards Aristotle calls κῶλον, and that which looks outwards ἰχίον.

Qu. I see it plainly with my eyes; but still here is this to be done, to inform me what was the ancient manner of playing with these tali; for the play, as it is used now-a-days, is quite different from what we find in ancient authors concerning this sort of play. *Ch.* And truly that is very likely, as we in like manner now pervert the use of cards and dice from the ancient manner of playing with them. *Qu.* What you say is very probable. *Ch.* Theodorus Gaza, or, as others rather choose to call him, of Thessalonica, in translating Aristotle's second book of his *History of Animals*, says, That the side of the talus that looks outwardly transverse, was called canis; and that which looks inwardly to the other leg, venus: and then he adds to it this of his own, for Aristotle said no more,—Τὸ μὲν πρανὲς ἔξω τὸ δὲ ὕπτιον εἴσω, καὶ τὰ μὲν κῶλα ἐντὸς ἐστραμμένα πρὸς ἀλλήλα, τὰ δὲ ἰσχία καλούμενα ἔξο καὶ τας κεραίας ἄνω. But since it is certain that the throw is called venus's by other persons, as often as in four dice the uppermost sides of them all are different one from another, I wonder by what example Theodorus calls one side venus. Our Erasmus, who

is our common friend, who is no negligent observer of these things, in some of his proverbs upon the authority of the ancients, intimates some things of the play of the tali; as in the proverb, *Non chius sed cous*, he says, that the *cous* and the *size* were the same that the Greeks called ἑξήτην. He relates the same in the proverb *chius ad cous* (adding that *chius* was the same with *canis*, the ace). That the cast of the cous was a lucky cast, but of the canis an unlucky one, according to the testimony of Persius:

Quid dexter senio ferret
Scire erat in votis, damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet.

And likewise Propertius,

Semper damnosi subsiluere canes.

And Ovid, in his second book "de Tristibus," calls them *damnosos canes*.

And Martial adds, that the size by itself is a lucky cast; but if an ace comes up with it, unlucky; for so he speaks,

Senio nec nostrum cum cane quassat ebur.

And now as to Venus's cast, as it is what happens but very seldom, so it is a very lucky throw: as Martial writes in his "Apophoreta";

Cum steterit vultu nullus tibi gratus eodem,
Munera me dices magna me dedisse tibi.

For they played with as many tali as every one had sides; for as to dice, they used to play but with three. But that which Suetonius writes of Octavius Augustus comes nearer to the method of play, reciting out of a certain epistle of his to Tiberius: At supper we played, both yesterday and to-day, like old grave men, at tali; and as any one threw an ace or a size he laid down a piece of money for every talus, and he that threw venus took up all. *Qu.* You told me before that it was a very fortunate throw when any one threw four different sides, as at dice-play the most fortunate cast is midas; but you did not tell me that this cast was called venus. *Ch.* Lucian will make that matter plain to you: thus, speaking concerning Cupids, καὶ βαλῶν μὲν ἐπι σκοπυῦ, μάλιστα δὲ εἴποτε πῆν θεὰν αὐτὴν εὐβολήσειε. Μεδενὸς ἀστραγάλου πεσόντος ἴσω χήματι, πασεκύνει τῆς ἐπιθυμίας τεῦξεσθαι νομίζων. He there speaks of venus. *Qu.* If Theodorus is mistaken, his words only make mention of two sides. *Ch.* It may be he followed the authority of some author that is out of my memory; but I have quoted what I find in authors. For there are some that speak of the stesichorian number as to the tali, which they take to be the number eight; and also of the euripidian, which contained forty. *Qu.* But it remains that you lay down the rules of the play.

Ch. I am not of the opinion that boys made use of the same rule that Octavius writes he observed. Nor is it probable that this game which he speaks of was a common one; if that had been so, it had been enough for him to have said, After supper we played at the tali. But he seems by this to hint that it was a new method that they had

invented among themselves, as one that was fit for persons of age, not puzzling their minds by a careful thoughtfulness, as a great many of our modern games do, so that it is much less fatigue to the mind to study hard than to play. *Qu.* Prithee, pull out the rest of the tali, that we may try an experiment with them. *Ch.* But we have no turret nor box to throw them in. *Qu.* Why, this table will do well enough to try any experiment with them; or this cup, or cap, will supply the place of a turret. *Ch.* Nay, hustling them in the palm of one's hand may do well enough. A throw oftener turns up the supine face than the prone face, and the prone face oftener than a size or an ace. *Qu.* So it seems.

Ch. Now, if there be an ace turned up in the four tali, you shall lay down one piece of money; if there are two, two pieces; if three, three pieces; if four, four pieces: and as often as you throw a size you shall take up one piece. *Qu.* But what if I should throw size ace? *Ch.* Why, if you will, both of us shall lay down, and neither of us take up; and he that throws four different spots shall take up all. *Qu.* What if we throw upper, or under, blank? *Ch.* That throw shall go for nothing, and either you shall throw again or I will take it. *Qu.* I had rather the other should take the cast. *Ch.* Now down with your money. *Qu.* Let us play for nothing. *Ch.* Would you learn such an art as this for nothing? *Qu.* But it is an unequal match for one that knows nothing of the game to play with a gamester. *Ch.* Well, but the hope of winning and the fear of losing will make you mind your game the better. *Qu.* How much shall we play for? *Ch.* If you have a mind to get an estate quickly let us play for 100 crowns. *Qu.* I wish I had them to lay down. But it is the safer way to grow rich gradually. See here is a whole halfpenny.

Ch. Well, come on, we will add a little to a little, as Hesiod advises, and this will in time make a large heap. Shake them and throw away. A good beginning: you have thrown an ace; lay down your money, and acknowledge you are on the losing side. Give me the tali. *Qu.* That is a better beginning, there is three aces; lay down. *Ch.* Fortune is laying a trap for you; throw away, but hustle them first. Oh, good man! you have got nothing at all, there is an upper blank and an under one. It is my throw, give me the tali. *Qu.* Well done again, I see three aces. *Ch.* Well, do not reckon your chickens before they be hatched. Well, fortune has a mind to make a gamester of you; but mind, this is my way of learning. But I am of the opinion that Octavius played after a different manner. *Qu.* How was it? *Ch.* He that threw an ace laid down a penny, as we said; he that threw a size took up nothing, but the other laid down. *Qu.* But what if he threw doublets? *Ch.* Then the other laid down so many pieces: and when there was a good heap of money down, he that threw venus took up all; and you may add this, if you will, that he that throws neither size nor ace shall only lose his throw. *Qu.* I agree to it.

Ch. But I look upon this to be better, that he that holds the dice shall throw thrice, and then give the throw to the other. *Qu.* I like that well enough. But how many venus's will you make up? *Ch.* Why, three, if you will; and after that you may make a new bargain, or play who shall take all; for a size comes up but seldom, and but

to very few neither. Now let us make a lucky beginning. *Qu.* Well, let it be so; but we had best have the doors shut, lest our queen of the kitchen should happen to see us playing at children's play. *Ch.* Nay, we rather play at old men's play. But have you got a blab of a servant then? *Qu.* So great a gossip, that if she cannot find anybody else to tell what is done at home, she will hold a long discourse with the hens or cats about it. *Ch.* Soho, boy! shut the door and lock it, that nobody come and surprise us; that we may play our bellyful.

THE ASSEMBLY OR PARLIAMENT OF WOMEN.

Cornelia, Margaret, Perotta, Julia, and Catherine.

Co. Since so many of you are assembled here to-day, and in so good humour, for the good and happiness of this convention, and the whole commonwealth of women, it gives me the greatest hope that every one's good genius will suggest to her those things that concern the dignity and advantage of the whole sex. I believe you all know what a prejudice it has been to our affairs, that while the men have had their daily meetings for transacting their affairs, we have been sitting at our spinning-wheels and neglected the management of our own cause. Whence things are now come to that pass that there are not the least footsteps of discipline and government left amongst us; and the men make a mere jest of us, and scarce allow us the title of rational creatures. So that if we go on as we have done, you may easily foresee what will come of it in a short time; and, indeed, I am afraid to utter it: and if we should take no care at all of our dignity, yet we ought to have some regard to our safety. And the wisest of kings has left it upon record, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

The bishops have their synods, and the flocks of monks their conventicles; the soldiers their councils of war, and thieves and pick-pockets their clubs; and even the pismires themselves have their meetings. And we women, of all living creatures, are the only ones that have had no meeting of members at all. *Ma.* Oftener than is becoming. *Co.* Do not interrupt there; let me conclude my speech, and you shall have all time to speak in your turns. That which we now do is no new thing; we only revive an old custom. For, if I am not mistaken, about 1300 years ago that most praiseworthy emperor, Heliogabalus—— *Pe.* Most praiseworthy! when it is certain he was dragged about with a hook, and thrown into a house of office. *Co.* Here I am interrupted again. If we approve or disapprove of any person by this way of arguing, we must allow Christ was an ill person because he was crucified; and Domitian a good man because he died in his bed. The worst thing that was laid to the charge of Heliogabalus was his flinging down to the ground the sacred fire that was kept by the vestal virgins, and that he had the pictures of Moses and Christ hanging up in his private chapel, whom, by way of contempt, they called Chrestus.

This Heliogabalus published a proclamation, that as he being

emperor had a parliament of men to consult of their common affairs, so his mother Augusta should have her parliament of women to transact the affairs of their own sex; which the men, either by way of drollery or distinction, called the little senate. This precedent, which has been omitted for so many years, the present posture of our affairs obliges us to revive. Neither let any one be scrupulous, because the apostle Paul forbids a woman to speak in the assembly that he calls a church; for he speaks of an assembly of men, and this is an assembly of women. Otherwise, if women must always hold their tongues, to what purpose did Nature give them, which are as voluble as men's, and a voice that is shriller? although they make a hoarser sound, and thereby resemble asses more than we do. But this ought to be the care of us all, to manage our debates with that gravity, that the men may not call our assembly a conventicle, or by some other more scandalous name, and they are used to be forward enough to be scurrilous in their language to us; although, if one might estimate their parliaments according to truth, they will appear more womanish than the assemblies of women themselves.

We see monarchs have done nothing but fight for these I do not know how many years. The students of divinity, priests, bishops, and people are at daggers-drawn, and there are as many opinions as there are men in the world, and they are more inconsistent in them than we women ourselves are. One city does not agree with another, nor one neighbour with another. If the supreme administration were entrusted in our hands, I am mistaken if the world would not be managed at a better rate than now it is. Perhaps it may not become our female modesty to charge such noble personages with folly; but I suppose I may be allowed to recite what Solomon has written in the thirteenth chapter of his Proverbs: "There is always contention among the proud, but they that do everything by counsel are governed by wisdom."

But that I may not detain you any longer with a tedious preamble, to the end that all things may be carried on decently and without confusion, in the first place it will be necessary to consider who shall be allowed as members, and who shall be excluded. For too great a company will make it look more like a mob and a riot than a grave assembly; and if we take in too few, it will seem to be something tyrannical. Therefore I humbly conceive that no virgin is to be admitted as a member; because many things may happen to be debated that are not proper for them to hear. *Ju.* But how shall we be able to know who are virgins and who are not? Will you allow all those to be virgins that pass for such? *Co.* No; but my meaning is, that none but married women be admitted among us. *Ju.* But there are virgins among those that are married; such as have fumblers for their husbands. *Co.* Well, but this honour shall be allowed to a married state, that all that have been married shall be allowed to be women. *Ju.* Under your favour, if you exclude none but virgins, we shall still have too great a number.

Co. Well, then, those shall be excluded that have been more than thrice married. *Ju.* For what reason? *Co.* Because they ought to have their *quietus est*, as being superannuated. And I am of opinion that we ought to do the same by those that are upwards of seventy years

of age. I think also that it ought to be resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that no woman be allowed particularly to mention her own husband by name too freely. It may be allowed to speak in the general, but that too ought to be done with moderation and decency. *Ca.* But why may it not be allowed us to talk freely of the men here, when they are always talking about us everywhere? My Titius, whenever he has a mind to divert his company, tells them what he did with me in the night, what I said to him, and oftentimes affirms what is false. *Co.* If we would speak the truth, our reputation depends wholly upon that of the men; so that if we expose them, what else do we do but disgrace ourselves? And although, indeed, we have a great many just complaints against them, yet all things being duly considered, our condition is much preferable to theirs. For they, endeavouring to get a maintenance for their families, scamper through all the parts of the earth by land and sea. In times of war they are called up by the sound of the trumpet, stand in armour in the front of the battle, while we sit at home in safety. If they transgress the law, they are punished severely; but our sex is spared. And in the last place, for the most part it is in our own power to make our husbands such as we would have them.

But it remains that we come to some resolutions about precedency in taking places, lest it should be with us as it often happens among the plenipotentiaries of kings, princes, and popes, who, in their congresses, squabble away three months at least in punctilios and ceremony before they can sit down to business. Therefore it is my opinion that none but peeresses sit in the first bench; and these shall take their places according to the degrees of their nobility. First, those that have four; next, those that have three; after them, those that have two; then those who have one; and last of all, those who have but half a one. And in every rank regard shall be had to antiquity. Bastards of every rank shall sit in the lowest place of it. The next bench shall be that of the commons; and of those, they shall sit in the foremost places who have had the most children; and between those who have had the same number, age shall decide the difference. The third bench shall be for those who never had any children.

Ca. Where do you intend to place the widows? *Co.* Well remembered. They shall have their seats in the middle of the mothers, if they have children, or ever had any; those that have been barren shall sit at the lower end of them. *Ju.* Well, but what place do you design for the wives of priests and monks? *Co.* We will consider of that matter at our next meeting. *Ju.* What do you determine about those women who get their living by their bodily labour? *Co.* We will not suffer this assembly to be polluted by the mixture of such cattle. *Ju.* What will you do concerning kept mistresses? *Co.* They are of several ranks; we will consider that when we are more at leisure. There is another matter to be considered of, how we shall give our votes—whether by scratching or balloting, or by word of tricks mouth, or holding up our hands, or by dividing. *Ca.* There are in balloting, and so there are in scratching; and if we give our vote by dividing, as we wear long petticoats, we shall raise too much dust; so that I am of opinion, it will be the best way for every one to give her vote *viva voce*. *Co.* But it will be a difficult matter to number the votes. And then too, great care ought to be taken that it be not

rather a Billingsgate than a senate [a place of scolding rather than a place of pleading]. *Ca.* It will be impossible to do anything without clerks, to take care that nothing be omitted.

Co. Well, then, we have taken care about numbering; in the next place, how shall we exclude scolding? *Ca.* That nobody speak but when she is asked, and in her turn too. She that does otherwise shall be expelled the house. And if any one shall be found to blab out what is transacted here, she shall incur the penalty of a three days' silence. *Co.* Well, ladies, so far we have settled matters as to the method of proceeding, now let us consider what we shall debate about. In the first place, we ought to take care of our honour; and that consists chiefly in dress, which matter has been so neglected that now-a-days you can scarce know a duchess from a shopkeeper's wife, a married woman from a maid, or a widow or a matron from a whore. Modesty is removed at that distance, that every one wears what apparel she pleases. You may see those that are scarce one degree on this side beggars, and of a base and sordid extraction, dressed in their velvets, silks, and watered tabbies, garden satins, sprigged calicoes and chintzes, in gold and silver, sable tippets, &c., whose husbands in the meantime sit at home cobbling shoes. Their fingers are loaded with emerald and diamond rings; for pearls are now made no account of, not to mention their amber and coral necklaces, their laced shoes. It was formerly thought enough for your ordinary women to be allowed the privilege to wear a silk girdle, and to border their petticoats with a ribbon, in honour of the sex. But now we labour under a double inconveniency; the family is beggared, and distinction, which is the life and soul of quality, is quite lost.

If the wives of the commonalty must be dragged about in gilded chariots, adorned with ivory seats, and coffoe linings and coach-seats, what shall duchesses and countesses do? And if a squire's spouse shall be allowed to drag a train after her of fifteen ells long, what must a duchess or a countess do? But there is one thing that is worse than all this, that by an unaccountable fickleness we are always altering the fashion. Formerly our headdresses were mounted upon wires, and by this dress women of quality were known from ordinary ones. Again, that the difference might be more visible, they wore caps of ermine, powdered with black spots. But the mob had them presently. Then they altered the fashion again, and wore black caps; but the women of the ordinary sort did not only presume to imitate them, but outdid them, by adding gold embroidery and jewels to them. Formerly it was the custom of ladies of quality to comb up their hair from their foreheads and temples, and to make a tower of it, but this did not last long; for every baggage soon fell into that fashion. Then they wore their hair on their foreheads; but in this too they were soon followed by the ordinary sort.

Formerly none but ladies of quality had their gentlemen ushers and pages, and out of these they chose some pretty smock-faced fellow to take them by the hand when they arose from their chairs, or to support their left arm with his right when they walked, but this honour was granted to none but gentlemen. But now women in common, following this fashion, admit any mean persons to this office, and also to bear up their train too. And whereas formerly, in primitive

times, none but persons of high extraction saluted one another with a kiss, and did not permit every one to kiss them, no not so much as their hand; now-a-days a tanner or currier that stinks of the leather shall presume to kiss a lady of the highest quality. Nay, even in marriages there is no regard had to honour—noblemen's daughters are married to tradesmen's sons, and tradesmen's daughters to noblemen, so that a sort of mongrels are brought into the world. Nor is there a wench of ever so mean a birth but would presume to use the same paints and washes that the quality use, when ordinary people ought to be satisfied with a little ale yeast, or the fresh juice of a tree that has been barked, or any such thing that costs but little; they ought to leave the fine paints, washes, and cosmetics to women of quality.

To come now to public entertainments and the park, what confusion and disorder is there? A merchant's wife shall oftentimes refuse to give place to a lady of noble descent both by father and mother. So that the present posture of affairs calls upon us to come to some resolution as to these matters, and these things may be easily settled among us, because they belong to none but our own sex. But there are also some affairs that we have to settle with the men too, who exclude us from all honourable employments, and only make us their laundresses and their cooks, while they themselves manage everything according to their own pleasure. We will allow them the management of public offices and military concerns. But is it a sufferable thing that the wife's coat of arms should be painted on the left side of the escutcheon, although her family is twice as honourable as that of her husband's? And in the last place, it is but just that a mother's consent should be had in putting out the children. And it may be we shall gain the ascendant so far as to take our turns in the administration of the public offices, but I mean only those that can be managed at home and without arms. These are the chief heads of the matters which, in my opinion, deserve our deliberation. Let every one here deliberate with herself upon these matters, that an act may be passed concerning every one of them; and if any one shall think of anything else that is necessary to be debated, let her communicate it to-morrow, for we will sit *de die in diem* till we have concluded the session. Let us have four clerks that may take down our speeches, and two chairwomen, who shall have the power of giving liberty to speak and of enjoining silence. And let this meeting be a sample of what may be expected hereafter.

CONCERNING EARLY RISING.

Nephalius and Philypnus.

Ne. I would have been glad to have met with you to-day, Philypnus, but your servants denied that you were at home. *Ph.* They did not tell you altogether false; I was not at home, indeed, to you, but I was never more at home to myself. *Ne.* What riddle is this? *Ph.* You know the old proverb, I don't sleep to all, nor can you forget that pleasant joke of Nasica, to whom, when he would have visited his old friend Ennius, the maid, by her master's command, denied him to be

at home. Nasica perceived how matters went, and departed. Afterwards Ennius, in his turn, entering the house of Nasica, asks the boy whether his master was within or not. Nasica cries aloud from an inner room, saying, I am not at home. Ennius, knowing his voice, cries, Art thou not an impudent fellow? Dost think I don't know thee when thou speakest? Rather you, says Nasica, are the more impudent, who won't give credit to me myself when I believed your servant.

Ne. Perhaps you were very busy. *Ph.* No, in troth, I was most pleasantly at leisure. *Ne.* Again you perplex me with riddles. *Ph.* Why, then, I will speak plainly, and not call anything out of its name. *Ne.* Say on. *Ph.* In short, I was fast asleep. *Ne.* What sayest thou? what, at past eight, when the sun rises this month before four? *Ph.* The sun is very welcome to rise at midnight for me; truly I love to sleep my bellyful. *Ne.* But was this by accident, or is it your common custom? *Ph.* Why, truly, I am pretty much used to it. *Ne.* But the habit of evil is most pernicious. *Ph.* There is no sleep so pleasant as after sunrising.

Ne. Prithee, at what hour do you use to leave your bed? *Ph.* Why, some time betwixt four and nine. *Ne.* A very pretty space of time, truly; a woman of quality is scarce so long a dressing. But how came you into this agreeable method? *Ph.* Because we used to spend most part of the night in good eating and drinking, play, merriment, and what not, and this expense we repay by a good sound sleep in the morning. *Ne.* I scarce ever saw a prodigal more undone than thee. *Ph.* It seems to me rather parsimony than profuseness; for in the meantime I neither burn my candles nor wear out my clothes. *Ne.* Ridiculous parsimony, to destroy jewels that thou mayest preserve glass. The philosopher was of quite another opinion, who, being asked what was the most precious thing, replied time. Moreover, when it plainly appears that the morning is the best part of the whole day, you delight to destroy the most precious part of the most precious thing. *Ph.* Is that destroyed which is given to the body? *Ne.* It is rather taking away from the body, which is then best affected, most lusty and strong, when it is refreshed by timely and moderate sleep, and corroborated by early rising.

Ph. But it is a pure pleasant thing to sleep. *Ne.* What can be pleasant to him who has no sense of anything? *Ph.* Why, that alone is pleasing to have no sense of trouble. *Ne.* At this rate, those are most happy who sleep in their graves, for they are never disturbed with troublesome dreams. *Ph.* They say the body is fed very much by sleep. *Ne.* This is the food of dormice and not of men. The beasts who are made only to eat are crammed very fitly, but how does it relate to man to heap up fat, unless that he may trudge on under the greater burden? Tell me now, if you had a servant, would you have him fat and lumpish or gay and spritely, apt for any employment? *Ph.* But I am no servant. *Ne.* No matter; it is enough for me that you had rather have one alert and fit for business, than a fellow stoutly crammed. *Ph.* Certainly I would. *Ne.* Now, Plato says, The mind of a man is the man, the body nothing more than the mansion or instrument. You will certainly confess, I suppose, the soul to be the principal part of a man, the body only the attendant of

the mind. *Ph.* Be it so, if you will. *Ne.* Since, then, thou wouldst not have a belly-gut for thy servant, but rather one brisk and agile, why, then, dost thou provide for thy mind a minister fat and unwieldy? *Ph.* I yield to truth.

Ne. Now, see another misfortune. As the mind far excels the body, so you will confess that the riches of the mind far exceed the goods of the body. *Ph.* What you say is very probable. *Ne.* But amongst all the goods of the mind wisdom holds the chief place. *Ph.* I confess it. *Ne.* For obtaining this no time is more fit than the morning, when the new-rising sun gives fresh vigour and life to all things, and dispels those fumes which are exhaled from the stomach, which are wont to cloud the mansion of the mind. *Ph.* I do not deny it. *Ne.* Now, do but consider what a share of learning you might obtain in those four hours which you consume in unseasonable sleep. *Ph.* Truly, a great share. *Ne.* I have experienced that more may be done at study in one hour in the morning than in three after noon, and that without any detriment to the body. *Ph.* I have heard as much. *Ne.* Consider this further: if you should bring into a gross sum the loss of each particular day, what a vast deal would it amount to! *Ph.* A great deal, indeed. *Ne.* He who heedlessly confounds money and jewels is deemed a prodigal, and has a guardian appointed him. Now, he who destroys these so much more precious goods, is not he a prodigal of a far deeper dye? *Ph.* Certainly it is so, if we rightly weigh the matter.

Ne. Consider further what Plato writes, That there is nothing fairer, nothing more amiable than wisdom, which, if it could be seen by corporeal eyes, would raise to itself an incredible number of admirers. *Ph.* But she is not capable of being seen. *Ne.* I own she is not with corporeal eyes; but she is to be seen with the eyes of the mind, which is the better part of man. And where the love is incredible, there must necessarily be the highest pleasure, as often as the mind enjoys so pleasing a mistress. *Ph.* What you say is very probable. *Ne.* Go now, if you think good, and barter this enjoyment for sleep, that image of death. *Ph.* But in the meantime I lose my dear nocturnal sports. *Ne.* Those things are well lost, which being worst are changed for the best, shameful for honourable, most vile for the most precious. He has happily lost his lead who has changed it into gold. Nature has appointed the night for sleep; the sun arising recals all the animal species, and especially men, to their several offices. They who sleep (saith St. Paul, 1 Thess. 5) sleep in the night, and they who are drunken are drunken in the night. Therefore, what can be more unseemly than, when all animals rouse with the sun, nay, some even before his appearance, and as it were with a song salute his coming; when the elephant adores the rising sun, man only should lie snoring long after his rising. As often as his golden rays enlighten thy chamber, does he not seem thus to upbraid thee as thou liest sleeping: Fool! why dost thou delight to destroy the best part of thy life? I shine not for this purpose, that you may hide yourselves and sleep, but that you may attend your honest employments. No man lights a lamp to sleep by, but that he may pursue some sort of labour; and by this lamp, the fairest, the most refulgent of all lamps, wretched thou dost nothing but snore. *Ph.* You declaim smartly.

Ne. Not smartly, but truly. Come on, you have often heard that of Hesiod, It is too late to spare when all is spent. *Ph.* Very frequently; for in the middle of the pipe the wine is best. *Ph.* But in life the first part—that is to say, youth, is best. *Ph.* Verily, so it is. *Ne.* And the morning is the same to the day as youth is to life. Do not they then act foolishly who spend their youth in trifles and their morning hours in sleep? *Ph.* So it appears. *Ne.* Is there any possession which may be compared with a man's life? *Ph.* No, not the whole Persian treasure. *Ne.* Wouldst thou not vehemently hate the man that by evil arts could and would curtail thy years, and shorten thy thread of life? *Ph.* I would rather do my endeavour to destroy his life. *Ne.* But I deem those far worse, and more guilty, who voluntarily render their own lives shorter. *Ph.* I confess it, if any such are to be found. *Ne.* To be found! It is what all who are like thee do. *Ph.* Good words, man. *Ne.* The best. Thus consider with your own self whether Pliny has spoken justly or not, when he says, All life is one continued watching, and he lives most who employs the greatest part of his time in study. For sleep is a kind of death; therefore the poets feign it to come from the infernal shades; and it is called by Homer the cousin-german of death; and so those who sleep can scarce be numbered either amongst the dead or living, but of the two they seem most properly named amongst the dead. *Ph.* I am entirely of your opinion.

Ne. Now, tell me fairly how much of life do they cut off who every day destroy three or four hours in sleep? *Ph.* Truly, a vast deal. *Ne.* Would not you esteem him as a god, if there were an alchemist who could find a way to add ten years to the length of your life, and when you are advanced in years reduce you to youth and vigour? *Ph.* Ay, why should I not? *Ne.* And this so divine blessing thou mayest obtain from thy own self. *Ph.* Which way? *Ne.* Because the morning is the vigorous youth of the day; this youth flourishes till noon, the evening succeeds by the name of old age, and call sunset the article of death. Frugality is a handsome income, and never more necessary than in this case. Now, has not he been a great gainer who has avoided losing the greatest and best part of life? *Ph.* All these things are too true.

Ne. How intolerably impudent, then, must they seem who accuse nature, and complain that the life of man is short and little, when they themselves voluntarily cut off so great a part of that little which nature gave? Life is long enough, if men would but use it prudently. Nor has he made a small progress who knows how to do everything in season. After dinner we are scarce half men, when the body, loaded with meats, burdens and oppresses the mind; nor is it safe to excite or draw up the spirits from nature's kitchen—the stomach, where they are employed in the business of concoction; after supper, much less. But in the morning a man is effectually and all a man, when his body is apt and fit for every employment, when the soul is active and in full force, and all the organs of the mind serene and in tranquillity, whilst it breathes a part of that divine flatus (as one says), has a relish of its great original, and is rapt or hurried on to commendable actions. *Ph.* Truly, you harangue very elegantly. *Ne.* Agamemnon, in Homer, tells us, It is unbecoming a man of counsel to sleep the whole night.

How much greater then the fault to spend so much of the day in sleep. *Ph.* True; but this has respect to a man of counsel. I am no general of an army.

Ne. If there is anything more dear to you than yourself, do not be moved or affected by this opinion of Homer. A brasier will rise before it is light, only in hopes of some poor advantage. And has not the love of wisdom power to rouse and stir us up, that we may at least hear the approaching sun calling us forth to profit inestimable? Physicians rarely give physic but in the morning. They know the golden hours in which they may assist the body; and shall we be ignorant of those precious hours in which we may heal and enrich the mind? Now, if these things are of small weight with you, hear what Solomon says (Prov. viii. 17). Wisdom, heavenly wisdom herself speaks: "They who seek me early shall find me." So in the holy Psalms, lviii. and lxxxvii., what praise and commendation is there of the morning seasons! In the morning the prophet extols the mercy of the Lord; in the morning his voice is heard; his prayers come before God in the morning. And, according to Luke the evangelist, chap. vi., the people, seeking from the Lord cure and instruction, flocked together to Him early in the morning. Why dost thou sigh, Philypnus? *Ph.* I can scarce refrain weeping when I consider what a waste I have made of life.

Ne. It is all in vain to torment yourself about those things which cannot be recalled, but may nevertheless be repaired in time to come. Apply yourself to this rather than in vainly deploring what is past; lose also some part of the future. *Ph.* You advise well, but long habit has entirely overcome me. *Ne.* Phy! One nail drives out another, and custom is overcome by custom. *Ph.* But it is difficult to forego those things to which we have been long accustomed. *Ne.* In the beginning, I grant; but a different habit first lessens the uneasiness, anon changes it into the highest pleasure, so that it will not repent you to have undergone a short discipline. *Ph.* I am afraid it will never succeed. *Ne.* Why, truly, if you were seventy years of age, I would not attempt to draw you from your wonted course; but if I guess right, you are scarce seventeen; and what is there that that age is not able to overcome, if there be but a willing mind? *Ph.* I will attempt it, and endeavour of a Philypnus to be made a Philologus, of a lover of sleep a lover of learning. *Ne.* If you do this, my Philypnus, I am very well satisfied after a few days you will congratulate yourself, and give me thanks who advised you.

THE SOBER BANQUET.

Albert, Bartholine, Charles, Dennis, Æmilius, Francis, Gyraldus, Jerom, James, Laurence.

Al. Did you ever in your life see anything more pleasant than this garden? *Ba.* I scarce think that there is a pleasanter spot of ground in all the Fortunate Islands. *Ch.* I cannot but fancy myself viewing that paradise that God placed Adam in. *De.* Even a Nestor or a Priamus might grow young again if they were here. *Fr.* Nay,

if a man was dead it would fetch him to life again. *Gy.* If it was possible I would add to your hyperbole. *Je.* Upon my word, all things look wonderfully pleasant. *Ja.* In short, this garden ought to be dedicated with a drinking match. *La.* Our James speaks much to the purpose. *Al.* This place has been formerly initiated with such ceremonies. But I would have you observe by the way, that I have nothing here to make you a dinner, except you will be content with a collation without wine. I will treat you with lettuces without either salt, vinegar, or oil; here is not a drop of wine but what flows out of this fountain. I have here neither bread (to eat with the salad) nor cup (to drink out of). And the season of the year is such that it is more proper for feeding the eyes than the belly. *Ba.* But I suppose you have got playing tables or bowls; we will dedicate the garden with playing, if we cannot with feasting.

Al. Since there is such a set of jolly fellows of us met together, I have something to propose as to the consecration of the garden that, I am of opinion, you will confess is far before either gaming or banqueting. *Ch.* What is that? *Al.* Let every one furnish his quota, and I dare engage we shall have a noble and delicate feast. *Æm.* What can we furnish, that are come hither unprovided? *Al.* Unprovided, who have your intellectuals so well furnished! *Fr.* We long to hear what you would be at. *Al.* Let every one produce the neatest observation that his week's reading has furnished him with. *Gy.* Very well proposed; nothing can be more agreeable to such guests, such an entertainment, and such a place. Do you begin, we will all follow you.

Al. If you agree to it I will not stick out. I was mightily pleased to-day to find so Christian-like a sentence in a man who was no Christian; it was that of Phocion, a man than whom there was not a more divine one, nor more regardful of the public utility in all Athens. When he had been invidiously sentenced to death, and was about to drink his poison, being asked by his friends what message he had to send to his children, he answered, he only required of them that they would ever banish this injury out of their memories. *Ba.* You will scarce find an example of such notable patience amongst either the Dominicans or Franciscans. And I will present you with one instance that is something like this, though it does not come up to it. Aristides was very like Phocion for integrity, so that the common people gave him the surname of the Just; which appellation raised him so much envy, that this good man, that deserved so well of the commonwealth, was banished for ten years from his native country. When he understood that the people were offended at nothing but that appellation, though that had always been to their advantage, he patiently submitted. Being in banishment, his friends asking him what punishment he wished to the ungrateful city, he replied, I wish them nothing, but so much prosperity that they may never once remember Aristides.

Ch. I wonder that Christians are not ashamed of themselves, that are in a rage upon the occasion of every trifling affront, and will have revenge, cost it what it will. The whole life of Socrates, in my opinion, is but one continued example of temperance and patience. And that I may not be scot-free, I will mention one instance that

pleases me above the rest. As he was going along the king's highway a saucy fellow hit him a slap on the face; Socrates said nothing to him, but his friends that were with him advised him to be revenged on him. To which he replied, What would you have me do to him? They replied, Arrest him in an action of assault and battery. A foolish story, indeed, says he. What, says he, suppose an ass had given me a kick, must I sue him upon the same action, and subpœna you for evidences of the injury offered? intimating that that saucy fellow was no better than an ass, and that it was the part of a mean soul not to be able to bear such an affront from a numskull as he would from a brute animal. The Roman history is not so well stored with instances of moderation, nor so remarkable; for, in my opinion, he does not deserve the praise of moderation that strenuously labours to bring haughty persons under subjection, and then spares them when they are in his power. But yet I think it deserves to be related what Cato the elder said when Lentulus spit in his face and threw snot in it. He said nothing to him but this, Hereafter I shall have an answer ready for them that shall say, You are a man that have no mouth (*Os*); for the Latins used to say, That he that has no shame in him has no *Os*; so that the joke depends upon the double meaning of *Os* (which signifies the mouth and the countenance).

Æm. One man is pleased with one thing, and another with another. But among Diogenes's sayings, which are all excellent ones, none charms me more than the answer he made to one that asked him what was the best way to be revenged on an enemy? Says he, By approving yourself an honest good man. I cannot but admire how so divine a thought could ever come into his mind. And, methinks, the saying of Aristotle is agreeable to St. Paul's notion who, being asked by a certain person, What advantage his philosophy afforded him? answered him, That by reason of it he did those things voluntarily which other persons did by constraint and for fear of the law. For St. Paul teaches that those who are endued with the love of Christ are not under the subjection of the law, in that they do more of their own accord than the law can influence them to do for fear of punishment. *Fr.* Our Saviour, when the Jews murmured against him, because he had communion at the table with publicans and sinners, answered them, The whole have not need of a physician, but those that are sick. That which Phocion in Plutarch wittily answered, when he was reprehended because he had patronised a person infamous and of an ill character, is not very different from this: Why should I not, says he, when no good man stands in need of such a patronage.

Gy. That is a pattern of Christian goodness, and according to the example of God himself, to do good both to good and bad as much as may be, for He causes His sun to shine upon the just and unjust. And perhaps an example of moderation in a king will be more admirable. When Democharés, the nephew of Demosthenes, was sent ambassador to Philip, King of Macedon; and having obtained of him what he desired, being about to have his audience of leave, was courteously asked by the king if there was anything else he requested of him; he answered, Yes, that he would hang himself. This unhandsome answer was an argument of hatred. He to whom this affront was offered was a king, and a worthy one too; but for all that he did not fall into a

passion, but only turning to the ambassador's retinue, said, Do you report this to the people of Athens, and then let them judge which has the greater soul of the two, I who heard this patiently or he who spoke it saucily. Where are now our monarchs who think themselves equal to the gods themselves, and for a single word spoken over a glass of wine will immediately wage war? The thirst of glory is very impetuous, and many are carried away by the violence of it. One of that number put the question to Socrates, Which was the shortest way to get a good reputation? To whom he answered, If you shall behave yourself like such an one as you would be accounted to be.

Ja. In troth, I do not know what could be said more concisely and to the purpose. A good name is not to be obtained by wishing for, but is a concomitant of virtue, as infamy is of improbity. You have been admiring of men; but the Laconian maid charmed me, who being to be sold at a sale, the person who was to buy her came to her and asked her, If I buy you, will you be honest? She answered, Yes, I will, whether you buy me or not; intimating that she retained an affection to honesty, not upon the account of any other person, but was honest of her own inclination, and upon this notion, that virtue was its own reward.

La. A very manly saying, indeed, for a maid! But after all, this, in my opinion, is an example of constancy against fortune flattering to the utmost degree, that when three extraordinary felicities were related to Philip of Macedon on the same day—that he had won the prize in the Olympic Games; that his general, Parmeno, had overcome the Dardans in a battle; and that his wife Olympia was brought to bed of a son,—lifting his hands up to heaven, he prayed that God would be pleased that so mighty a prosperity might be expiated by a small adversity.

Al. Now-a-days there is no prosperity so great, that any one fears the invidiousness of fortune; but is so puffed up if any good luck happens to him, as if Nemesis were either dead, or at least deaf. Well, if you like this dinner, this garden shall entertain you as often as you will, since you have consecrated it with this conversation that is no less pleasant than profitable. *Ba.* In short, Apitius himself could not have furnished a more dainty entertainment; so that if you like what we have brought, you may depend upon our company often, which things, indeed, are not worth your hearing, but are such as came into our minds without any premeditation; but when we have time to think beforehand, we will afford you something more exquisite. *Al.* You shall be so much the more welcome.

THE NOTABLE ART.

Desiderius, Erasmus.

De. How do you succeed in your studies, Erasmus? *Er.* But very slowly; but I should make a better proficiency if I could obtain one thing of you. *De.* You may obtain anything of me, provided it be for your good; do but tell me what it is. *Er.* I believe there is nothing of the most hidden arts but what you are acquainted with.

De. I wish I were. *Er.* I am told there is a certain compendious art that will help a man to accomplish himself with all the liberal sciences by a very little labour. *De.* What is that you talk of? Did you ever see the book? *Er.* I did see it, and that was all, having nobody to instruct me in the use of it. *De.* What was the subject of the book? *Er.* It treated of various forms of dragons, lions, leopards; and various circles, and words written in them, some in Greek, some in Latin, and some in Hebrew, and other barbarous languages. *De.* Pray, in how many days' time did the title-page promise you the knowledge of the arts and sciences? *Er.* In fourteen. *De.* In truth, a very noble promise. But did you ever know anybody that has become learned by that notable art? *Er.* No. *De.* No, nor nobody ever did, or ever will, till we can see an alchemist grow rich. *Er.* Why, is there no such art then? I wish with all my heart there was. *De.* Perhaps you do, because you would not be at the pains which is required to become learned. *Er.* You are right.

De. It seemed meet to the divine being that the common riches, gold, jewels, silver, palaces, and kingdoms, should be bestowed on the slothful and undeserving; but the true riches, and such as are properly our own, must be got by labour. Nor ought we to think that labour troublesome by which so valuable a thing is procured; when we see a great many men run through dreadful dangers, and work their way through unimaginable labours to get temporary things, and such as are really vile too, if compared to learning; and do not always attain what they strive for neither. But, indeed, the pains that studies cost are mingled with a great deal of sweetness, if you make but a little proficiency in them. And again, it is for the most part in your own power to cut off the greatest part of the tiresomeness of attaining them. *Er.* How is that to be done? *De.* In the first place, by bringing your mind to the love of studies; and secondly, to admire them. *Er.* How must that be done?

De. Consider how many learning has enriched, how many it has promoted to the highest honours. Then again, consider with yourself how great the difference is between a man and a beast. *Er.* You give very good advice. *De.* Then you ought to tame and bring your mind to be consistent with itself, and to take pleasure in those things that bring profit rather than pleasure. For those things that are honourable in themselves, although they are something troublesome in the beginning, yet they grow pleasant by use; and by that means you will give the master less trouble, and you will more easily make a progress; according to the saying of Isocrates, which deserves to be written in gold letters on the cover of your book: Ἐάν ἦς φιλομαθὴς ἔσῃ πολυμαθὴς, If thou be desirous to learn, thou shalt learn many things well. *Er.* I am quick enough at apprehension, but I presently forget what I have learned. *De.* Then you tell me your vessel is leaky. *Er.* You are much about the matter; but what remedy is there for it? *De.* Why, you must stop the chinks, that it do not run out. *Er.* What must I stop them with? *De.* Not with moss, nor mortar, but with diligence. He that learns words and does not understand the meaning of them, soon forgets them; for words, as Homer says, have wings and easily fly away, unless they be kept down by the weight of the meaning. Therefore let it be your first care thoroughly

to understand the meaning of them, and then frequently revolve them in your mind and repeat them; and then, as I have said, you ought to break your mind that it may be able to use application as often as is necessary; for that mind that is so wild, that it cannot be brought to this, is not fit for learning. *Er.* I know too well how hard a matter that is.

De. Whosoever has so voluble a mind that it cannot fix itself upon any thought, he neither can attend long on the person teaching, nor fix what he has learned in the memory. An impression may be made even upon lead, because it is fixed; but no impression can be set upon water or quicksilver, because they are fluid. But if you can but bring your mind to this, if you converse constantly with men of learning, whose discourses do daily produce so many things worthy of notice, you may learn a great deal with but little pains. *Er.* That is very right. *De.* For besides the table-talk, their daily conversation after dinner, you hear eight fine sentences collected out of the most approved authors, and after supper as many. Now do but reckon up what a sum this will amount to in a month, and how many more in a year. *Er.* A very large sum, if I could but remember them all. *De.* And then, again, when you hear nothing but true Latin spoken, what hinders you but that you may learn Latin in a very few months, when lads who have no learning do learn the French or Spanish tongue in a very little time? *Er.* I will take your course and try whether I can bring this mind of mine to submit to the yoke of the muses. *De.* I know no other notable art but industry, delight, and assiduity.

THE SERMON.

Hilary and Levinus.

Hi. Good God! what monsters there are in the world! What, men in holy orders to be ashamed of nothing! why certainly they think they are talking to mushrooms, and not to men. *Le.* What is that which Hilary mutters to himself? I fancy he is making verses. *Hi.* What would I give had I but the stopping of that babbler's nasty mouth with a turd? *Le.* I will speak to him. How now? what, Hilary not merry! *Hi.* You are come in very good time, Levinus, for me to discharge myself of this uneasiness too. *Le.* If you discharge your stomach, I had rather you should do it into a bason than upon me. But, prithee, what is the matter, and where have you been? *Hi.* Been! I have been hearing a sermon. *Le.* But what should a poet concern himself with sermons for? *Hi.* I have no aversion to holy duties, but I have happened to drop into this performance, which is to be called so in the sense that Virgil calls avarice so; but it is such sort of Billingsgate parsons as these that are the occasion that I seldom go to church.

Le. But where was this sermon preached? *Hi.* In the cathedral. *Le.* What, in the afternoon? Men commonly take a nap after dinner. *Hi.* I wish all that were hearing that babbler had been asleep, for he was scarce fit to preach to a flock of geese. *Le.* A goose is a noisy creature. But they say St. Francis once preached to a sisterhood of

little birds, who heard him with a great deal of attention. But, prithee tell me do they use to preach on Saturdays? *Hi.* Yes, they do in honour of the Virgin Mary; for Christ's day is on Sunday, and it is meet the mother should be served first. *Le.* What was the text? *Hi.* He went through the song of the Virgin Mary. *Le.* That is a very common argument. *Hi.* The fitter for him that preached upon it, for I believe he never learned any argument but this; as they say, there are some priests who can say no part of the common prayer but the service for the dead. *Le.* Well, then, let him be called the magnificat preacher, or, if you will, the magnificatarian. But what sort of a fellow is he? what habit does he wear? *Hi.* He is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Le. What house did he come out of? *Hi.* The Franciscans. *Le.* How say you, a Franciscan? what, one of that holy order? It may be he is one of those that are called Gaudentes, that wear garments of a brown colour, whole shoes, a white girdle, and make no scruple (I tremble to speak it) to touch money with their bare fingers. *Hi.* Nay, none of them, I will assure you; but of those that call themselves Observants, that wear ash-coloured garments, hempen girdles, cut and slashed shoes, and would rather commit murder than touch money without gloves. *Le.* It is no strange thing for a nettle to grow in a rose-bed; but who brought this fool upon the stage? *Hi.* You would say so the rather if you were but to see the buffoon. He was a swinging great fellow, with a red face, a paunch gut, and a hopper arse. You would take him to be a master of the science, and one that I verily believe drinks more than one pint of wine at a meal. *Le.* But how can one come by so much wine that has no money to buy it? *Hi.* King Ferdinand allows them four pints a day out of his cellar. *Le.* A bounty, indeed, very ill bestowed. But it may be he was a man of learning. *Hi.* Nothing in the world but impudence and noise.

Le. But how came Ferdinand to be so much out of the way as to bestow his bounty upon a blockhead? *Hi.* Why, to tell you in brief, his pious inclination and bounteous disposition led him aside; he was recommended to him, and he was one of them that carried his head upon his right shoulder. *Le.* So Christ hung upon the cross? But was there a great auditory? *Hi.* How could it be otherwise at Augsburg, in the great church there, where there was so great a concourse of sovereign princes, whom the Emperor Charles had drawn together from all parts of Germany, Italy, Spain, and England? And besides, there were a great many men of learning present at the sermon, especially of the courtiers. *Le.* I should wonder if such a swine should produce anything worthy of such an auditory. *Hi.* I will assure you he did produce a great many things worthy of himself. *Le.* What were they, prithee? but first, pray tell me his name. *Hi.* That is not convenient. *Li.* Why so, Hilary? *Hi.* I do not love to gratify such fellows. *Le.* Prithee, hold thy tongue. Is that a gratifying of them to expose them? *He.* It is the greatest gratification in the world to them to become noted, be it by what means it will. *Le.* Well, do but tell me the name; I will not mention it again. *Hi.* He is called Merdardus. *Le.* Merdardus! phoo, I know him very well; he is the very same man that lately at an entertainment called our Erasmus a devil. *Hi.* He did so; but however, he was taken up for

it; for those that were the most favourable to him took it to be the effect of his wine, and looked upon it accordingly. *Le.* But what excuse had he when he was reproved for it? *Hi.* He said he did not speak it seriously. *Le.* Seriously? how should he, when he had neither seriousness nor sense in him?

Hi. But it is, in my opinion, and also of all learned men, an insufferable thing that this nasty fellow should set forth his nasty ware so publicly in so venerable a place, before such an auditory, and in the hearing of so many great princes. *Le.* I am with child to hear what it was he said. *Hi.* He foolishly raved against our Erasmus, saying a great many scurvy things of him, the substance of which was as follows:—There is, says he, in our days a new upstart doctor called Erasmus. My tongue failed me, I would have said Asinus. Then he informed the people what Asinus signified in the German tongue. *Le.* A very comical fancy! *Hi.* Was it so very comical, do you think? I think it was rather very foolish. *Le.* Was it not very comical that such an ass as he should call anybody ass, and much less Erasmus? I am confident had Erasmus been there he would not have forborne laughing. *Hi.* In truth, he resembles an ass as much by his stupidity as he does by the colour of his clothes. *Le.* I believe all Arcadia does not produce an ass that is so much of an ass, or better deserves to be fed with hay than he does. *Hi.* In short, he is Apuleius turned inside out; for Apuleius hid a man under the form of an ass, but this fellow hides an ass under the shape of a man. *Le.* In short, we make so many of these asses pampered with wine and dainties, that it is no wonder if they bite and kick all that come near them.

Hi. This doctor ass, says he, presumes to correct the Magnificat, notwithstanding it is a song of the Holy Spirit's own inditing, pronounced by the mouth of the most holy Virgin herself. *Le.* I know the proverb of the brothers. *Hi.* And then he sets it out in words as though it was the utmost pitch of blasphemy. *Le.* Now my heart aches for fear of the crime committed. *Hi.* Why, he said Erasmus had translated that which the church uses in the litany in these words:—*Quia respexit Dominus humilitatem ancillæ suæ*, thus, *Qui respexit vilitatem ancillæ suæ*—Because the Lord hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaid; he has translated it, The Lord hath regarded the vileness of his handmaid. And that word sounds worse in high Dutch than it does in Latin. *Le.* Who will not own that it were a horrid blasphemy for any one to call the most holy mother of Christ (who was higher in dignity than the angels themselves) a vile handmaid? *Hi.* Why, suppose any one should call the apostles themselves unprofitable servants? *Le.* I would find faggots to burn such a blasphemer. *Hi.* What if any one should say that famous apostle Paul was unworthy the name of an apostle? *Le.* I would have him burned for a heretic. *Hi.* And yet Christ himself, that teacher who cannot be refuted, taught His apostles to speak after this manner:—"When you have done whatsoever is commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants." And St. Paul, not unmindful of this command, says of himself, "I am the least of all the apostles, and not worthy the name of an apostle." *Le.* Ay, but when godly men say such things of themselves, it is their modesty, than which nothing is more well-pleasing to God. But if anybody else should say such things of them,

especially such as are gone to heaven, it would be blasphemy. *Hi.* You have made out the matter finely; then, if Erasmus has said that the adorable Virgin was a vile handmaid of the Lord's, there is nobody but would say this was impiously spoken. But inasmuch as she speaks of herself after that manner, it is for her glory, and furnishes us with an example of modesty; because as whatsoever we are, we are by the grace of God; so the greater any person is, the more humbly he ought to behave himself.

Le. I agree with you so far. But those persons when they say they correct, intend to corrupt or falsify. But then we ought to see whether the word *vilitas* answers to the Greek word that Luke made use of. *Hi.* For that very purpose I made haste from the sermon to consult the text. *Le.* Pray, let me hear what you gathered thence. *Hi.* The words which Luke, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, writ with his holy fingers, are thus, ὅτι ἐπέβλεψεν ἐπὶ τὴν ταπείνωσιν τε δούλους ἀυτοῦ; our Erasmus has translated, *Quia respexit ad humilitatem ancillæ suæ.* He only adds the preposition, which Luke himself did not leave out; which is no inelegant Latin, nor is superfluous as to the sense. Terence in Phormio speaks in the same form, *Respice ad me.* But in the annotations we find Luke rather said, *aspice ad me,* than *respice ad me.* *Le.* Why, then, is there any difference between *respicere* and *aspicere?* *Hi.* Not very much; but there is some. He *respicit,* who, turning his head, looks at those things that are behind him; he *aspicit,* who simply looks upon. As in Terence, Phædra looks upon Thais coming out of doors, saying, *Totus, Parmeno, tremo horreoque postquam aspexi hanc.* But the brother Chærea speaks thus, *Cum huc respicio ad virginem;* for he had turned himself toward the old man, and when he had done, turned his body back again to the maid. But yet sometimes *respicere* is used for to have regard to, or care of anything, either coming on us, or that is present. So the satirist uses it—

Respicere extremæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ.

For death follows us as pressing upon our backs, at which we look back as often as we think of it. And Terence says, *Respice senectutem suam.* Therefore, he that being intent upon anything else, does not take care of his children, is said *non respicere illos;* and on the other hand, he that throwing off other cares, turns his thoughts this way, is very elegantly said *respicere.* But God at one view sees all things past, present, and to come; but yet in the holy scriptures he speaks to us after the manner of men. He is said *aversari* those whom He rejects, *respicere* those whom He bestows His favour upon, after having seemed to neglect them for some time. But Luke had expressed this more fully, if he had said ἀπέβλεψεν; now we read it ἐπέβλεψεν; but read which you will, the sense is much the same. *Le.* But then the preposition repeated seems to be superfluous.

Hi. It is certain the Latins speak in this manner, *Accessit ad me appulit animum ad scribendum.* I do not think the preposition is superfluous in this sentence; for he may be said *respicere* who happens to look back, directing his sight to no particular object; but when it is expressed *respexit ad me,* there is a peculiar favour of the person's being

willing to succour this or that person expressed. So *aspicimus*, things sometimes that come in the way by chance, that we have no certain care of, nay, even those things that we have no mind to see. But whosoever *ad aliquem aspicit*, is in a peculiar manner attent to that which he beholds. And then again, *aspicimus*, we behold many things at once; but not *aspicimus*, we have regard to many things at once. Therefore, the Holy Spirit designing to signify to us a singular favour toward the holy Virgin, thus expresses it by her own mouth, *Quia respexit ad humilitatem ancillæ suæ.* He turns away his eyes from those that are lifted up, and great in their own opinions, and fixes them upon her who is very low in her own eyes. Nor is it to be doubted but there were a great many learned, mighty, rich, and noble persons who hoped for the Messiah to come of their stock; but, God despising them, turned the eyes of His most merciful favour upon a virgin of an obscure character, mean in the world, married to a carpenter, and not enriched with any offspring.

Le. But I hear nothing all this while of *vilitas* (vileness). *Hi.* That was the sycophant's own word, and none of Erasmus's. *Le.* But perhaps he uses the word *vilitas* in the annotations. *Hi.* No; not at all. Indeed, upon the word ταπείνωσιν he very modestly observes thus, *Ut intelligas parvitatem, non animi virtutem; sitque sensus, etsi sim infima ancilla, tamen non est aversatus me Dominus*, that thou mayest understand it of meanness, not of the virtue of the mind; and the meaning must be, although I be a very mean handmaid, yet the Lord hath not disdained me. *Le.* If this is true, and so pious, what is it that these wild asses bray at?

Hi. Why, it is ignorance of the Latin tongue that makes them cause this disturbance. Humility with the ancients, who spoke most correctly, did not signify that virtue of the mind that is opposite to arrogance, and is called modesty, but a meaner sort of condition; in that sense that we call ignoble, poor, private, and despised persons, *humiles*, as if we should say *humi repentes.* And as when speaking to great personages we say, We entreat your highness to do me the favour, so they who, speaking of themselves, would extenuate their own circumstances, use to say, We pray that out of your humanity you would assist our *humilitatem* (low estate). For the emphasis of pronouns primitive carries in it oftentimes a sort of arrogancy; as I say, I will cause. So that the maiden two ways very modestly both extenuates her own condition and extols the munificence of the Divine Being, not being content to style herself a handmaid, but also a *humile* one, one of the meanest circumstances. According to the old proverb, there is difference in servants; so in maid-servants, one is better than another as to the dignity of their office—a waiting-gentlewoman is more honourable than a laundrymaid.

Le. But I wonder that Merdardus should not be acquainted with that form of expression, seeing I myself have often heard the Franciscans thus speaking, *mea parvitas* (my meanness) gives you thanks for this noble entertainment. *Hi.* Some of them would not be out of the way if they said *mea pravitas* (my naughtiness). But because the Greek word ταπεινοφροσύνη seems to express something more than the Latin word *modestia*, Christians have chose rather to use the word *humilitas* (humility) than *modestia* (modesty), that is, they had rather

speak significantly than elegantly; for he is said to be modest that thinks moderately of himself, arrogating nothing to himself more than he deserves. But the commendation of ταπεινοφροσύνη (humility) belongs only to him that ascribes less to himself than he hath.

Le. But then there is danger, while we affect to be modest we happen to be vain. *Hi.* How so? *Le.* Why, if Paul spoke truth in saying, I am not worthy to be called an apostle, and if Mary said truly that she was a mean handmaid, that is, one of the meanest circumstances, then they run the hazard of lying who set them out in so magnificent titles. *Hi.* My good friend, here is no great danger in that, for when we set out good men or women with praises, in that we speak forth the goodness of God to them; but when they debase themselves they have an eye to what their own strength and merits are, if it were not for the grace of God. Nor is it of necessity a lie if any one does not lay claim to what he has; if he speaks as he thinks it can at most be but a mistake; it cannot be called a downright lie, and God is pleased when we are in this error.

Le. Paul, who denies that he was worthy to be called an apostle, in another place speaks very magnificently of himself, recounting his performances: "I have," saith he, "laboured more than all, and those who seem to be something have added nothing to me." Whereas we do not read the holy Virgin said anything of this nature. *Hi.* But Paul calls these performances his infirmities by which the power of God was manifested, and likewise calls the mention of them folly, to which he was compelled by the wickedness of some false apostles, who had rendered it necessary for him to lay claim to his apostolical authority; not that he delighted in human glory, but because it was expedient for the gospel, the dispensation of which was committed to him. The Virgin had not the same reason, she had not the office of preaching the gospel committed to her. Besides, the utmost decency and modesty became her as a woman, as a virgin, and as the mother of Jesus.

Now I come to the original of this error. They that do not understand Latin think humility signifies nothing but a notable modesty, when it is often made use of as to place or condition, and not as to any virtue of the mind; and sometimes it is so applied to the mind as to signify that which is blameworthy. *Le.* What, in the holy scriptures? *Hi.* Yes; here is a place for you in the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians, chap. ii. ver. 18,—"Let no man seduce you in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels." Nor is it in this place ἐν ταπεινώσει, which is the word that is in the Virgin's song, but ἐν ταπεινοφροσύνῃ. The place, I confess, has something of difficulty in it, but I take that to be the genuine sense of it that learned men have accurately given it: Be ye not of so low and abject a mind, as, having once dedicated yourselves to Christ, the only author of salvation, to suffer yourselves to hope for salvation from angels, whom some pretend to have appeared to them. Be ye of so high a mind as that if any angel, who really came from heaven, should preach any other gospel than that which Christ hath delivered, let him be accursed as a wicked angel and an enemy to Christ. Much less is it fit that you should be of such abject minds as to suffer yourselves to be led away from Christ by their feigned apparitions. To hope for salvation from Christ alone

is religion, to expect it from angels or saints is superstition. Paul, therefore, means that it is the part of an abject mind, and not that exalted mind of Christ, to swerve aside to the fictitious apparitions of angels, and it is the part of a mean mind to be led about by everybody's persuasion. Here you see that ταπεινοφροσύνη is used in a bad sense. *Le.* I see it.

Hi. Again, in the same chapter, "After the commandments and doctrines of men, which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship and humility." Here again ταπεινοφροσύνη is used in a bad sense. *Le.* It is plain. *Hi.* Again, in 1 Peter v. it is used for that virtue which is contrary to pride, τὴν ταπεινοφροσύνην ἐγκομβώσασθε, for which we read "be clothed with humility." And again, in Philippians ii., τῇ ταπεινοφροσύνῃ ἀλλήλους ἡγούμενοι ὑπερέχοντας ἑαυτῶν, "In lowliness of mind let every one esteem another better than himself." *Le.* You have made it out that ταπεινοφροσύνη is used both ways, when the Romans use *modestia* only by way of commendation; but can you prove that ταπείνωσις is used for modesty? *Hi.* There is no absurdity in using of it so. There is nothing hinders but that we may attribute submission and lowliness to the mind; but whether or no it be so used in the holy scriptures I cannot tell. *Le.* Consider if St. James uses it in that sense or not, James i. 9, 10, "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low."

Hi. In that place it is ἐν ταπεινώσει, not ταπεινοφροσύνῃ. And if you will needs have it, that here humility is taken for modesty, it follows of consequence that we must take exaltation for pride, and then arises a twofold absurdity. For as he is no modest man that boasts of his modesty and brags of himself, so also he is doubly arrogant that glories in his pride. *Le.* What, then, does the apostle mean? *Hi.* He commands equality among Christians. The poor man is said to be low, in that he is of a meaner fortune; the rich man is said to be high in the eye of the world, because of the splendour of his fortune. This rich man debases himself to the condition of a poor man, and the poor man is raised to be equal with the rich man. They have both of them something to glory in—the one rejoices in his helping the necessity of the poor with his riches; the other glories in the name of Christ, that He has inspired such a spirit into the rich. *Le.* But all this while the rich man enjoys the commendation of his modesty too.

Hi. Perhaps he may, but it does not thence follow that ταπείνωσις signifies modesty. For there are some persons who bestow a great deal upon the poor that they may gain a good name among men. But, indeed, both of them may be modest if they are truly pious: the rich man, when it is not burdensome to him, for Christ's sake, to be made equal with the poor; and the poor man, that he does not become puffed up with the honour conferred upon him, but, giving thanks to Christ, glories in Him. It is beyond dispute that ταπείνωσις is frequently used in the holy scriptures to signify that lowliness of mind or dejection which proceeds from affliction or infirmity. Thus Paul, in Philippians iii., "Who shall change our vile bodies," ταπεινώσεως. In like manner in Psalm ix. 13, "Consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me," ταπείνωσιν. And again, in Psalm i. 28, "This

hath comforted me in mine humility," ἐν ταπεινώσει, that is to say, in affliction. There are a great many texts of the like kind—too many to be mentioned here. Therefore, as τάπεινος may be metaphorically expressed ταπεινοφρόνων, that is, of a modest mind, and not puffed up; so it will be no strange thing for any one to use ταπείνωσις for ταπεινοφροσύνη, if we speak according to the scripture phrase. But as for those who will have it that ταπείνωσις signifies modesty of mind in the song of the Virgin Mary, and at the same time do in like manner interpret what we read, Gen. xxix., "The Lord hath looked upon my affliction," ταπείνωσιν: Leah does not boast of her modesty, but in that, by reason of her deformity, she was less pleasing to her husband, she calls her affliction. After the same manner in Deuteronomy xxvi., "And looked on our affliction, and our labour, and our oppression." Does he not call ταπείνωσιν affliction?

Le. What is in their minds, then who in the song of the Virgin interpret ταπείνωσις modesty of mind? *Hi.* I can give no reason for it, but that our divines neglect the knowledge of language, and the study of the Latin tongue and the ancient fathers, who cannot be thoroughly understood without these helps. And add to this, it is a hard matter to remove prejudice when once it is fixed in the mind. And, besides, you see some persons attribute so much to the maxims of schools, that they will rather reduce the scripture to them, than correct their human notions by it. *Le.* But that is more absurd than what we read of the Lesbian rule? *Hi.* Bede, the monk, no very grave author, whensoever he departs from the received opinions in relation to the word ταπείνωσις makes mention of pride. But Theophylact, a Greek writer, who formed his notions chiefly from the most approved Greek writers, denies that ταπείνωσις is here to be taken for a virtue. But what need is there to have recourse to authority, when the common opinion of men rejects that interpretation?

Hi. You say very well, for inasmuch as modesty is, as it were, the perfection and defendress of all virtues, it would be immodesty in any one to praise himself for it. I will allow that this virtue was most perfect and incomparable in the holy Virgin (I mean Christ excepted); but in this very thing she is the more commendable for modesty, in that she does not praise herself, but acknowledging her own meanness, ascribes the greatness of the mystery to divine mercy. Mary, say they, for her modesty deserved to be the mother of God. I will allow this to be true in a sense; but pray what modesty is it for the Virgin to say this of herself? *Le.* Nay, more than that, the very tenor of the song declares that she speaks of her own unworthiness, and therefore thus begins, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." But she that shall say, I deserve to be the mother of God for my modesty, magnifies herself and not the Lord, and therefore anon she adds, "For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Behold signifies the thing was sudden and unexpected. He does not expect to have the highest of honours that does not judge himself worthy of any honour at all. She does not say, He hath done to me great things because He judged me worthy, but, because He is mighty, and doeth whatsoever He will, and maketh them meet for His favour who are *unworthy.* Nor is that said to be a happiness that is obtained by

merit, for Horace denies that himself was to be called happy in that he was adopted into the number of Mæcenas's friends. *Hi.* Why so? *Le.* Because it was the effect of judgment, and not mere favour. Mæcenas rendered this to him because he adjudged it due to his merit.

Hi. And to the same purpose is that which follows: "For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name." She has said holy instead of glorious. By how much we arrogate to our own merits, by so much we detract from the glory of the divine being. For, as St. Paul says, "His power is made perfect in our weakness." And immediately, in the same verse, "He hath deposed the mighty from their seats, and exalted the men of low degree." Not ταπεινόφρονας, but ταπεινούς—*i.e.*, that He may oppose the despised in the eye of the world to men of power. The sequel explains this verse after the manner of the prophet's speaking, "The hungry hath He filled with good things, but the rich hath He sent empty away." Those who just now were called men of low degree, here are called hungry—that is, poor; those who in one place are called mighty, are here called rich men. In the next verse there is mention made of mercy diffusing itself through all the nations of the world. In the last verse she makes mention of her confidence in God's promises, "As He hath spoken," &c. Throughout the whole song there is a setting forth the glory—that is, the power, the goodness, and truth of God. There is no mention at all made of merits.

Le. But as pride commonly accompanies power and riches, so poverty teaches modesty. *Hi.* I do not deny that it sometimes so falls out; but you may oftentimes see poor men that are very proud. If you deny that, I shall instance to you the many Merdards that there are in the world. But, for once, suppose I allow it, though it is not always so. The question is not here, what sort of person the most holy mother of Christ was, but what she says of herself in this song? *Le.* I admire at the obstinacy of those persons who have been so often refuted and laughed at for their folly, and that they are not brought to a recantation. *Hi.* How often have they been told that declamation is the treating on a fictitious theme wont to be made use of to exercise the faculty of speaking, and yet their sermons are nothing else but declamations? How often have they been told that he is a bachelor that has no wife, though he keeps six hundred concubines? and yet they will have it that celibacy is only continency and chastity. It is the same as to humility, and a great many other things.

Le. Whence proceeds this obstinate stupidity? *Hi.* I answer you, I say it proceeds from the Merdards that are in the world. They never would be at the pains to learn when they were young, nor have they any books nor opportunity to learn; and if they have wherewithal to furnish themselves with learning, they had rather lay it out upon their bellies. They think the sanctity of their garment is enough in conscience to gain them a reputation for piety and learning. And, in the last place, they think it is some part of religion to know as little Latin as St. Francis did himself. *Le.* In truth, I know a great many that are like their patron in that, who say *capero* for *galerus*, and, as I think, *vestimenta* for *vestes*. But St. Francis always refused the honour of a presbyter, and so I think St. Benedict and Dominic did likewise. But now-a-days they, with their *vestimenta* at their arse, will not refuse

a cardinal's hat, if it be offered them. *Hi.* A cardinal's hat, say you? no, nor a triple crown neither. And those humble sons of poor St. Francis will put forth their slippers to be kissed by the greatest monarchs in the world. *Le.* And then if you should use the term *vilitas* to them, it would be an unpardonable crime. *Hi.* Unpardonable, indeed, if by vile you mean that which is of small account among men, or seems contemptible to itself. But what need is there to make an excuse for that which was not said?

Le. But was not Merdardus ashamed to tell that lie, and at church too, and in one of the most famous ones, and in the hearing of a great assembly of monarchs, a great many learned men that had read over Erasmus's writings? *Hi.* Ashamed, say you? no, the buffoon thought he deserved the laurel for it; for this is the fourth vow of the Merdardians, that they observe more religiously than the other three, not to be ashamed of anything. *Le.* There are, indeed, a great many that are very studious of that. *Hi.* But this was not a single lie neither; for, in the first place, the song of Mary as Luke wrote it remains untouched. How can he be said to correct anything that makes no alteration in it? And then the word *humilitas* is not altered, nor is there any mention made of *vilitas*. And, in the last place, he does not correct the song who translates faithfully what Luke wrote, but only explains it. *Le.* I perceive a threefold lie, very like such a buffoon.

Hi. But hold, you have not heard the greatest piece of impudence yet. *Le.* What, have you any more then? *Hi.* He exclaimed against that ass as the head, author, and ringleader of all the tumults that are in the Christian world. *Le.* Say you so? *Hi.* And that it is to be charged upon him that the church is torn in pieces by so many sectaries, that the clergy are despoiled of their tithes, that the bishops are set light by, and the sacred authority of the pope himself is everywhere disregarded; that ploughmen play the part of the old gigantic race. *Le.* Does he say these things publicly? *Hi.* Publicly? ay, and makes a mighty clamouring too. *Le.* But they are quite of another mind that have attentively read over the writings of Erasmus. A great many of them will acknowledge that they have from his performances collected the seeds of true piety. And this fire that has been kindled by the monks is got to that height that all the endeavours they use to put it out are but just as if you should pour oil into a fire. *Hi.* You see what an evil beast the belly is. *Le.* You have hit the nail on the head. It is, indeed, for the interest of such fellows that there be a great deal of superstition in the Christian world, and but a very little true religion. But what said the auditory? could they bear to hear such an ass bray in the pulpit?

Hi. Some wondered what was come to the man. Those that were of a choleric temper went out of the church murmuring, saying, We came to hear the praises of the holy Virgin set forth, and this drunken fellow is vomiting out his mere calumnies upon us. And there were a great many women present. *Le.* This sex used to be mighty admirers of this order of men. *Hi.* You say right; but the women perceived what sort of a fellow he was. And some that were women of reading were uneasy, and some hissed him. *Le.* But an ass does not mind hissing; such a railing fellow ought to have been pelted out of his pulpit with rotten eggs and brickbats. *Hi.* There were some that

thought he deserved it, and would have done it had it not been for respect to the place. *Le.* The reverence of a place ought not to protect such as profane it by their impiety. As he that within the verge of the court murders a man, it is not meet the church should be a sanctuary to him; so in like manner, he that in sacred discourses abuses not only people's patience but also the sanctity of the place, ought not to be screened by the place that he has by his temerity profaned. He was commended by the ancients that would not permit any person to be consul who had not been a senator; so it is not meet that he should be a clergyman that knows not how to preach a sermon.

Hi. Folks are afraid of the bishops' thunderbolts, *si quis instigante diabolo*, &c. You know the law. *Le.* The bishops ought rather to level their thunderbolts at such railers. *Hi.* They themselves are afraid of these fellows. *Le.* Who are they afraid of? *Hi.* Why, of these bawling fellows. *Le.* Why so? *Hi.* Because they are bawling fellows. *Le.* The apostles were not afraid of the menaces of kings and rulers, and are they afraid of a single beggar? *Hi.* For that very reason they are the more to be feared, because they are beggars; they have nothing to lose, but they have tongues to hurt. Go but to a wasp's or hornet's nest, and do but touch one of them with your finger, and if you come off well come to me again, and then call the bishops drones that are afraid of irritating one of these beggars. Do not the most powerful monarchs of the Christian world revere the pope, nay, and perhaps are afraid of him too? *Le.* That is no wonder, inasmuch as he is the vicar of Christ. *Hi.* Well; but it is reported of pope Alexander VI., who was no fool, nor blockhead neither, that he used to say he had rather offend one of the greatest monarchs than the least brother of the order of Mendicants.

Le. Well, let us not meddle with popes. But when the princes that were at Augsburg heard it, did they not punish him for it? *Hi.* They were all highly provoked at him, but especially King Ferdinand and his sister Mary, the ornament of her sex in this age, and Bernard, Cardinal of Trent, and Balthasar, Bishop of Constance; and this preacher was severely chid, but by nobody more severely than by John Faber, Bishop of Vienna. *Le.* What signifies chiding? an ass minds nothing but a cudgel. *Hi.* Especially if you give him belly-timber. But what should princes trouble their heads about such a silly fellow as he for? they had things of far greater consequence to mind. *Le.* They should at least have silenced him from preaching, and taken away his pension. *Hi.* But the cunning rogue put off the spitting his venom till just at the breaking up of the diet, and they were just going away. *Le.* They say the devil goes away so, leaving a stink behind him. *Hi.* He was dismissed by King Ferdinand, but was in very good case as to his corpus, for the chiding he met with did not make him abate of his flesh. It is reported of St. Francis that he preached a sermon to his sisters the birds, but he seems only fit to preach to his brethren the asses and hogs.

Le. But whither went he when he had done? *Hi.* Whither should he go but to his cell, where he was received with applause by his comrades for having acted his part so bravely and successfully; and when they got over their cups, instead of *Io triumphe*, they sung *Te Deum*. *Le.* This Merdardus deserves to wear his rope about his

neck rather than his waist. But what can we wish bad enough to that foolish society that maintains such cattle as this is? *Hi.* You can scarce think of anything to wish them worse than what they bring upon themselves, for by such doings as these especially, they make themselves odious to all good men, and bring themselves into contempt more effectually than an enemy can do. But it is not a Christian spirit to wish ill to any one; but we ought rather to wish that the most merciful Creator and Reformer of all things—who made Nebuchadnezzar an ox of a man, and again turned him from an ox to a man, and gave the tongue of a man to Balaam's ass—would amend all who are like this Merdardus, and give them understanding and utterance becoming men that profess the gospel.

THE LOVER OF GLORY.

Philodoxus, Symbulus.

Ph. I promise myself happiness that I have met with you, Symbulus. *Sy.* I wish, Philodoxus, it were in my power to make you happy in anything. *Ph.* What can be more felicitous than for God to meet a man? *Sy.* Indeed, I should account that much more lucky than the flight of a thousand night-owls; but what god is it you mean? *Ph.* Why, it is yourself I mean, Symbulus. *Sy.* What, me! *Ph.* Even yourself. *Sy.* I always thought that those gods that did their business backwards were not worth a straw. *Ph.* If the proverb be true, That he is a god that helps a man, then you are a god to me. *Sy.* I leave the proverb to be made out by other people; but as for me, I would do any service I can to my friend with all my heart. *Ph.* Well, Symbulus, don't be in pain, I am not about to borrow any money of you: counsel is a sacred thing, only give me your assistance with that. *Sy.* That is only demanding what is your own, since this office ought to be mutual among friends, as indeed should everything else. But what is it you want my counsel in?

Ph. I am weary of living in obscurity, I have a great mind to become famous; prithee, tell me how I may become so. *Sy.* Oh, here is a short way for you—imitate Erostratus, who set Diana's temple on fire; or Zoilus, who carped at Homer; or do some memorable villainy or other, and then you will be as famous as Cecrops or Nero. *Ph.* They that like it may get themselves a name by impiety; I am ambitious of a good name. *Sy.* Then, be such a one in fact as you would be in name. *Ph.* But a great many persons have been virtuous that were never famous. *Sy.* I question that; but, however, if it be as you say, virtue is a sufficient reward to itself. *Ph.* You speak very true, and much like a philosopher. But for all that, as times go, in my opinion glory is the chief reward belonging to virtue, which delights to be known as the sun does to shine; for this very reason, that it may benefit a great many and draw them to an imitation of itself. And then, lastly, I do not see how parents can leave a fairer fortune to their children than the immortal memory of a good name.

Sy. Then, as I understand you, you would have glory got by virtue. *Ph.* That is the very thing. *Sy.* Then set before you for

imitation the men that have been celebrated by the pens of all men, such as Aristides, Phocion, Socrates, Epaminondas, Scipio Africanus, Cato Senior, and Cato of Utica, and Marcus Brutus, and the like, who both by war and peace studied to deserve as well as possible of the commonwealth. This is the fertile field of glory. *Ph.* But among those famous men, Aristides suffered banishment for ten years, Phocion and Socrates drank poison, Epaminondas was accused of treason, and so was Scipio; Cato the Elder being accused was obliged to plead forty times in his own defence; Cato of Utica killed himself, and so did Brutus. But I would have glory without envy. *Sy.* Ay, but that is more than Jupiter granted even to Hercules himself; for after he had tamed so many monsters, last of all he had Hydra to engage with, and that was the longest engagement of them all. *Ph.* I would neither envy Hercules the glories of his labours; I only account them happy men that obtain a good name not sullied with envy.

Sy. I perceive you would have a pleasant life, and for that reason are afraid of envy; nor are you in the wrong, for that is one of the worst of monsters. *Ph.* It is so. *Sy.* Then live a private life. *Ph.* But that is to be dead, and not to live. *Sy.* I understand what you would be at; you would walk in the sun and have no shadow. *Ph.* That is impossible. *Sy.* And so it is equally impossible to obtain glory and be free from envy; glory accompanies well-doing, and so does envy glory. *Ph.* But the old comedian tells us that glory may be without envy, saying, *Ita ut facillime sine invidia laudem invenias et amicos pares.* *Sy.* If you will be content with that praise which young Pamphilus gained by obsequiousness and agreeableness of humour, you may from the same place fetch the method of obtaining what you desire so earnestly. Remember in everything, *ne quid nimis* [not to overdo anything] but yet *mediocriter omnia* [all things with moderation]; be easy in bearing with the manners of other persons, taking no notice of small faults; and do not be obstinate and tenacious of your own opinion, but be conformable to the tempers of others; do not contradict any one, but be obliging to all.

Ph. Many persons have a mighty affection for youth, and so it is no hard matter to obtain such praise as that. That which I would have is a certain gloriousness of name that should ring all the world over, that should increase in illustriousness as I do in age, and be most renowned after my death. *Sy.* I commend the greatness of your mind, Philodoxus; but if you are ambitious of a glory that proceeds from virtue, it is the chiefest virtue to be regardless of glory, and the highest commendation not to aspire after praise, which follows them most that endeavour to shun it. Therefore you ought to take care, lest the more strenuously you pursue it, the more you be frustrated of it. *Ph.* I am not an insensible Stoic; I am subject to human affections. *Sy.* If you acknowledge yourself to be a man, and do not refuse to submit to those things that are human, why do you pursue those things which are denied even to God himself? for you know that saying of Theocritus, that was as truly as it was wittily said, *Jovem nec pluvium, nec serenum, placere omnibus*, that Jupiter does not please all men, either when he sends rain or fair weather.

Ph. Perhaps there is no fire but there is some smoke; but yet there are some things that are without smoke. Although it be impossible for

a man to obtain a glory that shall not be obscured with some cloud or other of ill-will, yet I believe there are some methods to be taken that there shall be but very little of enmity mixed with it. *Sy.* Shall I tell you what those methods are? *Ph.* I should be very glad to know them. *Sy.* Shew your virtue but sparingly, and you shall be the less troubled with envy. *Ph.* But glory is no glory unless it be notable. *Sy.* Well, I will tell you a sure way, do some noble exploit and die, and then you shall be renowned without envy, as the Codri, the Iphigenii, the Decii, and Curtii were.

Pascitur in vivis livor, post fata quiescit.

"Envy is maintained among the living, but ceases after death."

Ph. Indeed, to confess ingenuously, I would leave the inheritance of a good name to my children and grandchildren, but I would have some enjoyment of it myself while I am alive. *Sy.* Well, come, I will not keep you any longer in suspense. The surest way to obtain an illustrious name is to deserve well, as well in a private capacity of every particular person as in a public capacity of the whole community, and that is to be done partly by good offices and partly by bounty. But bounty is so to be moderated as not to be obliged to take away forcibly from one what you bestow upon another; for from such bounty as this there arises more ill-will from the good than good-will from the bad. And besides, to be commended by the bad is rather an infamy than a reputation. Moreover, the fountain of bounty will be drawn dry by frequent donations; but that bounty that consists in good offices has no bottom; the more it is drawn the more it springs. But there are a great many things that mitigate envy and illustrate glory, which nobody can give to himself, but they happen purely from the bounty of God himself.

Gratior est pulchro veniens è corpore virtus.

"That virtue is the more lovely that comes from a beautiful body."

But no man can bestow upon himself comeliness of person. Nobility carries along with it much of dignity, but this is the gift of fortune. The same opinion we ought to have of riches, which, being justly got by grandfathers or great-grandfathers, descend to us by inheritance. Nor can any one bestow this upon himself. Of the same kind are quickness of wit, a grace in speaking, pleasantness and courteousness—that is not acquired, but inbred; and in the last place, a certain internal beauty and felicity, the effect of which we see daily in a great many, but can give no reason of it; so that we often see the same things to be said and done by different persons, and he that acted and said the worst obtained favour, when he who did and said best, instead of thanks gained ill-will. The ancients, indeed, ascribed this effect to men's genius; for they said that every one was fortunate in that which he was born to; and, on the other hand, whatsoever any one attempted against the grain, and the consent of his genius, would never succeed. *Ph.* Then, here is no room for advice in this case.

Sy. Very little. But yet persons of penetration do discover in children and youth some secret marks by which they can conjecture what studies, what sort of life, and what actions they are fitted for. So

also as to those things that are good, there is a certain secret instinct of nature in us, that we have an aversion for some things without any apparent cause, and are carried on with a wonderful propensity to others. Hence it is that one is an expert soldier, another a good politician, and another you would say was born to be a student. And in these things too there is an admirable variety as great as is the diversity of employments. Nature has framed one for a general, another for a good common soldier; and where nature has been most bountiful, there the same person may be fit to command or obey, as Homer says. So likewise in civil affairs, one is a good counsellor, another a good barrister, another is made for an ambassador, and performs that office with great success. What need is there to mention the variety of inclinations? There are some who are so strongly inclined to a monastic life, and yet not every one neither, but to this or that particular order, that they take no pleasure of their lives if they do not attain it; when, on the other hand, others have so strong an aversion for that sort of life, that they had rather die than be made monks. Nor is this because they hate that way of living, or can give any reason for it but by some secret instinct in nature. *Ph.* As you say, I have often found many such instances, and have admired at them.

Sy. In these gifts that nature liberally bestows upon us, a person shall be much less liable to envy, if a man be not proud and ostentatious. Beauty, nobility, wealth, eloquence appear the most lovely in those persons that seem not to know they are endowed with them. Courtesy and modesty do no way lessen these advantages; but as they add a grace to them, so they drive away envy. And this courtesy and sweetness of temper ought to go along with all the actions of our lives, unless it be contrary to our nature; for in my opinion, Xenocrates would have attempted in vain that which Socrates and Diogenes succeeded in; Cato the Censor would in vain have endeavoured after that which gained Laelius so much good will. Yet Demea in Terence being altered so on a sudden, is a sufficient instance of what efficacy it is in gaining good will to suit ourselves with persons' inclinations and humours; but as often as men deviate from right, they degenerate from true glory to the temporary favour of man; but that glory only is lasting which is founded upon honesty, and comes from the judgment of reason. For the affections make their temporary efforts, and when they have once spent themselves, we begin to hate what before we loved vehemently, and hiss what before we clapped, and condemn what before we commended. But though the disposition cannot be wholly altered, yet it may in part be corrected. *Ph.* I want to hear what you aim at.

Sy. He that is of a complaisant temper ought to be careful lest, while he labours to ingratiate himself with all persons, he deviates from honesty; and lest, while he endeavours to accommodate himself to all company, he changes his shape so often that none can tell what to make of him. *Ph.* I know a great many such slippery blades, at whose vanity one cannot forbear blushing. *Sy.* But then, again, they who are of a rugged temper ought to endeavour so to affect courtesy as that what they do may not seem to be counterfeit; or by ever and anon falling into their natural propensity, instead of commendation get a double disgrace, first for acting rigidly, and then for being inconsistent

with themselves. For constancy has so great an efficacy that they who are naturally of a bad temper are the easier borne with for this reason, because they always act like themselves; for as soon as the disguise is seen through, even things that have been well acted become displeasing. And besides, that which is done under a colour cannot be kept always concealed; it will come out one time or other, and whenever it does, all the gay appearance drops off and becomes a mere jest.

Ph. If I take in your intention, you would have one depart as little as may be from nature, but not at all from integrity (that which is honest is honourable). *Sy.* You are right; and besides, you know very well that whatsoever grows famous on a sudden lies exposed to envy. And thence comes the odious name of an upstart, called by the Greeks νεοπλούτος; and by the Romans, *novus homo;* and by both *terræ filii* [sons of the earth] and *cœlo delapsi* [dropped out of the clouds]. But that reputation that springs up gently, and grows gradually, as on the one side it is less liable to envy, so on the other it is commonly more durable; as the witty poet Horace intimates, saying, *Crescit occulto velut arbor evo fama Marcelli* (Marcellus's fame grows insensibly like a tree). So that if you would obtain glory that is true, lasting, and as little as may be obnoxious to envy, mind what Socrates says, that it often happens that they who make the most haste at first setting out come latest to their journey's end.

Ph. But the life of man is very short. *Sy.* For that reason we should use expedition towards good deeds, and not glory; and that will follow necessarily of its own accord. For I suppose what you inquire after is not how you may live long, for that is in the breasts of the destinies, who draw out and cut off the thread of life at their pleasure. *Ph.* I wish you could do that too. *Sy.* O Philodoxus! God has never been so bountiful as to give all to one man: what one wants in years is often made up in honour. There are, indeed, some, but those very few, to whom he is so bountiful that while they are alive and as it were in being, they enjoy the fruits of posterity; though they are but few that the just God loves. Perhaps some of a divine descent have attained this; but this felicity does not fall under our consideration.

Ph. I have often admired whether it is by the malignity of nature or fortune, that no conveniencies happen to mankind without being alloyed with some inconvenience. *Sy.* My friend, what then have we to do but, as we are of human race, to endeavour to bear our human condition with a contented mind? And it will not a little conduce to moderate envy, if you do but look thoroughly into the dispositions of nations, of bodies of men, and single persons; as they do who make it their business to tame and feed beasts; for such persons make it their chief study to find out by what things the animal is made fierce or becomes tame. I do not at present speak of the difference between a bird and a four-footed beast, between a serpent and a fish, or between the eagle and the vulture, between the elephant and the horse, between the dolphin and the porpoise, between a viper and an asp; but of the innumerable variety that is between all kinds of animals. *Ph.* I would fain hear what you drive at. *Sy.* All dogs are contained under one species, but this species is diversified into innumerable forms, so that you would say they were so many distinct genera, rather than one species: for in the same species, what a great variety is there of

manners and tempers? *Ph.* A very great one indeed! *Sy.* That which is said of dogs you may understand of all other living creatures; but it is not visible in any other creature so much as in horses. *Ph.* 'Tis true, but what do yo mean by all this?

Sy. Whatsoever variety there is in the different kinds or forms of living creatures or in individuals, suppose the same to be in man. Among them you will find wolves of various kinds, dogs in an unspeakable variety, elephants, camels, asses, lions, sheep, vipers, apes, dragons, eagles, vultures, ostriches, swallows, and what not. *Ph.* But what of all that? *Sy.* There is no living creature so fierce but, being managed by art, it may be made useful, or at least not hurtful. *Ph.* I cannot for my life see what you drive at. *Sy.* There is a difference between a Spaniard, an Italian, a German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. *Ph.* There is so. *Sy.* Besides, there is in every single man of these several nations a certain temper peculiar to himself. *Ph.* I confess it. *Sy.* If you shall nicely observe this variety, and accommodate yourself to each of their manners, you will easily bring it about that they will either all be your friends, or at least that none of them will be your enemies. *Ph.* What, would you have me to be a Polypus? Where is honesty and sincerity in the meantime?

Sy. There is in all common affairs a certain obsequiousness that does in nowise entrench upon honesty; as, for instance, in Italy men kiss one another, which would be looked upon very absurd to do in Germany; but instead of that, they give you their right hand. Again, in England it is the custom for men to kiss the women, even at church; but if you should do this in Italy, it would be accounted a high crime. Again, it is accounted a piece of civility to give the cup to one that comes in when you are at dinner; but in France it is looked upon as an affront. In these and the like cases persons may be complaisant without any detriment to honesty. *Ph.* But it is a very hard matter to be acquainted with the manners and tempers of every man of all nations. *Sy.* It is true, Philodoxus; but if you would obtain a considerable reputation, and that by virtue, you must of necessity exercise no common virtue. You know virtue is conversant in difficulties, as old Hesiod taught before the peripatetics; and therefore, if you have a mind to eat honey, you must be content to bear with the trouble of bees.

Ph. I know that, and remember it very well; but that we are in quest of is, how to moderate envy. *Sy.* Then do you endeavour that in the camp you rather choose to be a common soldier than a general, and in such a war as is against enemies who are foreigners rather than your fellow-citizens and countrymen. In government rather choose those offices which are popular and ingratiating, as to defend is more popular than to accuse, to honour than to punish. But if any case happen, as it sometimes necessarily will, that is troublesome in its nature, if you cannot avoid acting in it, make it as easy as you can by moderation. *Ph.* How must that be done? *Sy.* Suppose you are a judge or an arbitrator, you must bear something hard upon one party or another; but be sure to manage the matter with so much equity that, if it be possible, he that you give the cause against may give you thanks.

Ph. How must that be managed? *Sy.* Suppose the action be to be

laid for theft or sacrilege; if it be in your power mitigate it, and let it be laid for a trespass, and by this means you may ease the defendant and do no injury to the plaintiff. In short, moderate every cause so that without injuring the plaintiff you may seem to act justly to the defendant; and lastly, make the condemned person's sentence as easy as may be. And all the while take care to avoid surly looks, or sour or morose words, for they often are the cause that some persons will owe you more ill-will for doing them a courtesy than others shall for denying them one. Sometimes you ought to admonish a friend; but if there are no hopes of his being the better by it, it is better to be silent. If it be a weighty case, and there be any hope of doing good, then it is of great moment what the admonition is; for it often falls out that admonition, being either unhandsome or unseasonable, exasperates the disease, and makes a friend an enemy. But this dexterity is most necessary if you admonish a prince, for sometimes it falls out that their humours must be contradicted; and if it be done pleasantly and wittily, afterwards they that contradicted have greater thanks given them than they that soothed them. For that which is grateful to the passion is of short continuance, but what is done with reason is approved always; for the far greater part of ill-will arises from the unruliness of the tongue. How much mischief does sometimes a single word bring upon some persons? how many has an ill-timed jest brought to ruin? Therefore, when you commend any person, let it be those that are worthy and sparingly; but be more sparing in reflecting on any one, if you do reflect at all. And then, again, you must avoid talkativeness, for it is a very hard matter to talk much, and to the purpose.

Ph. I agree to all these things; but, in my opinion, the chief way of making one's name famous is to write books. *Sy.* You say very right; it is, were it not that there are so many authors. But if you are for doing it that way, take care you write with a great deal of exactness rather than much; and, in the first place, choose some argument that is not common, that has been touched on but by very few, and such a one that is not of an invidious nature; and bestow upon it all the curious observations that you have been collecting for many years, and then treat on it in such a manner that may be both profitable and pleasant. *Ph.* You give me very prudent advice, and such as would be to my satisfaction, if you went one step farther, and told me how I might attain this glory quickly too; for I see a great many that do not grow famous till they are going out of the world, and others not till they are gone out of it. *Sy.* As to that I have no better advice to give you than that which the fiddler gave his fellow, See that you approve yourself to those that have already attained such a glory as has repelled envy. Let yourself into the familiarity of such persons whose good word will gain you esteem with the populace.

Ph. But if, notwithstanding all this, I be attacked with envy, what remedy do you prescribe? *Sy.* Then do as they do who boil pitch: if it catch fire they pour water upon it, and then it will rage and crackle more if you do not keep on doing so. *Ph.* What sort of riddle is that? *Sy.* When you perceive envy arising, rather overcome it by benefits than revenge. Hercules was never the better for cutting off the hydra's heads; it was by the Greek fire that he overcame the destroying monster. *Ph.* But what is that you call the Greek fire?

Sy. That which burns in the middle of the water. He applies that who, being provoked by the injuries of ill men, nevertheless does not give over doing good to all that deserve it. *Ph.* What is that you mean? Is beneficence sometimes water and sometimes fire? *Sy.* Why not! when Christ by way of allegory is sometimes a sun, sometimes a fire, sometimes a stone. I said so for the purpose; if you know anything better, make use of it, and do not follow my advice.

THE RICH MISER.

James and Gilbert.

Ja. How comes it about that you are so lean and meagre? You look as if you had lived upon dew with the grasshopper; you seem to be nothing but a mere skeleton. *Gi.* In the regions below the ghosts feed upon leeks and mallows; but I have been these ten months where I could not come at so much as them. *Ja.* Where is that, prithee? What, have you been in the galleys? *Gi.* No, I have been at Synodium. *Ja.* What, starved to death almost in so plentiful a country? *Gi.* It is true as I tell you. *Ja.* What was the occasion of it? what, had you no money? *Gi.* I neither wanted money nor friends. *Ja.* What the mischief was the matter then? *Gi.* Why, you must know I boarded with Antronius. *Ja.* What, with that rich old cuff? *Gi.* Yes, with that sordid hunks. *Ja.* It is very strange, methinks. *Gi.* Not strange at all; for by this sordid way of living they that have little or nothing to begin the world with scrape together so much wealth. *Ja.* But how came you to take a fancy to live so many months with such a landlord? *Gi.* There was a certain affair that obliged me to it, and I had a fancy so to do likewise. *Ja.* But, prithee, tell me after what manner he lives.

Gi. I will tell you, since it is a pleasure to recount the hardships one has sustained. *Ja.* It will certainly be a pleasure to me to hear it. *Gi.* Providence so ordered it that the wind sat full north for three months together, only it did not blow from the same point above eight days together; but I cannot tell the reason of it. *Ja.* How then could it blow north for three months together? *Gi.* Why, upon the eighth day, as if by agreement, it shifted its station; where, after it had continued some seven or eight hours, then it veered to the old point again. *Ja.* In such a place as that your callico body had need have a good fire to keep it warm. *Gi.* We had had fire enough if we had but had wood enough. But our landlord Antronius, to save charges, used to grub up old stumps of trees in the common, that nobody thought worth while to get but himself, and would get them by night. And of these, green as they were, our fire was commonly made, which used to smoke plentifully, but would not flame out; so that though it did not warm us at all, yet we could not say there was no fire. One of these fires would last us a whole day, they burnt so deliberately.

Ja. This was a bad place for a man to pass the winter in. *Gi.* It was so; but it was a great deal worse to pass a summer in. *Ja.* Why so? *Gi.* Because there was such a multitude of fleas and bugs

that there was no being quiet in the day-time, nor sleeping in the night. *Ja.* What a wretched wealth was here? *Gi.* Few were wealthier in this sort of cattle. *Ja.* Sure your women were lazy sluts. *Gi.* They were mewed up in an apartment by themselves, and seldom came among the men; so that you have nothing of them but the name of women; and the men are forced to go without those services which properly belong to that sex in other families. *Ja.* But how could Antronius away with all this nastiness? *Gi.* Pshaw, he was used to it from his cradle, and minded nothing in the world but getting of money. He loved to be anywhere but at home, and traded in everything you can think of. You know that city is a great town of the greatest commerce and business. What is his name, the famous painter, who thought that day was lost wherein he did not employ his pencil; and our Antronius looked upon himself undone if one single day passed over his head without some profit. And if such a disaster happened to him, he did not fail one way or other to make it up at home.

Ja. What did he do? *Gi.* Why, he had a cistern of water in the house, as most people in that city have, whence he used to draw so many buckets of water, and put into his hogsheads of wine. This was a most certain profit. *Ja.* I suppose the wine was something of the strongest then? *Gi.* Far from that, for it was as dead as ditch water; for he never bought any but what was decayed to his hand, that he might buy it at an easier rate. And that he might not lose a drop of this, he used to mix and jumble the grounds of at least ten years standing, and set them a fermenting, that it might pass for new wine upon the lees, and would not lose a drop of the dregs neither. *Ja.* If we may believe the physicians, such wine will certainly breed the stone. *Gi.* There were no doctors there, I will assure you; and in the most healthful years two or three at least of the family died of that distemper; but he never troubled his head about that, how many burials went out of the house. *Ja.* No! *Gi.* He made a penny even of the dead. And there was no gain he was ashamed to take, though it was never so small. *Ja.* Under your favour, that was downright theft though. *Gi.* Your merchants term it turning an honest penny.

Ja. But what sort of liquor did Antronius drink all the while? *Gi.* Almost the very same nectar that I told you of. *Ja.* Did he find no harm by it? *Gi.* He was as hard as a flint, he could have lived upon chopped hay; and, as I told you before, he had been used to fare hard from his infancy. And he looked upon this dashing and brewing to be a certain profit to him. *Ja.* How so, I beseech you? *Gi.* If you reckon his wife, his sons, his daughters, his son-in-law, his men-servants, and his maid-servants, he had about thirty-three mouths in the family to feed. Now the more he corrected his wine with water the less of it was drunk, and the longer it was drawing off; so then if you compute a large bucket of water thrown in every day it will amount to no small sum, let me tell you, at the year's end. *Ja.* A sordid fellow! *Gi.* This was not all, he made the same advantage of his bread too. *Ja.* How could he do that? *Gi.* He bought musty wheat, such as nobody else would buy but himself. Now, in the first place, here was a present gain, because he bought it so much cheaper, and then he had an art to cure the mustiness. *Ja.* But, prithee, how did he do that?

Gi. There is a sort of chalk, not altogether unlike to corn, which you may see horses are delighted with when they gnaw it out of the walls, and drink more freely out of that pond-water where this chalk is to be found. He mixed one-third part at least of this earth with his bread. *Ja.* And do you call this curing of it?

Gi. This is certain, that it made the mustiness of the corn be not altogether so perceivable; and now, was not this a considerable profit? He had another stratagem besides that, for he baked his own bread at home, which, in the very midst of summer, he never did oftener than twice in a month. *Ja.* Sure it must be more like stones than bread for hardness. *Gi.* Nay, harder than a stone, if possible; but we had a remedy for that too. *Ja.* What was that? *Gi.* We used to soak slices of this bread in bowls of wine. *Ja.* The devil a barrel the better herring. But how did the servants like this treatment? *Gi.* I will first tell you how the top folks of the family were served, and then you may easily guess how the servants fared. *Ja.* I long to hear it. *Gi.* There was not a word to be mentioned about breakfast, and as for dinner that was generally deferred till one o'clock in the afternoon. *Ja.* Why so? *Gi.* We waited for the master of the family's coming home, and then we seldom went to supper before ten.

Ja. But how did you bear it? you used to be very impatient for your victuals. *Gi.* I called ever and anon upon Orthrogonus, our landlord's son-in-law, who lay upon the same floor with myself: Soho, monsieur, said I, do you make no dining to-day at Synodium? He answered, Antronius will be here in a minute. Then finding not the least motion towards dinner, and my guts very mutinous, Hark you, Orthrogonus, said I, do you design to starve us to-day! Then he would persuade me it was not so late, or put me off with some such pretence. Then, not being able to bear the bawling my bowels made, I interrupted him again: What, do you mean, said I, to starve us to death? When he found he had no more excuses to make, he went down to the servants and ordered them to lay the cloth. But at last, when no Antronius came, and dinner seemed to be as far off as ever, Orthrogonus, wearied with the noise I made in his ears, went to the apartment where his wife, and mother, and children were, bidding them get dinner ready.

Ja. Well, now I expect to hear of the dinner. *Gi.* Pray do not be so hasty. Then there came a lame fellow, just such another as Vulcan, who laid the cloth, for that it seems was his province; this was the first hope we had of dinner; and at last, after I had bawled a long time, a glass bottle of fair water is brought in. *Ja.* Well, now there is more hope. *Gi.* But I tell you, do not be too hasty. Again, not without a great deal of knocking and calling, in comes a bottle of the wine I spoke of, as thick with dregs as puddle-water. *Ja.* That is well, however. *Gi.* But not a bit of bread came along with it, though there was no great danger we should touch it, for scarce anybody would had they been ever so hungry. Then I fell to calling till I was hoarse again; and at last the bread comes, but such as a bear could scarce bite of. *Ja.* Well, now there was no danger of starving.

Gi. Late in the afternoon home comes Antronius, and generally with this unlucky pretence, that his belly ached. *Ja.* But what was that to you? *Gi.* This much, that we were to go supperless to bed, for

what could you expect when the master of the house is out of order? *Ja.* But was he sick in good earnest? *Gi.* So sick that he would have devoured your three capons to his own share, if you would have treated him. *Ja.* I am impatient to hear your bill of fare. *Gi.* First of all there is a plateful of grey peas brought in, such as old women cry about the streets, and this was for our landlord's own eating; he pretended that this was his remedy against all diseases. *Ja.* How many guests were there of you at table? *Gi.* Sometimes eight or nine; among whom was one Verpius, a learned gentleman, to whose character I suppose you are no stranger, and our landlord's eldest son. *Ja.* What was their mess? *Gi.* Why, the same that Melchisedek offered to Abraham, after he had conquered the five kings; and was not that enough for any reasonable man?

Ja. But was there no meat? *Gi.* There was meat, but there was but a very little of it. *Ja.* What was it? *Gi.* I remember we were once nine of us at table, when there were no more than seven small lettuce leaves swimming in vinegar, but not a drop of oil to make them slip down. *Ja.* But did your landlord eat all his grey peas himself? *Gi.* You must know there was scarce a farthingworth of them; however, he did not absolutely forbid those that sat next him to taste them, but it looked uncivil to rob a sick man of his victuals. *Ja.* But were not your lettuce leaves split to make the greater show? *Gi.* Why, truly, they were not; but when those that sat at the upper end of the table had eaten up the leaves, the rest sopped their bread in the vinegar. *Ja.* But what, I pray, came after these lettuce leaves? *Gi.* What! what should come but cheese, the last dish at dinner?

Ja. But was this your daily fare? *Gi.* Generally speaking, it was; but now and then, if the old gentleman had the good luck to get money in the way of trade that day, he would be a little more generous. *Ja.* How did you fare then? *Gi.* Why, then he would send out to buy a pennyworth of fresh grapes, at nine bunches a penny; this made the whole family sing O be joyful. *Ja.* Why not? *Gi.* But then you must understand too, that this was never but when grapes were dog-cheap. *Ja.* What, then, did he never launch out but in autumn? *Gi.* Yes, he will thus launch out at some other times too; for you must know that there are fellows that catch a small sort of shell-fish most commonly on the shores, and cry them about the streets, and he would now and then buy an halfpennyworth of these; then you would swear there had been a wedding-dinner in the family. There was a fire made in the kitchen, though not very much of it neither, for these do not ask much boiling; and these dainties come always after the cheese instead of a dessert. *Ja.* A very fine dessert, indeed! But do you never use to have any flesh or fish?

Gi. At last the old gentleman being overcome by my clamouring, began to live a little more nobly; and whenever he had a mind to shew his generosity in good earnest, this was our bill of fare. *Ja.* I long to hear what that is. *Gi.* Imprimis, we had a dish of soup which they call a service, but I do not know why. *Ja.* A very rich one, I suppose. *Gi.* Very high seasoned with the following spices:— They took you a large kettle of water, and set it over the fire; into this they fling a good quantity of skimmed-milk cheese, grown as hard as a brickbat, that you can scarce cut it with a hatchet; and

when these fragments of cheese grow a little softer by soaking and seething, they alter the property of the liquor that it is not then fair water. Now this soup is served in as a preparative for the stomach. *Ja.* This was a soup for sows. *Gi.* And the next course is a piece of stale tripe that has been boiled a fortnight. *Ja.* Why, then, it must needs stink. *Gi.* It does stink, but they have a remedy for that too. *Ja.* What is that, pray? *Gi.* I would tell you, but I am afraid you will put it into practice. *Ja.* Ay, marry, sir! *Gi.* They would take an egg and beat it up in warm water, and daub the tripe over with the liquor; and so they put the cheat upon the eye, indeed, but cannot cheat the nose, for the stink will force its way through all. If it happened to be a fish-day, we had sometimes three whitings, and but small ones neither, although there were seven or eight of us at table. *Ja.* What, nothing else? *Gi.* Nothing but that cheese as hard as a stone.

Ja. The oddest epicure I ever heard of. But how could so slender provision be enough for so many guests of you, and especially not having ate any breakfast? *Gi.* Well, to satisfy you, I tell you that the remainder fed the mother-in-law, the daughter-in-law, the youngest son, a servant-maid, and a litter of children. *Ja.* Nay, now instead of lessening, you have heightened my admiration. *Gi.* It is scarce possible for me to explain this difficulty to you, unless I first represent to you in what order we sat at table. *Ja.* Pray, represent it then. *Gi.* Antronius, he sat at the upper end of the table, and I sat at his right hand, as being principal guest; over against Antronius sat Orthrogonus; next Orthrogonus, Verpius; next to Verpius, Strategus, a Grecian; Antronius's eldest son sat at his left hand. If any stranger came to dine with us, he was placed according to his quality. As for the soup, there was no great danger of its being eaten up, nor no great difference in the messes, but only that in the dishes of the principal guests there were some bits of this cheese floating up and down. And besides, there was a sort of barricade made betwixt this soup by bottles of wine and water, that none but three, before whom the dish stood, could participate, unless he would be impudent indeed, and go beyond his bounds. Nor did this dish stay long there, but was soon taken away, that something might be left for the family.

Ja. What did the rest eat all this while? *Gi.* They regaled themselves after their own fashion. *Ja.* How was that? *Gi.* Why they sopped the chalky bread in that sour dreggy wine. *Ja.* Sure your dinner used to be over in a minute. *Gi.* It oftentimes held above an hour. *Ja.* How could it be? *Gi.* The soup being taken away, which, as I told you before, might have stood without any great danger, cheese was brought to table, and that ran no great risk, for it was so hard it would bid defiance to a carving-knife. Every man's portion of that dreggy wine and bread stood before him still; and over these dainties they diverted themselves with telling stories, and in the meantime the women eat their dinner. *Ja.* But how did the servants fare in the meantime? *Gi.* They had nothing in common with us, but dined and supped at their own hours. But this I can tell you, they scarce spent half an hour's time in a whole day at victuals. *Ja.* But what sort of provision had they? *Gi.* You may easily guess that *Ja.* Your Germans think an hour little enough to breakfast in, and they commonly take as much time to their beaver, an hour and a half at

their dinner, and at least two hours at supper; and unless their bellies are well filled with good wine, flesh, and fish, they run away from their masters, and go into the army.

Gi. Every nation has its peculiar customs; the Italians lay out but very little upon their bellies; they love money better than pleasure; and this temperance they owe rather to nature than custom. *Ja.* Now, truly, I do not wonder you are come home so lean, but rather that you are come home alive, especially since you were so used to capons, partridges, pigeons, and pheasants. *Gi.* Why, in truth, I had very fairly trooped off, unless I had found me out a remedy. *Ja.* It is but poor living where such frequent recourse must be had to remedies. *Gi.* I brought matters about so that I had the fourth part of a boiled pullet allowed to every meal, to keep up my languishing spirits. *Ja.* Ay, marry, now you begin to live! *Gi.* Not altogether so well as you imagine; for old Gripe bought the least he could lay his hands on, to save expenses, such that six of them would not serve a Polander of a tolerable stomach for a breakfast; and when he had bought them, he would give them no corn, because he would not put himself to extraordinary charges; so a wing or a leg of the fowl that was half starved before it was put into the pot, was boiled for my dinner, and the liver always went to Orthrogonus's little son; and as for the broth, the women were perpetually lapping it up, and every now and then they put in fresh water; so that by that time it came to me it was as dry as a chip, and no more taste in it than the foot of a joint-stool. And as for the broth, it was nothing but a little water bewitched. *Ja.* And yet I hear that you have all sorts of fowl there in great plenty, very good and very cheap. *Gi.* They are so, but money is hard to come by. *Ja.* You have done penance enough, one would think, if you had murdered the pope, or pissed against St. Peter's tomb-stone.

Gi. But hear the rest of the farce out. You know there are five days in a week that we may eat flesh on. *Ja.* What then? *Gi.* He only bought two pullets for the whole week. On Thursday he would pretend he forgot to go to market, lest I should either have a whole pullet on that day, or any should be left. *Ja.* In short, I think your landlord was a greater miser than Eulio in Plautus. But what course did you take to keep yourself alive upon fish-days? *Gi.* I employed a certain friend to buy me every day three eggs with my own money—two for my dinner, and one for my supper. But here also the women put their tricks upon me; for instead of my new-laid eggs that I paid a good price for, they would give me rotten ones, that I thought I came well off if one of my three eggs proved eatable. I also at last got a small cask of good wine bought for my own drinking, but the women broke open my cellar-door, and in a few days drank it all up, and my landlord, Antronius, did not seem to be much displeased at the matter.

Ja. But was there nobody in the family that took pity on you? *Gi.* Take pity on me, say you? No; they thought me a glutton and a cormorant, who by myself devoured so much victuals. And upon that account Orthrogonus would ever and anon give me good advice, that I should consider the climate where I lived, and therefore have regard to myself; telling me of several of my countrymen who had by their over-eating in that country either procured their own deaths, or brought

upon themselves very dangerous distempers. But when he found me supporting my outward tabernacle, that was fatigued, starved, and distempered, with some knick-knacks that were sold at the confectioners, he sets a physician, a friend and acquaintance of mine, to persuade me to live moderately. The doctor took a great deal of pains with me. I soon perceived he had been set on to do it, so I made him not a word of answer?

But when he was still urging me very hard, and was always harping on the same string, I said to him, Worthy doctor, pray tell me, are you in jest or in earnest? Oh, in earnest, said he. Well then, replied I, what would you have me to do? Why, to leave off suppers for good and all, and to mix at least one-half water with your wine. I could not forbear laughing at this excellent advice, and said to him, If you want to see me decently laid in a churchyard, you propose a ready way for it; for I am sure it would be present death to me, in the circumstances of this poor, lean, dispirited body, to leave off suppers; and I have tried that so often, that in short I have no mind to make the experiment again. What, pray, do you think would become of me, if, after such dinners as we have here I should go supperless to bed? And then to bid me mingle water with such weak insipid wine! pray, tell me, is it not much better to drink clear water from the spring than to debauch it with this sour dreggy stuff? I do not doubt but Orthrogonus put you upon giving me this advice.

At this the doctor smiled, and allowed me better terms. Most learned Gilbert, said he, I did not say this to you, that you should totally leave off eating suppers; you may eat an egg and drink a glass of wine, for this is my own manner of living. I have an egg boiled for my supper—one-half of the yolk I eat myself, and give the other half to my son; then I drink half a glass of wine, and by the help of this refreshment I study till late in the night. *Ja.* But did this doctor speak the truth? *Gi.* Yes, the very truth; for as I was once coming home from church, a gentleman that bore me company told me the doctor dwelt there; I had a mind to see his quarters, so I knocked at the door, and in I went. I remember it was on a Sunday; I found the doctor, his son, and servant at dinner; the bill of fare was a couple of eggs, and nothing at all else. *Ja.* Why, sure they must be mere skeletons. *Gi.* No; really they were both plump and in good liking, fresh coloured, their eyes brisk and lively. *Ja.* I can scarce believe it. *Gi.* I tell you nothing but what I know to be true. Nay, he is not the only man that lives after this manner, but many others, men of fashion and substance in the world, do the same. Take my word for it, much eating and drinking is rather an effect of custom than that of nature. If a person accustom himself by little and little, he may come in time to do as much as Milo—to eat up an ox in a day's time. *Ja.* Good God! if it be possible for a man to preserve his health with so little sustenance, what a great deal of unnecessary expense are the Germans, English, Danes, and Poles at upon their bellies? *Gi.* A great deal without doubt, and that to the apparent prejudice of their health and understanding.

Ja. But what is the matter that you could not content yourself with that way of living? *Gi.* Because I had accustomed myself to another manner, and it was too late to alter my way of living then.

But besides, I did not so much dislike the quantity of our provision as the quality of it. Two eggs had been enough for a meal for me, if they had been fresh-laid; one glass of wine had been enough, if we had not had nasty lees given us instead of wine; half the bread would have served me, if it had not been mixed with chalk. *Ja.* Lord! that Antronius should be such a sordid wretch amidst so much wealth! *Gi.* I believe verily he was worth 80,000 ducats; and to speak within compass, he never got less than 1000 ducats a year besides. *Ja.* But did those young sparks for whom he scraped all this together live at the same sparing rate? *Gi.* Yes, at home they did, but it was only there; for when they got abroad they would eat, drink, whore, and game notably; and while their old father thought much to spend sixpence at home to treat the best friend he had, these sparks would make nothing to lose sixty ducats in a night at gaming. *Ja.* This is the usual fate of estates that are got by miserly living; they are commonly thus spent. But now you are got safe out of these great difficulties, whither are you steering your course? *Gi.* I am going to an old club of merry cocks, to endeavour to fetch up what I have lost.

THE SERAPHIC FUNERAL.

Philacous and Theotimus.

Ph. Why, where have you been, Theotimus, with that new-fashioned religious look? *Th.* Why so? *Ph.* You look so stern, methinks, with your eyes fixed upon the ground, your head lying upon your left shoulder, and your beads in your hand. *Th.* Why, my friend, if you must needs be made acquainted with that which does not concern you, I have been at a show. *Ph.* What, have you been seeing the rope-dancers, or high German artist, or something of that nature? *Th.* Something pretty like them. *Ph.* In short, you are the first man I ever saw come from a show with such a countenance. *Th.* But let me tell you, this was such a spectacle that if you yourself had been a spectator, perhaps you had been more melancholy than I am. *Ph.* But, prithee, tell me what has made you so religious all on a sudden? *Th.* I come from the funeral of a seraph.

Ph. What say you? why, do the angels die? *Th.* No, but angels' fellows do. But not to keep you any longer in suspense, I suppose you know that famous learned man Eusebius of Pelusium. *Ph.* What, do you mean him that was degraded of his authority from a prince to the state of a private man, and of a private man made an exile, and of an exile made little better than a beggar—I had like to have said something worse? *Th.* You have hit very right, that is the man. *Ph.* Why, what is come to him? *Th.* He was buried to-day, and I am just come from his funeral. *Ph.* Sure it must have been a very doleful sight indeed, to put you into this dismal mood. *Th.* I am afraid I shall never be able to tell you what I have seen without weeping. *Ph.* And I am afraid I shall not be able to hear it without laughing. But, however, let us have it.

Th. You know that Eusebius has been in a very weak condition a long time. *Ph.* Yes, yes, I know that his body has been worn out

for this many a year. *Th.* In this sort of slow and consumptive diseases physicians frequently foretell the time of a man's death to a day. *Ph.* They do so. *Th.* They told the patient that all the art of man could do towards his preservation had been done for him already : that God, indeed, could do what was beyond the power of physic to effect, but according to human conjecture he had not above three days to live. *Ph.* Well, what did he do then? *Th.* The excellent Eusebius immediately stripping himself stark-naked, puts on the habit of the most holy Francis, has his head shaved, is dressed in an ash-coloured cowl and gown, an hempen knotted girdle, and cut and slashed shoes. *Ph.* What, when he was departing this life? *Th.* Even so ; and with a dying voice professed that if it should please God to restore him to the health that the physicians despaired of, he would serve under Christ according to the rule of St. Francis; and there were several holy men called in to be witnesses to this profession. In that habit dies the famous man, at the very time that the physicians had foretold he would.

There came a great many of the fraternity to assist at his funeral solemnity. *Ph.* I wish I had been present at this sight. *Th.* It would have fetched tears from your eyes to have seen with what tenderness the seraphic fraternity washed the body, fitted the holy habit to it, laid his hands one over another in the form of a cross, uncovered and kissed his naked feet, and according to the precept of the gospel cheered up his countenance with ointment. *Ph.* What a prodigious humility was this for the seraphic brethren to take upon them the office of washers and bearers? *Th.* When this was done, they laid it upon the bier, and according to the doctrine of St. Paul, "bear ye one another's burdens," the brethren took the brother upon their shoulders, and carried him along the highway to the monastery, and there they interred him with the usual songs and ceremonies. As this venerable pomp was passing along the way, I observed a great many people that could not forbear weeping to see a man that used to go in silk and scarlet now wrapped in a Franciscan's habit, girded about with a rope's end, and the whole body disposed in such a posture as must needs move devotion; for, as I said, his head was laid upon his shoulder, and his arms across, and everything else carried a wonderful appearance of holiness. And then the march of the seraphic brethren themselves, with their heads hanging down, their eyes fixed upon the ground, and their mournful looks, so mournful that I can scarce think that in hell itself there can be anything beyond it, drew sighs and tears in abundance from the beholders.

Ph. But had he the five wounds of St. Francis too? *Th.* I dare not affirm that for a certainty, but I saw some bluish scars in his hands and feet, and there was a hole in the left side of his gown; but I did not dare to look too narrowly, for they say many people have been undone by being too curious in these matters. *Ph.* But did you not see some that laughed too? *Th.* Yes, I did take notice of some; but I believe they were heretics—there are too many of them in the world now-a-days. *Ph.* Well, my Theotimus, to deal honestly with you, if I had been there, in my conscience, I believe I should scarce have been able to forbear laughing too for company. *Th.* Pray God you have not got a spice of that leaven too! *Ph.* Good Theotimus, there is no danger of that; for I have had a great veneration for St. Francis from

a child, who, according to the world, was neither wise nor learned, but very acceptable to God and man for the strict mortification of his worldly affections; and not only for him, but for all who following his footsteps endeavour from their hearts to be dead to the world and to live to Christ. But as to the habit itself, I value it not; and I would fain know of you what a dead man is the better for a garment? *Th.* You know it is the Lord's precept, "not to cast pearls before swine, nor to give holy things to dogs." Besides, if you ask questions to make yourself merry with them, I will tell you nothing at all; but if you do it with an honest desire of being informed, I will very freely communicate to you what I have learned from them. *Ph.* I profess myself willing to learn, and promise to be an attentive, teachable, and thankful scholar.

Th. In the first place, you know that there are some persons that are so ambitious, that it is not enough for them to have lived proudly and insolently, but they must be buried pompously too when they are dead; not that the dead are sensible, but yet while they are alive they take some pleasure, by the force of imagination, to think of the pomp of their funerals. Now I suppose you will not deny but it is some degree of piety to renounce this vain affectation. *Ph.* I will own it, if there be no other way to avoid the vanity of pompous funerals. But in my opinion it is more modest for a prince when he is dead to be wrapped in a coarse winding-sheet, and to be carried by the common bearers, and interred in the common burying-place among the common sort of people; for they that were carried as Eusebius was carried do rather seem to have changed their pride than avoided it. *Th.* It is the intention of the mind that God accepts, and it is His province only to judge of men's hearts. But what I have told you is but a small matter, there are greater things behind. *Ph.* What are they? *Th.* They profess themselves of the order of St. Francis's rule before their death. *Ph.* What, that they will observe it in the Elysian fields? *Th.* No, but in this world if they happen to recover, and it oftentimes has happened that they that have been given over by the physicians have by God's blessing recovered as soon as ever they have put on this holy robe. *Ph.* Ay, and it often happens so to those that never put it on at all.

Th. We ought to walk with simplicity in the way of faith. If there were no extraordinary advantage in this case, certainly so many learned and eminent persons, even among the Italians themselves, would not be so desirous of being buried in this holy habit. But lest you should object against the examples of strangers, I will tell you that one whom you very deservedly had an high esteem for was thus buried—Rudolphus Agricola, and so was Christopher Longolius too. *Ph.* I do not regard what men do being delirious at the point of death. I would fain have you tell me what good professing, or being clothed, does a man when he comes to be terrified with the fears of death, and discomposed with despair of life. Vows are of no force unless they be made in sound sense and sobriety, with mature deliberation, without either force, fear, or guilt. Nay, if nothing of all this were required, such a vow is not binding till after the expiration of the year of probation, at which time they are commanded to wear the coat and hood. This is what St. Francis himself says; so that if they recover, they are at liberty in two respects, because a vow is not binding that is made by a

man under an astonishment betwixt the hope of life and the fear of death, and because profession does not oblige a man before the wearing of the hood.

Th. Whether it be an obligation or no, it is certain they think it one; and the resignation of the whole mind is acceptable to God. And this is the reason that the good works of monks, if we allow them to be but equal with other persons, are more acceptable to God than those of other men are, because they spring from the best root. *Ph.* I shall not here enter into the examination of the merit of a man's dedicating himself wholly to God when he is no longer in his own power. I take it that every Christian delivers himself up wholly to God in his baptism, when he renounces all the pomps and vanities of Satan, and lists himself a soldier to fight under Christ's banner all his life after. And St. Paul, speaking of those that die with Christ "that they may live no longer to themselves, but to Him that died for them," does not mean this of monks only, but of Christians universally.

Th. You have very seasonably put me in mind of baptism; for in times past, if they were but dipped or sprinkled at the last gasp, there was hope given them of eternal life. *Ph.* It is no great matter what the bishops promise; but it is a matter of great uncertainty what God will do; for if it were certain that such men were presently made citizens of heaven by having a little water sprinkled in their faces, what greater gap could be laid open, that worldly men might all their life-long serve their filthy lusts and appetites, and then get two or three drops of water sprinkled upon them when they were not able to sin any longer? Now, if the same rule holds in your profession and this baptism, it is very well provided for the wicked, that they may not be damned; that is, that they may live to the devil, and die to Christ.

Th. If it be lawful to divulge the seraphic mysteries, the profession of a Franciscan is more efficacious than baptism. *Ph.* What is that you say? *Th.* In baptism our sins are only washed away, and the soul, though it be purged, is left naked; but he that is invested with this profession is presently enriched with the egregious merits of the whole order, by being grafted into the body of the most holy fraternity. *Ph.* Well, and pray is he that is engrafted into the body of Christ never the better neither for the head nor the body? *Th.* He is never the better for the seraphic body, unless he deserves it by some special bounty or favour. *Ph.* Pray, from what angel had they this revelation? *Th.* Let me tell you, not from any angel, but Christ himself with His own mouth revealed this, and a great deal more to St. Francis face to face. *Ph.* I entreat you, if you have any kindness for me, and I adjure you, tell me what the discourses were. *Th.* These are deep, profound mysteries, nor is it meet to commit them to profane ears. *Ph.* Why profane, my friend? I never wished better to any order than to the seraphic. *Th.* But you give them shrewd wipes sometimes. *Ph.* This is a sign of love, Theotimus. The greatest enemies of the order are those professors of it, that by their ill lives bring a scandal upon it. And whosoever wishes well to the order cannot but be offended with the corrupters of it.

Th. But I am afraid St. Francis will be angry with me if I blab any of his secrets. *Ph.* What can you be afraid of from so harmless a person? *Th.* What, why lest he should strike me blind, or cause

me to run mad, as I am told he has done to many who have denied the print of the five wounds. *Ph.* Why, then, the saints are worse in heaven than they were upon earth. I have heard that St. Francis was of so meek a disposition that, when boys out of roguery would be throwing cheese, milk, dirt, and stones into his homely cowl as it hung down at his back, he was not at all moved at it, but walked on his way cheerful and pleasant; and what, is he now become so angry and revengeful? And at another time, when one of his companions called him thief, sacrilegious murderer, incestuous sot, and all the rogues he could think on, he thanked him, confessing himself guilty. But one of the company wondering at such an acknowledgment,—I had done worse than all this, says he, unless God's grace had refrained me. How, then, comes St. Francis now to be so vindictive? *Th.* It is so; the saints, now they are in heaven, will take no affront. Was ever any man gentler than Cornelius, milder than Antony, or more patient than John the Baptist, while they lived upon earth? But now they are in heaven what dreadful diseases do they send among us, if we do not worship them as we should do? *Ph.* I am of opinion that they rather cure our diseases than cause them. But, however, assure yourself that what you say to me you say to a man that is neither profane nor a blab.

Th. Well, come on then, depending upon your secrecy, I will tell you something relating to this matter. Good St. Francis, I entreat thee and the society that I may have your leave to relate what I have heard. St. Paul, you know, was endowed with a hidden wisdom which he did not communicate openly, but in private to such as were perfect. So have the seraphics also certain mysteries which they do not make common, but only communicate them in private to certain blessed widows, and other choice and godly people, that are well-wishers to the seraphic society. *Ph.* I am impatient to hear this triple holy revelation. *Th.* In the first place, the Lord foretold the seraphic patriarch that the more the seraphic society increased, the more abundantly He would make provision for them. *Ph.* So then, at first dash, here are those people's mouths stopped who complain that those people grow more numerous every day that are a burden to the public. *Th.* And secondly, he discovered this, that annually, upon St. Francis's day, all the souls not only of the brotherhood who wear the holy habit, but also of those who wish well to that order and are benefactors to the brotherhood, should be discharged from the fire of purgatory. *Ph.* Why did Christ talk so familiarly with him? *Th.* Why not? Yes, He did, as familiarly as one friend or companion would with another. God the Father conversed with Moses, and Moses communicated the law so delivered to him to the people; Christ published the evangelical law, and St. Francis delivered two copies of His law that had been written by the hand of an angel to the seraphic fraternity.

Ph. I want to hear the third revelation. *Th.* The worthy patriarch was in fear lest the evil one should corrupt by night the good seed which had been sown, and the wheat should be rooted up with the tares. The Lord likewise freed him from this scruple, promising him that he would take it into his care that none of the half-shod, rope-girded tribe should ever miscarry, even till the day of judgment. *Ph.* Oh, the kindness of God! If it were not so the Church

of God would be undone; but go on. *Th.* And then, fourthly, He discovered to him that none that lived impiously should long persevere in that order. *Ph.* Why, does not he that lives wickedly fall from the order? *Th.* No more than he that lives wickedly denies Christ, although in a sense they may be said to deny God who profess Him in words, but in works deny Him. But whosoever has cast off the holy habit, he irreparably falls from the order. *Ph.* What shall we say, then, of so many monasteries of conventuals who have money, drink, game, whore, and keep concubines publicly, not to mention anything else. *Th.* St. Francis never wore a garment of that colour—I mean a grey, nor a girdle of white linen; and therefore, when they come to knock at heaven's gates, it will be said to them, "I never knew you," for that they have not on the wedding garment.

Ph. Well, what, have you any more? *Th.* You have heard nothing yet to what is behind. In the fifth place, He made known to him that those who were enemies to the seraphic order, such as there are but too many, the more is the pity, should never live half the time God had appointed them without making away with themselves, and that, unless they anticipated their fate, they should suddenly come to a miserable end. *Ph.* We have, among abundance of other instances, seen that made good in Matthew, Cardinal of Sedunum, who had a very ill opinion, and spoke ill of the half-shod fraternity; for he died, I think, before he was full fifty years of age. *Th.* You say very right; then he had done injury to the cherubic order likewise. For they say it was brought about chiefly by his management that the four Dominicans were burnt at Berne, when otherwise they would have overcome the pope's resentment by money. *Ph.* But they say they had begun to act a piece of most monstrous impiety. They attempted by false visions and miracles to persuade people that the Virgin Mary was polluted with original sin, and that St. Francis had not the genuine marks of Christ's wounds, and that Catharina Senensis had them more authentically, but had promised the most perfect of them all to the layman they had converted and suborned to act this farce, and had abused the body of the Lord, to carry on the imposture, and afterwards with clubs and poisons. And in the last place, they say that this project was not carried on by one university only, but by all the heads of the whole order. *Th.* Let that be as it will, it was not without reason that God said, "Touch not mine anointed."

Ph. I want to hear what is to come. *Th.* The sixth revelation is behind, in which the Lord sware to him that those that were favourers of the seraphic order, how wickedly soever they lived, should one time or other obtain mercy from the Lord, and end their wicked life with a blessed death. *Ph.* What if they should be caught and killed in the very act of adultery? *Th.* What God has promised cannot fail of being performed. *Ph.* But what is it that they interpret favour and good-will by? *Th.* Oh, do you doubt of that? He that gives them presents, that clothes them, furnishes their kitchen, he loves them long ago. *Ph.* But does he not love those that give them admonitions and instructions? *Th.* They have enough of those things at home; and it is their profession to bestow these benefits on other persons, and not to receive them from them. *Ph.* Then the Lord has promised more to the disciples of St. Francis than He has to His own.

He indeed suffers it to be imputed to Him, if anything be done for His sake to a Christian, but He never promised salvation to such as live wickedly. *Th.* That is no wonder, my friend, for the transcendent power of the gospel is reserved for this order. But you shall now hear the seventh and last revelation. *Ph.* I am ready to hear it.

Th. The Lord sware to him that none should make an ill end who died in a Franciscan's habit. *Ph.* But what is it that you call an ill end? *Th.* Why, he makes an ill end that when his soul leaves the body it goes down directly into hell without any redemption. *Ph.* But what, then, does not the habit deliver from the fire of purgatory? *Th.* No, unless a person dies in it upon St. Francis's day. But don't you think it is a great thing to be freed from hell? *Ph.* Yes, I think it is the greatest of all. But what must we think of those persons who are put into the habit after they are dead, and don't actually die in it? *Th.* If they desire it in their life-time, the will is taken for the deed. *Ph.* When I was at Antwerp, I was present in the company of the relations of a woman that was just giving up the ghost. There was a Franciscan by, a very reverend man, who, observing the woman to yawn, put one of her arms into the sleeve of his garment so that it covered that arm and part of the shoulder; and there was a dispute raised upon it, whether the whole woman should be safe from the gates of hell, or that part only which had been covered. *Th.* Why, the whole woman was secured, as it is in baptism, but part of the person is dipped in the water, but the whole person is made a Christian.

Ph. It is wonderful what a dread the devils have of this habit. *Th.* They dread it more than they do the cross of Christ. When Eusebius was carried to the grave, I saw, and so did many others besides me, swarms of black devils like flies buzzing about the body and striking at it, but not one of them durst touch it. *Ph.* But in the meantime his face, his hands, and his feet were in danger, because they were bare. *Th.* As a snake will not come near the shadow of an ash, let it spread ever so far, so the devils are sensible of the venom of the holy garment at a great distance. *Ph.* Why, then, I believe such bodies do not putrefy; if they do, the worms have more courage than the devils. *Th.* What you say is very probable. *Ph.* How happy are the lice which always live in that holy garment! But when the garment is going to the grave what becomes of the soul? *Th.* Why the soul carries away with it the influence of the garment, and renders it secure; so that a great many will not allow that any of that order do go at all to purgatory. *Ph.* In truth, if this revelation were true, I would esteem it at an higher rate than that of St. John, for this shews us an easy and a ready way, without labour, trouble, or repentance, to escape eternal misery, and yet to live all our life-long merrily. *Th.* It is so. *Ph.* From henceforth I shall leave off admiring at the great deference that so many pay to the seraphic fraternity. But I stand in great admiration that any man should dare to open his mouth against them. *Th.* You may observe, wherever you see them, that they are persons given over to a reprobate mind and blinded in their wickedness.

Ph. I will for the future be more cautious than I have been, and take care to die in a Franciscan habit. But there are some risen up in

our age who will have it that a man is justified only by faith, without the help of good works; but it is the greatest privilege in the world to be saved by a garment without faith. *Th.* Do not mistake me, Philacous; I do not say simply without faith, but with this faith of believing, that the things I have told you were promised by our Saviour to the patriarch St. Francis. *Ph.* But will this garment save a Turk? *Th.* It would save the devil himself if he would but suffer it to be put on him, and could but believe this revelation. *Ph.* Well, thou hast won me for ever; but I have a scruple or two more that I would desire you to clear up for me. *Th.* Let me hear them. *Ph.* I have heard that St. Francis has said his order was of evangelical institution. *Th.* True. *Ph.* Now, I thought that all Christians had professed the rule of the gospel; but if the Franciscans' order be a gospel one, then all Christians ought to be Franciscans, and Christ himself, his apostles, and the Virgin-mother at the head of them. *Th.* It would be so, indeed, unless St. Francis had added some things to the gospel of Christ. *Ph.* What things are they? *Th.* An ash-coloured garment, an hempen girdle, and naked feet. *Ph.* Well, then, by these marks we may know an evangelical Christian from a Franciscan, may we?

Th. But they differ too in the point of touching money. *Ph.* But, as I am informed, St. Francis forbids the receiving of it, not the touching of it; but the owner, or the proctor, the creditor, the heir, or the proxy does commonly receive it; and though he draws it over with his glove on, and does not touch it, nevertheless he is said to receive it. Whence, then, came this new interpretation, that not to receive it is not to touch it? *Th.* This was the interpretation of pope Benedict. *Ph.* But not as a pope, but only as a Franciscan. And then, again, do not the most strict of the order take money in a clout, when it is given them in their pilgrimages? *Th.* They do in a case of necessity. *Ph.* But a man should rather die than violate so superevangelical a rule. And then, do they not receive money everywhere by their officers? *Th.* Why should they not, and that thousands and thousands too, as they do frequently? *Ph.* But the rule says, not by themselves nor by anybody else. *Th.* Well, but they do not touch it. *Ph.* Oh, ridiculous! if the touch be impious they touch it by others. *Th.* But that is the act and deed of the proctors, not their own. *Ph.* Is it not so? Let him try it that has a mind to it.

Th. We never read that Christ touched money. *Ph.* Suppose it, though it is very probable that when he was a youth he might buy oil, and vinegar, and salads for his father; but Peter and Paul, without all controversy, touched it. The virtue consists in the contempt of money, and not in the non-touching of it. It is much more dangerous to touch wine than to touch money; why are they not afraid of that? *Th.* Because St. Francis did not forbid it. *Ph.* Do they not readily enough offer their hands, which they keep soft with idleness and white with washes, to pretty wenches? But, bless me! if you offer them a piece of money to look upon and see if it be good, how do they start back and cross themselves! Is not this an evangelical nicety? In truth, I believe St. Francis, as illiterate as he was, was never so silly as to have absolutely forbidden all touching of money. And if that were his opinion, to how great a danger did he expose his followers in commanding them to go barefoot? for it is scarce possible but that one

time or another they might unawares tread upon money lying on the ground. *Th.* Well, but then they do not touch it with their hands. *Ph.* Why, pray is not the sense of touching common to the whole body? *Th.* But in case any such thing should fall out, they do not officiate after it till they have been at confession. *Ph.* It is conscientiously done.

Th. But, without cavilling, I will tell you how it is. Money ever was and ever will be the occasion of very great evils to many persons. *Ph.* I allow it; but then, on the other hand, it is an instrument of as much good to others. I find the inordinate love of money to be condemned, but I nowhere find money itself to be so. *Th.* You say very well; but that we may be kept at greater distance from the disease of covetousness, we are forbid to touch money as we are forbid by the gospel to swear at all, that we may be kept from perjury. *Ph.* Why, then, is not the sight of money forbidden too? *Th.* Because it is easier to govern our hands than eyes. *Ph.* And yet death itself entered into the world at those windows. *Th.* And therefore your true Franciscans pull their cowls over their eyebrows, and walk with their eyes covered and fixed upon the ground, that they may see nothing but their way, just like carriers' horses that have winkers on each side of their head-gear, that they may see nothing but what is before them and at their feet.

Th. But tell me, is it true, as I hear, that they are forbidden by their order to receive any indulgences from the pope? *Th.* They are so. *Ph.* But, as I am informed, there are no men in the world that have more of them than they have; so that they are allowed either to poison or bury alive those that they themselves have condemned, without any danger of being called to account for it. *Th.* What you have heard is no fiction; for I was told once by a Polander, and a man of credit too, that he, having got drunk, fell fast asleep in the Franciscans' church, in one of the corners where the women sit to make their confessions through a lattice; and being awakened by the singing of their nocturns, according to custom, he did not dare to discover himself; and when the office was over, the whole fraternity went down into the vault, where there was a large deep grave ready made, and there stood two young men with their hands tied behind them. There was a sermon preached in praise of obedience, and a promise of God's pardon for all their sins, and some hope given them that God would incline the minds of the brotherhood to mercy, if they would voluntarily go down into the grave and lay themselves upon their backs there. They did so, and as soon as they were down the ladders were drawn up, and the brethren altogether flung the dirt upon them.

Ph. Well, but did the Polander say nothing all the while? *Th.* No, not a word; he was afraid if he had discovered himself he should have made the third person. *Ph.* But can they justify this? *Th.* Yes, they may, as often as the honour of the order is called in question; for he, as soon as he had made his escape, told what he had seen in all the companies he came into, to the great scandal of the whole seraphic order. And had it not been better now that this man had been buried alive? *Ph.* It may be it had; but omitting these niceties, how comes it that when their patriarch has ordered them to go barefoot, they now go commonly half-shod? *Th.* This injunction was

moderated for two reasons, the one for fear they should tread upon money unawares, the other lest cold, or thorns, or snakes, or flint, or any such thing should hurt them, since they are obliged to travel barefoot all the world over. But, however, that that might be, and the dignity of the rule preserved inviolable, the slashes in the shoes shew the naked foot, and so fulfil the rule by synedoche.

Ph. They value themselves much upon their professing evangelical perfection, which, they say, consists in evangelical precepts; but about those precepts the learned themselves have hot disputes. And in every state of life there is room for evangelical perfection. But now, which do you reckon the most perfect of the gospel precepts? *Th.* I believe that you find in the fifth of Matthew, which ends thus, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for those that persecute you and revile you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh His sun to shine upon the good and the evil, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust: therefore be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." *Ph.* You have answered very pertinently; but then our Father is rich and munificent to all people, asking nothing of any man. *Th.* And so are they bountiful too; but it is of spiritual things, of prayers, and good works, in which they are very rich. *Ph.* I would there were among them more examples of that evangelical charity that returns blessings for cursings, and good for evil.

What is the meaning of that celebrated saying of pope Alexander, It is safer to affront the most powerful prince than any one single Franciscan or Dominican? *Th.* It is lawful to avenge an injury offered to the dignity of the order, and what is done to the least of them is done to the whole order. *Ph.* But why not rather the good that is done to one is done to the whole order? And why shall not an injury done to one Christian engage all Christendom in revenge? Why did not St. Paul, when he was beaten and stoned, call for succour against the enemies of his apostolical character? Now if, according to the saying of our Saviour, it be more blessed to give than receive, certainly he that lives and teaches well, and gives of his own to those that are in want, is much perfecter than he that is only on the receiving hand, or otherwise St. Paul's boast of preaching the gospel gratis is vain and idle. It seems to me to be the best proof of an evangelical disposition that persons are not angry when reproached, and have a Christian charity for those that ill deserve it. What great matter is it for a man to relinquish something of his own, to live better upon that which is another body's, and to reserve to himself a desire of revenge? The world is full everywhere of this half-shod, rope-girt sort of people; but there is scarce one of them to be found that presses after that which Christ calls perfection, and the apostles constantly practised.

Th. I am no stranger to the stories that wicked persons tell of them; but, for my own part, wherever I see the sacred habit I think the angels of God are by, and count that a happy house whose threshold is most worn by their feet. *Ph.* And I am of opinion that women are nowhere more fruitful than where these men are most familiar. But I beg St. Francis's pardon, Theotimus, for being so much out of the way. I really took their habit to be no more than a garment, nor one jot better than a sailor's jacket or a shoemaker's coat, setting aside the

holiness of the person that wears it. As the touch of our Saviour's garment cured the woman with the bloody issue; or else I could not satisfy myself whether I was to thank the weaver or the tailor for the virtue of it. *Th.* Without doubt, he that gives the form gives the virtue. *Ph.* Well, then, for time to come I will live more merrily, and not torment myself with the fear of hell, the tediousness of confession, or the torment of repentance.

CONCERNING FRIENDSHIP.

Ephorinus and John.

Ep. I often wonder with myself what god nature consulted when it intermixed certain secret amities and enmities in all things, for which there is no probable reason to be given, unless for her own entertainment, as we set cocks and quails a fighting to make us diversion. *Jo.* I do not very well take in what you aim at. *Ep.* Well, then, I will tell you in familiar instances. You know that serpents generally are enemies to mankind. *Jo.* I know there is an old enmity betwixt them and us, and an irreconcilable one, which will be so as long as we remember that unlucky apple.

Ep. Do you know the lizard? *Jo.* Why not? *Ep.* There are very large green ones in Italy. This creature is by nature very friendly to mankind, and an utter enemy to serpents. *Jo.* How does this appear? *Ep.* Which way soever a man turns his face they will gather about him, turn their heads toward him, look stedfastly in his face, and view him a long time. If he spits they will lick up his spittle; nay, I have seen them drink up a boy's piss. They suffer themselves to be handled by boys, and will suffer themselves to be hurt by them without doing them any harm; and if you put them to your mouth, they love to lick your spittle; but if you catch them, and set them a fighting together, it is wonderful to see how fierce they are, and will not at all meddle with him that set them a fighting. If any one is walking in the fields in a hollow way, by rustling the bushes sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, they will make him take notice of them. One that is not acquainted with it would think they were serpents; when you look at them they turn their heads to look at you till you stand still; if you go on they follow you; and if a man be doing anything, they will make him take notice of them. You would think they were sporting, and mightily delighted with the sight of a man. *Jo.* It is very admirable.

Ep. I saw once a very large and charming green lizard fighting with a serpent at the entrance of a hole. I wondered at first what was the meaning of it, for I could not see the serpent. An Italian told me that the serpent was within; by and by the lizard comes to us, as if it were shewing us her wounds, and begging a remedy, and did not only suffer herself to be touched, but as often as we stood still, she stood still, viewing us very earnestly. The serpent had almost gnawed away one of her sides, and of green had made it red. *Jo.* Had I been there, I should have had a mind to avenge the lizard's quarrel. *Ep.* But her enemy had hid herself in the bottom of the hole. But some

days after, we had the pleasure to see her revenge herself. *Jo.* I am glad at my heart; but prithee, how was it?

Ep. We happened to be walking near the same place, and the serpent had been drinking at a spring hard by, for it was so violent hot weather, that we were like to perish with thirst. A boy of about thirteen years old, the man's son where we lodged, having fled from Bononia for fear of the pestilence, happened very luckily to come by with a hay-rake upon his shoulder; as soon as he saw the serpent he cries out. *Jo.* Perhaps for fear. *Ep.* No; for joy, rejoicing that he had found the enemy. The boy strikes him with the rake, the serpent rolls himself up, but he laid on, till having broke his head, the serpent stretched himself out, which they never do but when they are dying; that is the reason that you have heard the apologist concerning a crab-fish, who killing a serpent that was his enemy, when he saw him stretched out, says thus, You ought to have gone so when you were alive. *Jo.* That was bravely done; but how then? *Ep.* The boy takes him upon his rake, and hangs him upon a shrub over the cave, and in a few days' time we saw the leaves tinctured with the blood of the serpent. The husbandmen of that place related to us a wonderful strange thing for a certain truth; that the countrymen being weary sometimes, sleep in that field, and have sometimes with them a pitcher of milk, which serves both for victuals and drink; that serpents are great lovers of milk, and so it often happens that they come in their way. But they have a remedy for that. *Jo.* Pray, what is it? *Ep.* They daub the brims of the pitcher with garlic, and the smell of that drives away the serpents.

Jo. What does Horace mean, then, when he says garlic is a poison more hurtful than henbane, when you say it is an antidote against poison? *Ep.* But hear a little, I have something to tell you that is worse than that. They often creep slily into the mouth of a man that lies sleeping with his mouth open, and so wind themselves into his stomach. *Jo.* And does not a man die immediately that has entertained such a guest? *Ep.* No, but lives most miserably; nor is there any remedy but to feed the man with milk, and other things that the serpent loves. *Jo.* What, no remedy against such a calamity? *Ep.* Yes, to eat abundance of garlic. *Jo.* No wonder, then, mowers love garlic. *Ep.* But those that are tired with heat and labour have their remedy another way; for, when they are in danger of this misfortune, very often a lizard, though but a little creature, saves a man. *Jo.* How can he save him? *Ep.* When he perceives a serpent lying perdue in wait for the man, he runs about upon the man's neck and face, and never gives over till he has waked the man by tickling him, and clawing him gently with his nails; and as soon as the man wakes, and sees the lizard near him, he knows the enemy is somewhere not far off in ambuscade, and looking about seizes him. *Jo.* The wonderful power of nature!

Ep. Now, there is no living creature that is so great an enemy to man as a crocodile, who oftentimes devours men whole, and assists his malice by an artifice; having sucked in water, he makes the paths slippery where they go to the Nile to draw water, and when they fall down, there swallows them up. Nor can you be ignorant that dolphins that live in a quite different element are great lovers of men. *Jo.*

I have heard a very famous story of a boy who was beloved by one; and a more famous one than that, about Arion. *Ep.* Besides that, in catching mullets the fishermen make use of the assistance of dolphins instead of dogs, and when they have caught their prey, give them part for their pains. Nay, more than that, they suffer themselves to be chastised if they commit any fault in their hunting them. They frequently appear to mariners at sea, rejoicing and playing upon the top of the waves; sometimes swimming to the ship sides, and leaping over the spread sails, they are so delighted with the conversation of men.

But again, as a dolphin is so very great a lover of men, so he is a mortal enemy to the crocodile. He goes out of the sea, and dares to venture into the River Nile, where the crocodile domineers, and attacks the monstrous animal that is defended with teeth, claws, and scales, more impenetrable than iron, when he himself is not very well framed for biting neither, his mouth inclining to his breast. Yet, for all that, he runs violently upon his enemy, and coming near him, diveth down on a sudden, gets under his belly, and setting up his fins, pricks him in the soft part of his belly, which is the only place he can be wounded in. *Jo.* It is a wonderful thing that an animal should know his enemy, though he never saw him before in his life; and to know both why he should be attacked, and where he can be hurt, and how to defend himself, when a man has not that faculty, who would not have sense enough to be afraid of a basilisk, unless he were warned beforehand, and taught by having received harm.

Ep. A horse, you know, is a creature devoted to the service of man; and there is a capital enmity between him and a bear, that is an enemy to man. He knows his enemy, though he has never seen him before, and presently prepares himself to engage him. *Jo.* What arms does he fight with? *Ep.* Rather with art than strength. He leaps over the enemy, and strikes his hind legs on his head. The bear, on the other hand, claws at the soft part of the horse's belly. The poison of an asp is incurable to a man; and the ichneumon makes war with the asp, and is likewise a mortal enemy to the crocodile. An elephant is also very well affected towards mankind; for they very kindly shew the way to a traveller that has happened to lose it, and they know and love their teacher. There are likewise examples of an extraordinary love toward mankind; for one of them fell in love with an Egyptian maid that sold garlands, and another loved Menander of Syracuse so affectionately that he would not eat his victuals when he was out of sight.

But not to mention any more of this nature, though there is abundance related: When King Bacchus had a mind to exercise his cruelty toward thirty persons, he determined to expose them, bound to stakes, to so many elephants; but they that were sent out among the elephants to provoke them could never bring them to be executioners of the king's cruelty. There is likewise a very destructive antipathy between this creature so friendly to mankind, and the Indian dragons, which are reported to be the largest that are, so that they oftentimes both perish in the engagement. There is the like disagreement between the eagle and the lesser dragon, although it is harmless towards men, as it has been reported to have borne amorous affections towards certain maidens. There is likewise a deadly enmity between the eagle and

the cymindis, or night-hawk. And also an elephant hates a mouse, a troublesome creature to mankind, and will not touch a bit of provender that it sees a mouse in, nor is there any manifest cause why it hates him so. It is with good reason it hates the horse-leech, because if it happens to sup it up in its drink it torments him miserably.

There is scarce any animal that is more friendly to man than a dog is, nor a greater enemy to him than a wolf, so that a man loses his speech if he sees him, and between these two there is the utmost discord; as a wolf is the most bitter enemy to sheep, which have their dependence merely upon the providence of mankind, whose care it is to defend this harmless creature made for the nourishment of man. They are all in arms against the wolf, as against the common enemy of mankind, especially the whole army of dogs; so that it is grown into a proverb, "I will give you no more quarter than a dog does to a wolf." The sea-hare is an incurable poison to mankind, if anybody taste it unawares; again, on the other hand, the touch of a man is death to that hare. A panther is a very fierce beast towards a man, and yet is so afraid of a hyæna that it does not dare to engage him; and hence they say, that if anybody carry a piece of hyæna skin about him, a panther will not set upon him, there is such a sagacity in their natural sense; and they add also, that if you hang their two skins one over against the other, the panther hair will fall off.

A spider is an animal that is one of a man's own family, but is very destructive to a serpent; so that if he happen to see a serpent sunning himself under a tree, it will spin down and fix his sting so sharply in his forehead that the serpent will roll himself up, and die at last. I have heard it told by those that have seen it, that there is the like enmity between a toad and a spider; but that the toad cures himself when he is wounded by biting of a plantain leaf. I will tell you an English story: I suppose you know it is the custom there to strew the floor with green rushes; a certain monk had carried some bundles of these rushes into his chamber, to strew them at his leisure, and happening to take a nap after dinner a great toad creeps out and gets upon his mouth while he lay asleep, fixing his feet, two upon his upper and two upon his under lip. To draw off the toad was certain death, to let him be there was worse than death itself. Some persuaded that the monk should be carried and laid upon his back in the window where a great spider had his web. It was done: the spider presently seeing her enemy, spins down, darts her sting into the toad, and runs up again to her web; the toad swelled, but was not got off. The spider spins down a second time and gives him another wound; it swells more, but still is alive. The spider repeats it a third time, then the toad takes off his feet and drops off dead. This piece of service the spider did her landlord. *Jo.* You tell me a wonderful strange story.

Ep. I will tell you now not what I have heard, but what I have seen with my own eyes. An ape has an unmeasurable aversion to a tortoise; a certain person gave me a specimen of this when I was at Rome. He set a tortoise upon the head of his servant, and put his hat upon it, and then brought him to the monkey; the ape presently, with much alacrity, leaps upon the lad's shoulders to catch lice in his head, and taking off his hat spies the tortoise. It was amazing to see with

what horror he leaped away, how frightened he was, and with what fearfulness he looked back to see whether the tortoise followed him or not. There was likewise another specimen: the tortoise was tied to the monkey's chain that he could not avoid seeing him. It is incredible how much he was tormented; he was almost dead with fear: sometimes turning his back, he would endeavour to beat off the tortoise with his hinder feet; at last, he pissed and shit towards him all that was in his belly, and with the fright fell into such a fever that we were forced to let him loose, and put him into a bath made of wine and water. *Jo.* There was no reason that the monkey should be afraid of the tortoise.

Ep. There may, perhaps, be something natural in it that we are not acquainted with. Why a linnet should hate an ass is easily accounted for; because he rubs himself against the thorns, and eats off the flowers of the hedge where she makes her nest; and she is so affrighted at the sight of an ass, that if she hear him bray, though it be a great way off, she throws down her eggs, and her young ones fall out of the nest for fear. But, however, she does not suffer him to pass unrevenged. *Jo.* How can a linnet do any hurt to an ass? *Ep.* She pecks his foreback, that is galled with blows and burdens, and the soft part of his nose. We may also guess at the cause why there is a mutual grudge between the fox and the kite, because the ravenous fowl is always lying in wait to catch the fox's whelps; and very likely, on the other hand, that the fox does the same by her young ones, which is the cause of the dissension between the rat and the heron. And the same reason may be given for the enmity between the little bird called a merlin and the fox: the merlin breaks the crow's eggs; the foxes persecute them, and they the foxes, pecking their whelps, which the crows seeing, join their assistance as against a common enemy.

But I cannot find out any reason why the swan and the eagle, the raven and the green-bird, the rook and the owl, the eagle and the wren should hate one another, unless it be that the latter hates the eagle because he is called the king of birds. Why should an owl be an enemy to small birds, a weasel to a crow, a turtle-dove to a candle-fly, the ichneumon (Indian rats) wasps to the spiders called *phalangiæ*, ducks to sea-gulls, the harpe to the buzzard-hawk, the wolf to the lion? And besides, why should rats have an aversion to a tree where ants are? Why is there so irreconcilable an enmity between a beetle and an eagle? for the fable was framed from the nature of that animal. Hence it is that near to Olynthus, in a certain place beetles will not live if they are brought into it. And then, again, between creatures that live in the water; what reason is there why the mullet and the pike mutually hate one another, as the conger and the lamprey, that gnaw one another's tails? The lobster has such an hatred to the polypus that if it chance to see it near him he dies with fear.

On the contrary, a certain hidden affection of goodwill has united other creatures, as peacocks and doves, turtles and parrots, blackbirds and thrushes, crows and herons, who mutually assist one another against the fox; the harpe and kite against the triorche, which is a kind of hawk, and a common enemy to them. The musculus, a little fish swimming before the whale, is a guide to him; nor does it appear

why he is thus serviceable to him. For that the crocodile opens his jaws for the little wren is not to be attributed to friendship, when either creature is led by its own advantage. The crocodile loves to have his teeth cleansed, and therefore embraces the pleasure of having them picked; and the wren seeks her food, feeding upon the fragments of fish that stick in the other's teeth, and for the same reason a crow rides upon a sow's back. There is such a stubborn enmity between the anthus and ægythus, that it is affirmed their blood will not mingle one with the other; just as it is related of other birds, that their feathers will consume away if they be mingled with those of the eagle.

A hawk is a deadly enemy to the dovekind, but the little bird the kestrel defends them, for a hawk is wonderfully afraid either to see or hear that bird. Nor are the pigeons ignorant of this; wheresoever the kestrel has her nest, they will never leave that place, relying upon their defenders. Who can give a reason why a kestrel should be so friendly to pigeons, or why a hawk should be so afraid of a kestrel? And as a very little animal is sometimes a safeguard to a great beast, so, on the contrary, a very little one is often a destruction to a great one. There is a little fish in the form of a scorpion, and of the size of the fish quaquiner; he sometimes sticks his sting into the fin of tunnies, that often are bigger than a dolphin, and puts them to that torture that they sometimes leap into ships, and the same he does to the mullet. What should be the reason that a lion, that is terrible to all animals, should be struck with fear at hearing a cock crow?

Jo. That I may not be altogether scot-free in this entertainment, I will tell you what I saw with my own eyes in the house of that famous Englishman Sir Thomas More: He kept in his house a large monkey, who, that he might the sooner get well of a wound he had received, was suffered to go loose. At the end of the garden there were rabbits kept in hutches, and a weasel used to watch them very narrowly. The monkey sitting aloof off quietly, as though unconcerned, observed all his motions till he saw the rabbits were in no danger from him. But perceiving the weasel had loosened a board in the back part of the hutch, and that now they were in danger to be attacked in the rear, and so be made a prey to their enemy, the ape runs, jumps up on the plank and put it into its former place with as much dexterity as any man could have done; from whence it is plain that apes are great lovers of this animal. So the coneys, not knowing their own danger, that used to kiss their enemy through the grate, were preserved by the monkey. Apes are mightily delighted with all young whelps, and love to hug them and carry them about in their arms. *Ep.* But that good-natured monkey did really deserve to be made amends for his kindness. *Jo.* And he was too. *Ep.* How? *Jo.* He found there a piece of bread that had, I suppose, been thrown there by the children, which he took up and ate.

Ep. But it seems most admirable to me that this kind of sympathy and antipathy, as the Greeks call a natural affection of friendship and enmity, should be found even in things that have neither life nor sense. I omit to mention the ash tree, the very shadow of which a serpent cannot endure; so that how far soever it spreads, if you make a circle of fire of the same bigness, the serpent will sooner go into

the fire than into the shadow of the tree; for there are examples innumerable of this kind. Moths included in parchment are transformed into butterflies by some secret workmanship of nature, though they seem as if they were dead, and stir not if you touch them, unless a spider creep near them; then only they appear to be alive. They cannot feel the touch of a man's finger; but they feel the feet of a very small animal crawling. *Jo.* An insect, before it is alive, can be sensible of his capital enemy. That which is related concerning persons murdered is very like this,—to whom if other persons approach, there is no alteration; but if he that killed them comes nigh, presently blood flows fresh out of the wound; and they say that by this token the author of a murder has been often discovered.

Ep. What you have heard as to that matter is no fiction. But, not to mention democritical stories, do we not find by experience that there is a mighty disagreement between an oak and an olive tree, that they will both die if they be planted into the ground of each other? And that an oak is so opposite to a walnut tree that it will die though it be set at a good distance from it; and, indeed, a walnut tree is hurtful to most sorts of plants and trees. Again, though a vine will twine its sprigs round all other things else, yet it shuns a colewort; and, as though it were sensible of it, turns itself another way, as if some person gave the vine notice that his enemy was near at hand. The juice of coleworts is a thing contrary to wine, and they are used to be eaten against drunkenness. But the colewort has its enemy too; for if it be set near the herb called sow-bread, or wild marjoram, it will wither presently. There is the like disposition between hemlock and wine; as hemlock is poison to a man, so is wine to hemlock. What secret commerce is there between the lily and the garlic, that growing near to one another they seem as it were mutually to congratulate one another? The garlic is the stronger, but the lily flower smells the sweeter. Why should I speak of the marriage of trees one with another, the females being barren unless the male grows near them?

Oil will only mix with chalk, and both of them have an antipathy to water. Pitch attracts oil, though they are both fat things. All things but gold swim in quicksilver, and that only draws it to itself and embraces it. What sense of nature is that which seems to be in a diamond that will resist everything that is hard, but grow soft in a goat's blood? Nay, you may see an antipathy even in poisons themselves. A scorpion, if it chance to creep through henbane, grows pale and benumbed. And the herb cerastis is so noxious to a scorpion, that he that handles the seed of it may take a scorpion into his hand. There are abundance of things of this kind, but the consideration of them more properly belongs to physicians.

What a mighty power of either sympathy or antipathy is there between the steel and the loadstone, that a matter heavy by nature should run to and cleave to a stone, as though it kissed it, and without touching it should fly backward? And as to water, which readily mingles with all things, but most of all with itself, yet there are some waters which, as though they hated one another, will not mix; as for instance, the river flowing into the Lake Fucinus runs over it, as Addua does to Larius, as Ticinus to Verbanus, Mincius to Benacus, Ollius to Sevinus, Rhodanus to Lemanus: some of which for many miles only

carry their hospitable streams through them, and go out just as much and no more than they came in. The River Tigris flows into the Lake Arethusa, and is carried through it like a passenger, that neither the colour, the fish, nor the nature of the water intermixes one with the other. And besides, whereas other rivers generally seem as it were in haste to flow into the sea, yet some rivers, as though they had an aversion to it, before they come at it hide themselves in the earth. There is something of a like nature to be observed concerning the winds: the south wind is pestilential to mankind; the north wind, on the contrary, healthful; one collects the clouds, the other scatters them.

And if we may believe astrologers, there is a certain sympathy and antipathy in the very stars themselves; some are friendly to mankind, and others hurtful; and some are helpful to a man against the influences of the noxious ones: so that there is nothing in nature but by these sympathies and antipathies brings a man injuries and remedies. *Jo.* And perhaps you may find something above the skies too; for if we believe the magi, there are two genii, a good and a bad, that attend every man. *Ep.* I think it is very well, and enough for us that we are got so far as heaven, without passing over the limits of it. But let us return to oxen and horses. *Jo.* In truth, you make a very fine transition. *Ep.* It is the more admirable to us that in the same species of animals we find manifest footsteps of sympathy and antipathy, no cause of it appearing: for so your horse-coursers and herdmen endeavour to persuade us, that in the same pastures and the same stable one horse shall desire to have one horse nigh him, and will not endure another. Indeed, I am of opinion that there is the like affection in all kind of living creatures, besides the favour of sex, but is in no kind so evident as it is in man. For what Catullus expresses of his Volusius concerning his affection of mind is manifest in a great many others:

> I love thee not, Volusius; and if thou askest why?
> I love thee not, Volusius, is all I can reply.

But in adult persons, a person may conjecture another cause. In children, that are only led by the sense of nature, what can it be that makes a child love one so dearly, and have such an aversion to another? I myself, when I was a boy not eight years of age, happened to fall into the acquaintance of one of my own age, or perhaps a year older, of so vain a humour that upon every occasion he would invent, without study, most monstrous lies. If he met a woman, he would say to me, Do you see that woman? I answered, Yes, I see her. Why, says he, I have lain with her ten times. If we went over a narrow bridge nigh a mill, when he perceived me shocked at the sight of the water looking black by reason of the depth, he would say, I fell into this place once; what say you to that? and there I found the dead body of a man, with a purse tied about him, and three rings in it. And thus he would do continually. And though it is common for others to be delighted with such romances as these, I abhorred him more than a viper, and knew no reason for it, but only a certain hidden instinct in nature.

Nor was this only temporary; but to this very day I so naturally hate those vain lying persons, that at the very sight of them I perceive my whole constitution to be shocked. Homer takes notice of something

of the like nature in Achilles, when he says he hated lies as much as the gates of hell. But though I was born with this natural disposition, yet contrary to it I seem to have been born to have to do with liars and impostors through the whole course of my life. *Jo.* But I do not take in what this tends to. *Ep.* I will tell you in a few words: there are some that fetch their felicity from magical arts, others from the stars. I think there is no surer way of coming at it, than if every one would abstain from that sort of life that he has a natural aversion to, and betake himself to that he has a natural inclination to, always excluding those things that are dishonest; and that he would withdraw himself from the conversation of those whose disposition he perceives does not agree with his own, and join himself with such as he finds he has a natural propensity to. *Jo.* If that were done there would be friendship between some few. *Ep.* Christian charity extends itself to all; but familiarity is to be contracted with but few: and he that does no hurt to anybody, though he be bad, and would rejoice if he would grow better, in my opinion, loves all as becomes a Christian to do.

CONCERNING CERTAIN PROBLEMS.

Curio and Alphius.

Cu. I should be glad to learn something of you who are well skilled in many things, if it would not be troublesome to you to inform me. *Al.* Well, Curio, go on then, propose what questions you have a mind to, and be in fact what you are in name. *Cu.* I shall not take it amiss to be called Curio, so you do not put that monosyllable *sus* (a sow) to it, that is hateful both to Venus and Minerva, and makes it Curiosus. *Al.* Speak out then. *Cu.* I have a mighty mind to know what we call heavy and light. *Al.* I may as well ask you what hot and cold is too: you should rather put that question to a porter than to me; or rather to an ass, who will tell you when the burden is heavy by hanging his ears. *Cu.* I expect a solution, not such a one as an ass can give, but such as becomes a philosopher, an Alpheus himself. *Al.* Heavy is that which naturally tends downwards, and light that which mounts upwards. *Cu.* How comes it about then that the antipodes, who are under us, do not fall into the sky that is under them? *Al.* They may as well wonder why you do not fall into the heaven that is not under you but over you; for the heaven is above all that are comprehended within it: nor are the antipodes under you any more than you above them. Nay, you might rather wonder why the rocks that the earth of the antipodes sustains do not break and fall into heaven.

Cu. What then is the natural centre of heavy bodies? and, on the other hand, of light bodies? *Al.* All heavy things are by a natural motion carried towards the earth, and light things towards heaven: I do not speak of a violent or animal motion. *Cu.* Why, is there then a motion that is called an animal one? *Al.* Yes, there is. *Cu.* What is it? *Al.* It is that which is carried according to the four situations of the body—forward, backward, to the right and left, and in a circle; and in the beginning and end is swifter, and slowest in the middle; for

in the beginning vigour adds alacrity, and near the end the hope of coming to what the animal aims at. *Cu.* I cannot tell how it is with other animals; but I have got a maid-servant who is weary before she begins, and tired before she ends. But return to what you begun.

Al. I say, heavy things are carried downward by a natural motion; and by how much the heavier anything is, by so much a swifter motion it is carried towards the earth, and by how much the lighter it is, by so much the swifter motion it is carried toward heaven. It is quite otherwise in a violent motion, which, being swift at first, grows slower by degrees; and contrary in a natural motion, as an arrow shot into the air, and a stone falling from on high. *Cu.* I used to think that men ran about upon the globe of the earth like little ants on a great ball; they stick upon it everywhere, and none fall off. *Al.* That is to be attributed to the ruggedness of the globe, and a certain roughness in the feet of the ants, which, indeed, is common to all insects in a manner; and lastly, to the lightness of their bodies. If you do not believe me, make a glass globe very smooth and sleek; you will see that only those ants do not fall that are at the upper part of it. *Cu.* If any god should bore through the centre of the earth, quite down to the antipodes, in a perpendicular line, and as cosmographers use to represent the situation of the globe of the earth, and a stone were let fall into it, whither would it go? *Al.* To the centre of the earth; there all heavy bodies rest. *Cu.* What if the antipodes should let fall a stone on their side? *Al.* Then one stone would meet the other about the centre, and stop there.

Cu. But hark you, if what you said just now be true, that a natural motion by its progress grew more and more strong, if nothing hindered a stone or lead cast into the hole, by reason of the vehemence of its motion it would pass beyond the centre, and having got beyond the centre, the motion would grow more violent. *Al.* Lead would never come to the centre unless it were melted; but a stone, if it did pass the centre with so violent a motion, would go at first more heavily and return to the centre again, just as a stone thrown up into the air returns again to the earth. *Cu.* But returning back again by its natural motion, and again recovering force, it would go beyond the centre, and so the stone would never rest. *Al.* It would lie still at last by running beyond, and then running back again till it came to an equilibrium. *Cu.* But if there be no vacuum in nature, then that hole must be full of air. *Al.* Suppose it to be so. *Cu.* Then a body that is by nature heavy will hang in the air. *Al.* Why not? as steel does, being borne up by the loadstone. What wonder is it that one stone hang in the very middle of the air, when the whole earth laden with so many rocks hangs after the same manner?

Cu. But where is the centre of the earth? *Al.* Where is the centre of a circle? *Cu.* That is a point that is indivisible; if the centre of the earth be so small, whosoever bores through the centre takes it away, and then heavy bodies have nowhere to tend to. *Al.* Now you talk idly enough. *Cu.* Pray, do not be angry; what I say is for the sake of information. If any one should bore through the globe of the earth, and not through the centre itself, as suppose one hundred furlongs aside of it, where would a stone fall then? *Al.* It would not pass straight through the hole. It would, indeed, go

straight, but to the centre; and so when it came to the middle it would rest in the earth on the left hand, if the centre were at the left hand.

Cu. But what is it that makes a body heavy or light? *Al.* That is a question fit for God to answer, why He made fire the lightest of all things, and air next to that; the earth the heaviest, and water next to that. *Cu.* Why, then, do watery clouds hang in a lofty air? *Al.* Because by the attraction of the sun they conceive a fiery nature, as smoke being forced by a violent motion out of green wood. *Cu.* Why, then, do they sometimes fall with such a weight that they level mountains into a plain? *Al.* Concretion and density add a weight to them, and they may be imagined so to be borne up by the air under them, as a thin plate of iron is borne up upon the surface of the water. *Cu.* Do you think, then, that whatsoever has most of a fiery quality in it is lightest, and that which has most of an earthy quality heaviest? *Al.* You are right. *Cu.* But air is not all of a lightness, nor earth all of a heaviness, and it is the same as to water. *Al.* Nor is that strange, since those things you have mentioned are not pure elements, but tempered of various elements; so that it is probable that earth is the lightest that has the most fire or air mixed with it, and that water heaviest that has earth, which is heaviest, mixed with it, as, I think, sea-water is, and that whereof salt is made. And, in like manner, that air that is nearest to water or earth is the heaviest, or, at least, it is certainly not so light as that which is farther from the earth.

Cu. Which has most of an earthy quality in it, a stone or lead? *Al.* A stone. *Cu.* And yet lead is heavier than a stone in proportion. *Al.* (The density is the cause.) That proceeds from its solidity; for a stone is more porous, and so contains more air in it than lead does. Hence it is that we see some sort of dry earth, which if you cast into water will swim and not sink; so we see whole fields floating, being borne up by hollow roots of reeds and other marshy herbs, interwoven one with another. *Cu.* Perhaps it is from this cause that a pumice-stone is so light. *Al.* Because it is full of pores, and very much burnt in the fire; they are thrown out of burning places. *Cu.* Whence is it that cork is so light. *Al.* That has been answered already; the spongy hollowness of it is the cause.

Cu. Which is heaviest, lead or gold? *Al.* Gold, in my opinion. *Cu.* But yet gold seems to have more of a fiery nature than lead. *Al.* What, because, as Pindar says, it shines by night like fire? *Cu.* Yes. *Al.* But gold has the greater solidity. *Cu.* How is that found? *Al.* Goldsmiths will tell you that neither silver, lead, nor copper, nor any such kind of metal, can be hammered out so thin as gold can. And, for the same reason, philosophers gather that there is nothing more liquid than honey and oil; that if any one spread this, or daub anything with it, it will spread the widest and be longest in drying of anything.

Cu. But which is heaviest, oil or water? *Al.* If you speak of linseed-oil, I take oil to be the heaviest. *Cu.* Why, then, does oil swim upon water? *Al.* The lightness is not the cause, but the fiery nature of oil, and a peculiar nature in all fat things that is contrary to water; as it is in the herb that is called Ἄβαπτος. *Cu.* Why, then, does not iron swim when it is red hot? *Al.* Because the heat is not a natural one, and therefore the sooner penetrates the

water, because the intenseness of the heat dispels the resisting water; so an iron wedge sinks sooner to the bottom than a thin plate. *Cu.* Which is the most unbearable, hot iron or cold? *Al.* Hot. *Cu.* Then it is heavier. *Al.* It is, if it be better to carry burning straw in your hand than a cold flint. *Cu.* What is the cause that one wood is heavier or lighter than another? *Al.* The solidity or hollowness. *Cu.* But I knew one of the King of England's household who, when we were at table, shewed us some wood which, he said, was the wood of an aloes tree, so solid that it seemed to be a stone, and so light, if you poised it in your hand, that it seemed a reed; being put into wine (for he was of opinion that so it would expel poison), it presently sunk to the bottom as swiftly as lead would.

Al. Neither solidity nor hollowness is always the cause, but a peculiar occult agreement between things, which is the cause that some things embrace or shun other things of a cognate or different quality, as a loadstone attracts steel, and a vine avoids a colewort; and flame will reach toward naphtha set in a lower place, although it be at some distance, and yet naphtha is naturally heavy and flame light. *Cu.* All sorts of money swim in quicksilver, and gold only sinks and is inclosed in it, yet quicksilver is very liquid. *Al.* I can give no solution to that, but a peculiar cognate quality; and quicksilver was made for the refinement of gold. *Cu.* Why does the River Arethusa run under the Sicanian Sea, and not rather swim upon it, when you say that sea-water is heavier than river-water? *Al.* A natural disagreement is the cause, but it is a secret one. *Cu.* Why do swans swim, when men going into the same water sink? *Al.* The cause is not only the hollowness and lightness of their feathers, but also a dryness that the water shuns. And hence it comes to pass that if you put water or wine into a cloth or linen that is very dry, it contracts itself into a globular form; but put it into a wet one, it spreads itself presently. And, in like manner, if you pour any liquid thing into a dry cup, or whose brims are greased with fat, and pour a little more than the cup will hold, the liquor presently gathers itself into a round before it will run over the brim.

Cu. Why cannot ships carry so much in rivers as in the sea? *Al.* Because river-water is of a thinner consistence; and for the same reason birds poise themselves with more ease in a thick air than in a thin one. *Cu.* Why does not the fish called flota sink? *Al.* Because its skin being dried in the sun is made lighter, and resists moisture. *Cu.* Why does iron drawn out into a large plate swim, but being contracted in a narrow compass sink? *Al.* It is dryness is the cause in part, and partly because there gets in an air between the plate and the water. *Cu.* Which is the heaviest, wine or water? *Al.* I believe wine will not give place to water. *Cu.* How comes it about, then, that they that buy wine of the vintners sometimes find water in the bottom of the cask? *Al.* Because there is in wine a certain fat substance like oil that resists the water; the reason is plain, by how much richer the wine is, so much the more difficultly does it mingle with water; and being set on fire, it burns the fiercer. *Cu.* What is the reason that no living creature will sink in the Lake Asphaltus? *Al.* I cannot give a solution to all the miracles in nature; nature has some arcana that she will have us admire but not understand.

Cu. Why is a lean man heavier than a fat man, supposing them both of an equal size? *Al.* Because bones are more solid than flesh, and therefore the more weighty. *Cu.* Why is the same man heavier when he is fasting than after he has ate his dinner, and so added a weight to his body. *Al.* Because by meat and drink the spirits are increased, and they add a lightness to the body; and hence it is that a merry man is heavier than a sorrowful one, and a dead man than a living one. *Cu.* But how is it that the same man can make himself heavier or lighter when he pleases? *Al.* By holding in his breath he makes himself lighter, and by breathing it out heavier; so a bladder when blown, and close tied, swims; but when it is burst, sinks. But when will Curio have done asking questions?

Cu. I will leave off if you will tell me but a few things more? Is the heaven heavy or light? *Al.* I cannot tell whether it be light or no, but I am sure it cannot be heavy, it being of the nature of fire. *Cu.* What then does the old proverb mean, What if the sky should fall? *Al.* Because the ignorant ancients, following Homer, believed the heaven to be made of iron; but Homer called it iron from the similitude of colour, not of weight, as we call that ashy that is of the colour of ashes. *Cu.* Is there any colour in the sky? *Al.* There is not really any colour in it; but it appears so to us, because of the air and water that is betwixt us and it; as the sun sometimes appears to us to be red, sometimes yellow, sometimes white, when of itself it admits of no such mutations. In like manner the colours of the rainbow are not in the sky but in the moist air.

Cu. But to make an end; you confess there is nothing higher than the heaven, which way soever it covers the orb of the earth. *Al.* I do confess so. *Cu.* And nothing deeper than the centre of the earth. *Al.* No. *Cu.* Of all things in the world what is the heaviest? *Al.* Gold, in my opinion. *Cu.* I differ very much from you in this point. *Al.* Why, do you know of anything that is heavier than gold? *Cu.* Yes, I do, and by many degrees too. *Al.* Then now do you take your turn and teach me; for I profess I do not know anything that is. *Cu.* Must not that needs be the heaviest thing in the world that forced down the fiery spirits from the very vortex of heaven to the bottom of hell? and that (you know) is placed in the centre of the earth. *Al.* I confess it; but what is that? *Cu.* Sin, which plunges the souls of men, that Virgil calls sparks of pure ether, to the same place. *Al.* If you have a mind to pass to that sort of philosophy, I confess both gold and lead to be as light as feathers compared to it. *Cu.* How then can they that are laden with this sort of luggage mount up to heaven? *Al.* In truth I cannot tell. *Cu.* They that prepare themselves for running or leaping do not only lay aside all heavy things, but make themselves light by holding in their breath; when as to the race and leap that we take to heaven we do not endeavour to throw aside that which is heavier than stone or lead. *Al.* Ay, but we should do it if we had but one grain of sound judgment.

THE EPICUREAN.

Hedonius and Spudæus.

He. What is my Spudæus hunting after, he is so intent upon his book, muttering I know not what to himself? *Sp.* Hedonius, I was indeed hunting, but that was all, for I can catch nothing. *He.* What book is that in your bosom? *Sp.* Tully's "Dialogues of the Ends of Good Things." *He.* But is it not better to inquire after the beginning of them than the end? *Sp.* Mark Tully calls a perfect good the end of good, such as whosoever obtains can desire nothing more. *He.* It is, indeed, a very eloquent and learned piece; but have you done anything to the purpose as to the attainment of the knowledge of the truth? *Sp.* Indeed I seem to have got this good by it, that I am more in uncertainty as to the ends of good than I was before. It is commonly the case of farmers to be at uncertainty as to the ends of lands. *He.* I wonder very much that there is so great a disagreement in the opinions of so many great men concerning so great a matter. *Sp.* No wonder at all, for error is very fertile, but truth simple; and they being ignorant of the head and fountain of the whole affair, they all make absurd and doting guesses. But which opinion do you think comes nearest to the truth?

He. When I meet with M. Tully opposing them, I like none of them; again, when I find him defending them, I have not a word to say against it. But to me the Stoics seem to be the least out of the way, and next to them the Peripatetics. I like no sect so well as the Epicureans. *Sp.* There is no sect amongst them all that is so much condemned by a universal consent. *He.* Let us set prejudice aside, and let Epicurus be what he will, let us consider the thing in itself. He places the happiness of man in pleasure, and judges that life to be most blessed that has most pleasure and least pain. *Sp.* He does so. *He.* What can be more divine than this sentence? *Sp.* Everybody cries out, this is the saying of a brute, rather than of a man. *He.* I know they do, but they are mistaken in the names of things. If we will speak the truth none are greater Epicureans than those Christians that live a pious life. *Sp.* They come nearer to it than the Cynics; for they make their bodies lean with fasting, bewail their own weaknesses, either are poor or else make themselves so by their liberality to the poor, are oppressed by the powerful, and derided by the populace. And if pleasure be that which makes happy, I think this kind of life is as distant from pleasure as can well be.

He. Will you admit of Plautus for an author? *Sp.* Yes, if he says that which is right. *He.* Then I will present you with one sentence of a naughty servant, that has more wisdom in it than all the paradoxes of the Stoics. *Sp.* Let me hear it. *He. Nihil est miserius quam animus sibi mali conscius*, nothing can be more wretched than a guilty conscience. *Sp.* I approve the saying; but what do you infer from it? *He.* If nothing be more wretched than a guilty conscience, it follows of consequence that nothing is more happy than a clear conscience. *Sp.* A very good inference; but in what part of the world will you find a conscience that is clear from all that is evil?

He. I call that evil that breaks the friendship between God and man. *Sp.* But I believe there are very few that are clear of evil of this kind. *He.* And I take those that are cleansed to be pure; such as by the lather of tears, and soap of repentance, and fire of charity have washed away their pollutions. The sins of such persons are not only not hurtful to them, but oftentimes turn to a greater good. *Sp.* I know what soap and suds is; but I never heard that pollutions were purged away by fire. *He.* But if you go to the refiner's shop you will see gold purged by fire; and there is a certain sort of flax which, being put into the fire, is not burnt, but shines brighter, and is as clear as water, and therefore is called living flax.

Sp. In truth, thou bringest us a paradox that is more paradoxical than all the paradoxes of the Stoics. Do not they live a pleasant life of whom Christ has said, "Blessed are they that mourn?" *He.* They seem to mourn to men of the world, but in reality they live deliciously, and, as the old saying is, being anointed with honey, live sweetly; so that, compared to them, Sardanapalus, Philoxenus, Apicius, or the most noted voluptuary lived but a miserable life. *Sp.* What you say is new, but it is scarce credible. *He.* Do but once make a trial, and you will say over and over that what I say is true. I do not question but I can make you sensible that it is not incredible. *Sp.* Go about it then. *He.* I will, if you will grant me something by way of preliminary. *Sp.* I will, if what you require be just. *He.* If you grant them me I will return them with interest. I suppose you will allow that there is a difference between the soul and the body? *Sp.* There is so, and as much as between heaven and earth, immortal and mortal. *He.* And again, that false goods are not to be taken for true goods? *Sp.* No more than the shadows are to be taken for the bodies themselves, or the delusions of magicians, or the fancies of dreams are to be accounted for truth.

He. So far you have answered me well; I suppose you will likewise grant me this, that there can be no real pleasure but in a sound mind. *Sp.* Why not? A person cannot take pleasure in the sun if his eyes are sore, or relish wine in a fever. *He.* Nor can I think Epicurus himself would embrace a pleasure that has more pain in it, and of longer continuance than the pleasure itself. *Sp.* In my opinion, neither he nor anybody else that has any sense would. *He.* I will presume you will grant me this, that God himself is the chiefest good, than which nothing is more glorious, more lovely, and more pleasant. *Sp.* Nobody would deny that but one that is more brutish than a Cyclops. But what then? *He.* Well, then, now you have granted me that nobody lives more pleasantly than they that live piously, and nobody more miserably and afflictedly than they that live wickedly. *Sp.* Then I granted you more than I was aware of. *He.* But, as Plato says, that which has been fairly granted ought not to be denied. *Sp.* Well, go on. *He.* A little puppy that is kept for pleasure is fed daintily, lies softly, plays and wantons continually; does not she live pleasantly then? *Sp.* Yes. *He.* Would you wish for such a life then? *Sp.* No, by no means, unless I should wish to be a dog.

He. Then you confess that true pleasures proceed from the mind as from a fountain. *Sp.* It is plain they do. *He.* So great is the force of the mind that it often takes away the sense of outward pain,

and sometimes makes what of itself is bitter to be sweet. *Sp.* We see that daily in those who are in love, who take a pleasure in watching and waiting all a cold winter's night at their mistress's door. *He.* Well, then, consider with yourself, if human love have such a power, which bulls and dogs have as well as we, how much more prevalent will that heavenly love be that proceeds from the spirit of Christ, the power of which is so great that it can render death amiable, than which there is nothing in the world more terrible?

Sp. I cannot tell what others feel within themselves, but I think that they want a great many pleasures that adhere to true piety. *He.* What pleasures do they go without? *Sp.* They do not get riches, attain honours, junket, dance, sing, perfume themselves, laugh and play. *He.* You should not have mentioned riches and honours in this case, for they do not make a life pleasant, but rather full of cares and anxiety. Let us consider the other things, which are what they hunt after that have a desire to live a pleasant life. Do you not see every day drunkards, fools, and madmen laughing and dancing? *Sp.* I do so. *He.* Do you think that they live pleasantly? *Sp.* I would wish that pleasure to those I hate. *He.* Why so? *Sp.* Because their mind is out of order. *He.* Then had you rather fast and study than live after that manner? *Sp.* Nay, I had rather dig. *He.* There is no difference between a rich man and a drunken man, saving that sleep will cure a drunken man, but doctors cannot cure a covetous man. A natural fool differs from a brute only in the form of his body; but they are less miserable whom nature has made brutes, than they that have made themselves so by their beastly lusts. *Sp.* I confess that.

He. Do you think that they are sober or in their right mind who, for the sake of delusions and shadows of pleasure, neglect the true pleasures of the mind, and bring upon themselves real torments? *Sp.* They do not seem to be so. *He.* Such persons are not drunk with wine, but with love, with anger, with avarice, with ambition and other filthy lusts, which is a drunkenness more dangerous than to be drunk with wine. Cyrus, in the comedy, after he had slept away his debauch spoke sober things, but a mind drunk with vicious lust, how hardly does that come to itself? How many years does love, anger, hatred, lust, luxury, and ambition torment the mind? How many do we see that never wake out of the sleep of drunkenness, ambition, avarice, lust, and luxury, and repent of them even from their youth to decrepit old age? *Sp.* I know a great many such as those. *He.* You have granted likewise that persons should not take false pleasures for true ones. *Sp.* I have so, and I shall not eat my words. *He.* That is no true pleasure that does not spring from true causes. *Sp.* I own that.

He. Then they are no true pleasures that mankind generally pursue, right or wrong. *Sp.* I do not think they are. *He.* If they were true pleasures they would only happen to good men, and render them happy whose share they fall to. But as to pleasure, can that be thought to be true that proceeds not from true good, but from the false shadows of good? *Sp.* By no means. *He.* But pleasure is that which makes us live sweetly. *Sp.* It does so. *He.* Well, then, none lives truly pleasantly but he that lives piously—*i. e.*, that enjoys true good. It is only piety that gains the favour of God, the fountain of

the chiefest good, that makes a man happy. *Sp.* I am almost convinced. *He.* Now do but mind how vastly wide they are from pleasure who, as is commonly accounted, follow nothing but pleasures. First of all, their minds are polluted and vitiated with the leaven of lusts, that if anything that is pleasant happens, it presently grows bitter; for when a fountain is muddy the stream will not run clear. Again, that pleasure is no true pleasure that is received with a disordered mind, for there is nothing more pleasant to an angry man than revenge; but that pleasure is turned into pain as soon as the disease has forsaken the mind. *Sp.* I do not deny that.

He. But lastly, these pleasures proceed from false goods, whence it follows that they are but cheats; for what would you say if you saw a man under a delusion by magical arts, to drink, dance, clap his hands, when there was nothing really there that he thought he saw? *Sp.* I should say he was both mad and miserable. *He.* I was once present at such a spectacle; there was a certain priest skilled in magic. *Sp.* He did not learn that from the Holy Scriptures. *He.* From the most unholy ones. Some ladies of the court paid a visit to this priest, inviting themselves to dine with him, and upbraiding him with covetousness and niggardliness; at last he consented and gave them an invitation. They came without a breakfast, that they might eat the heartier dinner. The table seemed to be plentifully furnished, and no dainties wanting; and they fed heartily, and returning their host thanks for his entertainment, went home. But immediately they perceived themselves very hungry, and wondered that they should be so when they had just come from eating so plentifully. At length the matter came out, and they were soundly laughed at. *Sp.* And they deserved it too; they had better have staid at home and fed upon ordinary fare, than have gone abroad to be feasted with imaginary dainties. *He.* But, in my opinion, it is far more ridiculous for men in common to grasp at the mere empty shadows of good, instead of the true and substantial goods, and to take a pleasure in those deceits that do not only end in a jest, but in everlasting sorrows. *Sp.* The more I consider it, the more I am convinced I have spoken to the purpose.

He. Well, let it be allowed for the present that things are called pleasures that really are not so. But would you call that metheglin sweet that has more aloes than honey in it? *Sp.* No, I should not if there were a third part as much. *He.* Or would you wish to have the itch, that you might have the pleasure of scratching? *Sp.* No, if I were in my senses. *He.* Well, then, do but reckon with yourself how much bitterness is mixed with those pleasures falsely so called, which a dishonest love, an unlawful lust, gluttony, and drunkenness produce. At the same time I take no notice of the torment of conscience, enmity with God himself, and the expectation of eternal torment, which are the chiefest things of all. For, pray, do but consider what is in these pleasures that does not bring with it a whole troop of eternal evils? *Sp.* What are they? *He.* Not to mention covetousness, ambition, wrath, pride, envy, which of themselves are troublesome enough, let us only compare those things that are in a special manner accounted pleasures.

When hard drinking throws a man into a fever, the headache,

the gripes, dizziness, a bad name, decay of memory, vomiting, loss of appetite, and the palsy, would Epicurus himself think this was a pleasure worth seeking after? *Sp.* He would say it were to be shunned rather. *He.* When young men by whoring, as it commonly falls out, get the pox, which, by way of extenuation, they call the common garden gout, by which they are so often brought to death's door in their life-time, and carry about a dead carcase, do they not epicurise gloriously? *Sp.* Yes, if coming often to the powdering tub be doing so. *He.* But now, suppose the pain and pleasure to be equal, would you be willing to bear the pain of the toothache as long as the pleasure of whoring or a drunken bout lasted? *Sp.* In truth, I had rather go without both, for to buy pleasure with pain is penance without gain. In this case, in my opinion, an utter ἀναλγεσία, which Cicero calls an indolency, is much better. *He.* But besides that, the titillation of unlawful pleasure, as it is much less than the pain it brings, so it is of shorter continuance. But when a man has once got the pox he is plagued with it all his life-time, and forced to suffer a sort of death a great many times over before his time comes to die. *Sp.* Epicurus himself would not own such persons for his disciples.

He. Poverty is commonly the attendant of luxury, and that is a miserable and heavy burden to bear; and a palsy, weakness of the nerves, sore eyes, and the pox, the consequents of immoderate venery; and this is not all neither. Is it not a notable way of merchandising, to purchase a pleasure, neither real, solid, nor of long continuance, with so many evils, greater and longer-lasting? *Sp.* If there were nothing of pain in the matter, I should think him a foolish trader who should barter jewels for bits of glass. *He.* And will you not say the same of them that lose the real enjoyments of the mind for the counterfeit pleasures of the body? *Sp.* Indeed, I think so.

He. But let us come closer to the matter. Suppose that neither a fever nor poverty should always accompany luxury; nor a pox, nor palsy, whoring; yet a guilty conscience, that you allow to be by far more wretched, is the inseparable companion of unlawful pleasure. *Sp.* Nay, sometimes it goes before it, and galls the mind in the very fruition of it. But there are some, perhaps, you will say, that have no feeling in their conscience. *He.* Such are the more miserable; for who would not rather feel his pain, than have his body so stupefied as to have no sense of feeling? But as some persons in their youth, by the exorbitancy of their lusts, are as it were drunk, and habituated to them, and like a callous grown insensible of their calamity; yet when they come to old age, besides the innumerable evils they have treasured up in the time of their past life, death, the inevitable fate of mankind, stares them in the face with a terrible aspect; and then the conscience is so much the more tormenting, by how much the more stupefied it has been all their life before. Then the soul is awakened, whether it will or no; old age, which of itself is a melancholy thing, as being obnoxious to many incommodities of nature; how much more miserable and wretched is it, if a guilty conscience adds to its infelicity? Entertainments, club feasts, balls, amours, concerts of music, and those things that are delightful to them when young, will be burdensome to them when old.

Old age has nothing to support itself with, but the remembrance

of a life innocently passed, and the hope of a better to come. These are the two crutches upon which old age is borne up; therefore if you take these away, and in the stead of them put a double burden upon their shoulders, the remembrance of a life ill spent and despair of happiness to come, pray what living creature can be imagined more afflicted and more miserable? *Sp.* Indeed, I cannot see what, unless it be the old age of a horse. *He.* Then, indeed, is the stable-door shut when the steed is stolen; and the old saying is a true one, "The end of mirth is heaviness," and "there is no delight equal to a glad heart." And again, "A merry heart doth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." And again, "All the days of the afflicted are evil," *i.e.*, afflicted and wretched. "A contented mind is a continual feast." *Sp.* Then they act wisely that get wealth betimes, and provide a viaticum for old age against it comes.

He. The holy scripture has not so low a sense as to measure man's happiness by outward enjoyments. He is poor, indeed, that is divested of all virtue, and owes both soul and body to the devil. *Sp.* And he, indeed, is a very severe creditor. *He.* He is truly rich who has God for his friend; for what should he fear that has such a protector? Should he be afraid of men? The united power of all the men in the world is less to God than that of a gnat against an Indian elephant. Should he fear death? To godly men that is the way to eternal happiness. Should he fear hell? A godly man says with confidence to God, "Though I walk in the region of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Why should he be afraid of devils that carries Him in his breast at whom the devils tremble? The scripture, which cannot be contradicted, in many places says, that the breast of a godly man is the temple wherein God dwells. *Sp.* Indeed, I do not see how these things can be refuted, though they seem contrary to common sense. *He.* How so? *Sp.* For, according to your way of reasoning, any Franciscan lives a life more pleasant than he that abounds with honours and, in a word, all kinds of delight.

He. Nay, you may add the sceptre of a king, and the pope's triple crown too, and of a threefold crown make a hundredfold one, and except only a good conscience, and I will be bold to say that this barefooted Franciscan, girt about with a rope full of knots, in a mean and ragged coat, worn to a skeleton with fasting, watching, and labours, and that is not worth a penny in the world, if he has but a good conscience, lives more deliciously a thousand times than Sardanapalus himself? *Sp.* What is the reason, then, that we commonly see poor men look more melancholy than rich men? *He.* Because a great many are doubly poor. Indeed, diseases, want, watching, labour, and nakedness do weaken the habit of the body. But the alacrity of the mind does not exert itself in these cases alone, but also in death itself. For the mind, although it is tied to a mortal body, yet it being of a more powerful nature, does after a sort transform the body into itself, especially if the efficacy of the Spirit be added to the power of its nature. Hence it comes to pass that we frequently see men that are truly pious die with greater cheerfulness than others live. *Sp.* I have often wondered at that myself.

He. It is not at all to be wondered at that there should be an invincible joy where God the fountain of all joy is. What new thing

is it that the mind of a pious man should always be cheerful in a mortal body, when the same man, if he should be plunged down to the lowest part of hell, would suffer nothing as to his felicity? Wheresoever is a good conscience, there is God; wheresoever God is, there is paradise; where heaven is, there is happiness; where happiness is, there is true joy and sincere alacrity. *Sp.* But for all that, they would live a more pleasant life if they were freed from some incommodities, and enjoyed some pleasures which they either set light by or cannot attain to. *He.* What incommodities are those you speak of? Do you mean those things that are concomitants of humanity, as hunger, thirst, distempers, weariness, old age, death, thunder, earthquakes, inundations, and wars? *Sp.* These among the rest. *He.* But now we are talking of immortal ones. And yet also in these calamities the condition of the godly is much more tolerable than that of those who hunt after bodily pleasures right or wrong. *Sp.* How so?

He. Because their minds are inured to temperance and bearance, and therefore undergo those things which are inevitable more moderately than other persons. And lastly, in that they understand that all those things are sent by God, either for the purgation of their faults or the exercise of their virtue; and therefore they take them not only patiently, but also willingly, as obedient children from the hand of a kind father, and are thankful either for His favourable correction or for the great advantage got by them. *Sp.* But there are a great many persons who bring bodily afflictions upon themselves. *He.* But more make use of physical medicines, either to preserve the health of the body or to recover it; but to bring troubles upon themselves, viz., want, sickness, persecution, or reproach, unless Christian charity oblige to it, is not piety, but folly. But as often as they are inflicted for the sake of Christ or righteousness, who is he that dares to call them miserable, when the Lord himself calls them blessed, and bids them rejoice on account of them? *Sp.* But for all that, they carry something of torment in them.

He. They do so, but it is such a one that the fear of hell on the one side and the hope of heaven on the other easily overcomes. But, prithee, tell me if you did firmly believe that you should never feel any sickness or bodily pain all your life long, if you would but once suffer your skin to be pricked with a pin, would you not willingly and gladly suffer that little pain? *Sp.* If I were but sure I should never feel the toothache all my life, I would suffer my skin to be pricked deeper, and both my ears to be bored through with an awl. *He.* But whatsoever affliction happens in this life is more light and short, in comparison to eternal torments, than the momentary prick of a needle to the life of man, the longest that ever any man lived; for there is no comparison between that which is finite and that which is infinite. *Sp.* You say very well. *He.* Now, suppose if you could be persuaded that you should live without trouble all your life long, if you did but divide the flame with your hand (which Pythagoras forbade to be done), would you not readily do it? *Sp.* Yes, I would do it an hundred times, if he that promised me would be as good as his word.

He. God cannot be worse than His word; but that sense of the flame is of longer continuance, if compared to the life of man, than all his life is compared to the happiness of heaven, though the life of

that man should be three times as long as that of Nestor. For that putting the hand into the flame is some part of the life of man, let it be never so small a one; but the whole life of a man is no part of eternity. *Sp.* I have nothing to say against it. *He.* Besides, they that hasten forwards with all their heart and a certain hope, when the way is so short, do you believe they are tormented with the troubles of this life? *Sp.* I do not think they are, if they have a certain belief and firm hope of attaining to it.

He. I come now to those delights you took notice of: they abstain from balls, banquets, and plays; they so despise them that they enjoy those that are much pleasanter. They do not take less pleasure, but they take it after another manner. "The eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive what comforts God has prepared for those that love Him." Blessed Paul was acquainted with the songs, dances, exultations, and banquets of pious minds in this life. *Sp.* But there are some lawful pleasures which they abridge themselves of.

He. The immoderate use of such pleasures as are in themselves lawful is unlawful, if you except that they who seem to live this austere life exceed others in enjoyment. What can be a more noble spectacle than the contemplation of this world? Men that are in God's favour take far more pleasure in that contemplation than other men; for while they, out of curiosity, contemplate this wonderful fabric, they are perplexed in their minds because they cannot attain to the knowledge of the causes of many things. And in some cases, like Momus's, some murmur against the workman, often calling nature, which is indeed a mother, a stepmother, which reflection, though in word it be levelled against nature, yet rebounds on Him that is the author of nature, if indeed there is any such thing as nature. But a godly man, with religious and pure eyes, beholds the works of God his father with great pleasure of mind, admiring everything, finding fault with nothing, but giving thanks for all things, when he considers that all these things were made for man, and so in everything adores the omnipotence, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, the footsteps of which he perceives in the things created. Imagine for once that there were really such a palace as Apuleius feigned for Psyche, or something more magnificent and fine, if it can be; and suppose two spectators, one a stranger, who only came to see it, the other a servant, or a son of him that built it, which of them will take the greatest pleasure in the sight? the stranger who has nothing to do with the house, or the son who beholds the genius, wealth, and magnificence of a dear father in that building with great pleasure, especially when he reflects that all this fabric was made for his own sake?

Sp. Your question needs no answer; but the greatest part that are not religious know not that heaven, and what is contained therein, was made for the sake of man. *He.* They all know it, but they do not all consider it; and if it does come into their mind, yet he takes the most pleasure that loves the workman best, as he looks most cheerfully upon heaven that breathes after eternal life. *Sp.* There seems to be a great deal of truth in what you say.

He. Now, as to banquets, the sweetness of them does not consist so much in the having a dainty palate, or in the seasonings of the cook,

as the good state of the health of the body and the goodness of the appetite. Therefore, do not think that any Lucullus sups more pleasantly upon his partridges, pheasants, turtle doves, hares, gilt-heads, sturgeons, or lampreys, than a godly man does upon brown bread, a salad, or pulse and water, or small-beer, or a little wine mixed with a great deal of water, because he receives them as sent from a kind Father. Prayer seasons them all, and the preceding thanksgiving sanctifies, and being accompanied with the reading of the Word of God, refreshes the mind more than meat does the body. And having returned thanks, at last he rises from the table, not stuffed, but recreated; not loaded, but refreshed in mind as well as body. Do you think the contriver of any of those vulgar delicacies can fare more deliciously?

Sp. But the highest pleasure is in venery, if we give credit to Aristotle. *He.* Well, in this particular too, the advantage is on the pious man's side, as well as in feasting; consider it thus: by how much the more ardent his love is toward his wife, by so much the more pleasurable are his conjugal embraces. And none love their wives better than those that love them as Christ loved His church; for they that love them for the sake of concupiscence do not love them in reality. But, besides, the seldomer is the enjoyment the pleasanter it is. The profane poet was not ignorant of this who said, *Voluptatem commendat rarior usus.* Although, indeed, that is the least part of the pleasure that consists in coition; the far greater part of the pleasure is in their cohabiting and dieting together, which cannot be more pleasant between any persons than between those who sincerely love one another with a Christian love. In other persons commonly pleasure growing old, so does love too; but Christian love grows the more flourishing by how much carnal love decreases.

Well, have I not convinced you yet, that nobody lives more pleasantly than those that live piously? *Sp.* I wish you had so much convinced all persons as you have me. *He.* Well, then, if they are Epicureans that live pleasantly, none are more truly Epicureans than those that live holily and religiously. And if we are taken with names, nobody more deserves the name of an Epicurean than that adorable Prince of Christian philosophers, for ἐπίκουρος in Greek signifies as much as an helper. Therefore, when the law of nature was almost erased by vice, and the law of Moses rather incited than cured lusts, when the tyrant Satan ruled without control in the world, He alone afforded present help to perishing mankind. So that they are mightily mistaken that foolishly represent Christ, as by nature, to be a rigid melancholic person, and that He invited us to an unpleasant life, when He alone shewed the way to the most comfortable life in the world, and fullest of pleasure, and so vastly distant from that Tantalean pleasure.

Sp. What is the meaning of that riddle? *He.* You will laugh at the romance; but this jest will lead us on to something serious. *Sp.* Well, then, I expect to hear a serious jest. *He.* Those who formerly made it their business to wrap up precepts of philosophy in the folds of fables tell us that one Tantalus was once admitted to the table of the deities, which, they tell you, is wonderfully stored with delicacies. When Jupiter was about to dismiss his guests, he thought it agreeable

to his generosity to let none of them go away without some boon; therefore he bid Tantalus ask what he pleased, and it should be granted. And Tantalus being so foolish as to measure man's happiness by the pleasures of gluttony, wished that he might all his lifetime sit at a table so plentifully furnished. Jupiter consented, and granted him what he desired. Tantalus sits at a table furnished with all sorts of dainties: nectar is set before him; neither roses nor odours are wanting, such as may delight the noses of the gods themselves; Ganymede stands by him to be his cup-bearer, or somebody like him; the Muses stand about him singing sweetly; Silenus dances before him with ridiculous gestures, and likewise there are good store of jesters; and, in short, there is whatsoever may delight the senses of a man. But in the midst of all these he sits melancholy, sighing and anxious, neither being moved by their merriment nor touching the provision before him. *Sp.* What is the reason of that?

He. Because a great stone hangs over his head as he sits at supper, ready to fall upon him every moment. *Sp.* I would get away from such a table. *He.* But what he wished for is made necessary to him. Nor is Jupiter so placable as our God is, who rescinds the hurtful wishes of mortals if they repent of them. But the same stone that hinders Tantalus from feeding, frightens him from going away; for he is afraid if he offer to stir lest the stone should fall upon him and crush him to pieces. *Sp.* A ridiculous story!

He. But now hear what you will not laugh at: the common people seek for a pleasant life from external things, when nothing will produce that but a good conscience; for a heavier stone hangs over the heads of those that have a guilty conscience than hangs over the head of Tantalus himself; nay, it does not only hang over their heads, but vexes and presses their minds; nor is their mind tormented with a vain fear, but expects every hour when they shall be cast into hell. Pray, what can there be so pleasant in earthly things that can possibly cheer a mind that is pressed down with such a stone? *Sp.* Nay, nothing in the world but madness or incredulity. *He.* If youth did but consider this, who, being bewitched with pleasures like the cup of Circe, embrace sweetened poisons instead of things truly pleasant, how carefully would they beware lest by incogitancy they should do that which would perplex their mind all their lifetime? What would they not do that they might provide this *viaticum* against old age which is drawing on, a good conscience and an untainted reputation? What can be more miserable than that old age which, when it looks back, sees with great horror what beautiful things it has neglected, and what foul things it has embraced? And again, when it looks forward, sees the last day hanging over its head, and immediately upon this the torments of hell.

Sp. I think they are the happiest men who have preserved the first part of their age undefiled, and improving in the study of piety have arrived to the goal of old age. *He.* And the next place is due to those who have early repented of their juvenile follies. *Sp.* But what advice will you give to that wretched old man? *He.* While there is life there is hope; I would bid him fly to the arms of mercy. *Sp.* But by how much the longer a man has continued in an evil course of life, by so much a greater mass of iniquities is heaped up, that exceeds even the sands on the sea-shore. *He.* But then the mercies of God exceed

them; though man cannot number the sand, yet the number of them is finite, but the mercy of God knows neither bound nor end. *Sp.* But there is but little time to one that is at the point of death. *He.* The less time he has the more ardently he ought to call upon God. That time is long enough with God that can reach from earth to heaven; and a short prayer can penetrate heaven if it be but sent with a strong force of spirit. Mary Magdalene is recorded to have spent her whole life in repentance; but the thief got a grant of paradise from our Saviour even at the point of death. If he shall but cry with his whole heart, My God, have mercy on me, according to the multitude of thy mercies, the Lord will remove that Tantalean stone, and make him hear that sound of joy and gladness; the bones broken by contrition shall rejoice for the pardon of sins.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THALIA AND BARBARISM.

(*Written during Boyhood.*)

Thalia and her Companions, Calliope and Melpomene; Barbarism and her Companions.

Th. O good God! what sort of monster is that which I see rising out of the ground yonder? I beseech you, look upon it. *Ca.* Oh, admirable! what a vast body it has, the top of its head reaches almost up to the stars. *Th.* In truth, I cannot tell what it is; but it is coming nearer to me. A new sort of a composition, do you see it? It has a face like a virgin; from the breast downwards it is like an ass. *Ca.* It is so, as I hope to be saved. But, madam, do you observe what monstrous horns grow out of the forehead of it? *Th.* They are huge ones indeed. But do you take notice what ears there are by the horns? *Ca.* I do mind them, they are like asses' ears, and they are whitish, and full of motion; and I perceive it approaches nearer and nearer, but I cannot tell what is in the mind of it to do. Alas! I am in pain, lest it has some mischief in its head. *Th.* May God our father prevent it.

Me. If my memory do not fail me, I have some knowledge of this monster. *Th.* Prithee, tell us what it is. *Me.* There is no danger in it. *Th.* But I am cruelly afraid it is an enemy to us; is it or not? *Me.* It is; this is our only and most cruel adversary. *Th.* God confound it. *Me.* It never ceases envying and assaulting us. They say it has its residence in the western climates: there it brings all things under its yoke, is worshipped, loved, and honoured. What need is there of a great many words? In short, it expects to be appeased with suppliant presents, like a goddess. *Th.* If I mistake not, I have heard so. But what is the name of the city where she reigns? *Me.* Why, it is Zwoll, I think. *Th.* Very right, that is it. *Me.* Her name is Barbarism. *Th.* It is she, in truth, I know her very well; but see, she is coming hither at a great pace; let us halt till she comes up.

Ba. Companions, is this Thalia herself that I see hard by? Why I thought she had been dead long enough ago. It is certainly she, I espy her laurel; she is come to life again, and has the impudence

presumptuously to come into my presence, without any fear of me; I will advance up to her and make her know who I am. A mischief take you, you impudent jade. *Th.* You salute me very roughly; pray, forsooth, take that to yourself that you wish to me. *Ba.* Why, Thalia, are not you, that have been routed so long ago, ashamed to come into my presence? *Th.* Do you ask me such a question? you are not worthy to lay your eyes upon me; and it is beneath me to cast my eyes upon such a nasty beast as you are. *Ba.* Heyday! What, a poor beggarly wretch to dare to affront me! What, do not you know me better than that comes to? Take care you do not provoke me. *Th.* A fart for your menaces, I do not mind them, nor nobody else; should I be afraid of you, you nasty wretch? *Ba.* Take care whom you throw your reflections upon.

Th. You may thank your companions there for your grandeur. *Ba.* What, these? *Th.* Yes, them, and none but them. *Ba.* What am I indebted to them for? pray tell me. *Th.* It is their opinion of you, or rather their error, that has raised you to the pitch of a goddess, and not your noble birth. *Ba.* But (if time would permit) I could authentically derive my pedigree from the divinity itself. *Th.* A rare pedigree, I will warrant you! Pray let us have it, there is time enough; and no doubt but the sun will stand still while you are telling such strange stories. *Ba.* You make a mighty bragging of your being Jupiter's daughter, and triumph in Apollo's being your conductor. My father was one who would not knock under to him, either for valour, archery, or music. When at any time he had a mind to divert himself with singing like Orpheus, he made the very woods dance after his music; and as for racing, he would outstrip even the east wind itself. *Th.* I have heard these stories a thousand times over. *Ba.* What have you to say to that? Do you take me in? *Th.* When you first started up in the world you pretended Chiron was half man. *Ba.* It is like your manners to break in upon me before I have said what I was about; have you not patience to hold your tongue till I have said what I had to say? *Th.* I have, if you will keep to the truth. But if I do hold my tongue I shall not mind you much. *Ba.* What, do you make a liar of me too? *Th.* No; but if you take it upon yourself, it really belongs to you.

Ba. Do you speak the truth when you say I was Chiron's daughter? *Th.* Why, here are witnesses of it. *Ba.* Where are they, pray? *Th.* Why, this great tail that hangs down to your heels is one, and these bristles on your back, and these whitish ears on your head, all these plainly shew you are one of Chiron's offspring; he begat you upon an ass; a very fine pedigree to brag of! *Ba.* I see you set yourself to be as abusive as you can. You make a mighty to do about shape; but let us come to virtue, argue about that, about fame, and glory, and adorers: what signifies the body? *Th.* No great matter, indeed, saving that a deformed mind usually accompanies a deformed body. But come on, we will come to those things. *Ba.* Take this in the first place; there are but few that adore you, the whole world adores me; you being hardly known by anybody lie incognito; I have extended my name all over the world, I am well known and famous everywhere. *Th.* I own that. *Ba.* You would not own it if you had anything to say against it.

Th. Yes, I have something to say against it: you knew Cacus? *Ba.* Who does not know Cacus? *Th.* That Cacus whom Virgil speaks of. *Ba.* I knew him. *Th.* I believe you did, for he was a famous fellow; and as he was famous, just so are you. And then, again, whereas you take it to your praise that the world follows you, I interpret it rather to your dishonour; for everything that is scarce is valuable. There is nothing valuable that is common to the vulgar. Although my admirers are but few, yet they are persons of figure and gravity. But, pray, what great reputation is it to you that you are admired by the ignorant mobility? *Ba.* Silly wench! the thing is quite different, for I do not leave those persons unlearned that I find so; but I rather improve them and instruct them, and make them persons of learning and gravity. *Th.* Ha, ha, ha, loaded with books, but not with science. *Ba.* You are a poor scrub, and I am as well able to make my followers learned as you are yours. *Th.* Yes, like yourself; for, being barbarous yourself, you make barbarians of them too: what can you do else?

Ba. Now I find by experience the character is true that I heard of you long ago, that you are a prating, impertinent baggage. Leave off, simpleton, you know nothing at all; this I am sure off, that if you knew but half I know, you would not have the impudence to talk at this rate. In my academy at Zwoll, what glory, discipline, and improvement is there! If I should but begin to enumerate you would burst with envy. *Th.* Yes, forsooth; and so I believe you would make the very post and pillars burst with your braggadocia talking. But, however, begin and burst me if you can. *Ba.* It is too long. *Th.* Well, make short of it then, you know how. *Ba.* Well, then, I will speak in brief as to what I was saying before: nobody is able to number the great confluence of students that flock from all parts of the spacious world to that famous school. *Th.* Phoo; what, does that great ass at Zwoll (I mean the great bell of the school) bray so loud as to call them together in crowds? *Ba.* Sillyton, forbear railing, and hear what is said to you. They are there instructed and rendered learned in a trice. *Th.* Wonderfully learned, indeed! *Ba.* In the best glosses, vocabularies, arguments, and innumerable other notable matters. *Th.* That is rightly spoken.

Ba. What do you grin at? I improve them to that degree that there is nothing they are ignorant of. *Th.* Ay, of nothing that is novelty. *Ba.* As they grow in stature so they do in experience; and being become perfect masters they are made instructors of others: then I discharge them that they may live happily and die blessedly. *Th.* Ha, ha, ha, I envy them so much, I can hardly forbear bursting my sides with laughing. *Ba.* Fool, what do you laugh at? Do you think what I say deserves to be laughed at? *Th.* I can give you a better account of the matter. *Ba.* What, you? *Th.* Yes, I; and if you please you shall hear it too. *Ba.* Well, begin then.

Th. As to the number of your followers, I grant it; and if they have learned anything right in schools before, they must be forced to unlearn it again. And then, as to those dispensations (of which you have reckoned up a great many), they are not so much instructed as confounded by them, till at last they know nothing at all: you improve them till they do not know so much as themselves. Their horns

grow on their foreheads, and then they seem very cunning fellows, and are more fit to rule than to be ruled. And at last you send them away in a condition to live merrily and die blessedly. *Ba.* I find you cannot keep your tongue from railing; but have a care you do not raise my indignation. If you do not forbear throwing your squibs at me, I will throw them at you again; I have something to hit you in the teeth of. *Th.* And nothing but slanders. *Ba.* You poor wretch you, I say I send them back such (whether you know it or no) that they will not strike sail to your poets for versification (that is the chief thing you have to boast of).

Th. For number, I confess; but we do not so much regard the number of verses as the goodness of them. But you, on the contrary, only take notice of the number, and not the goodness; you count the pages, but pass by the barbarisms that are in them. So they do but hang together, that is the only thing that you regard, it is no matter for the goodness of them. *Ba.* You senseless creature, you make a mighty to do about goodness; I do not think anything is so empty of goodness as your poems; for what are they but gilded lies, full of old women's tales? *Th.* You commend them sufficiently. *Ba.* I commend such ridiculous stuff! *Th.* You commend, and do not know you do it. *Ba.* What, such lying ones; I rather ridicule them than praise them. *Th.* You praise them against your will. *Ba.* How so? *Th.* While thou enviously railest at them; for the way to displease those that are bad is to commend them. *Ba.* Great and elaborate lies that anybody may envy.

Th. You shew your ignorance as plainly as the sun at noonday. Unhappy wretch, you are not sensible how much you commend the industry of those poets by your foolish talking, who think it unfit to cast roses before swine in mire and dirt; and therefore they wrap up and hide the truth in ambiguous words and enigmatical expressions, that though all may read them, yet all may not understand them. They read them, and go away as ignorant as if they never had seen them. A man of learning reads them, and searches into the meaning of the words (for they are transparent), and finds that under them is couched a vast treasure of wholesome truth that the other passed over unobserved. *Ba.* Very fine, very fine; a comical piece of roguery, to mingle truth and falsehood together! to corrupt truth with feigned fables! is this that you give such great encomiums of? *Th.* Shall I give you an answer to this in a few words? But first answer me this; pray, which do you look upon to be the best, to pick up jewels out of dung, or to admire them set in gold? *Ba.* The last is the best.

Th. You mean to yourself, and so it is. As for you, if there is any truth in a poem, you obscure it so with trifling words, that it rather makes it look dim, than gives it a lustre. On the contrary, we (not as you reproachfully say) do not corrupt the truth by an elegancy of words; but we put a lustre upon it, as when a jewel is set in gold. We do not take the lustre from it, but add to it; we do not make it more dark, but shine the brighter. And last of all, this we do, we labour that that truth, which is of its own nature profitable, be made more grateful by industry. As for your partisans, they being ignorant of these things, reproach, carp at, and are envious at them. If they were wise, how much more would they cry me up——I have stopped your

mouth now; I will break this silence. *Ba.* I might have said that more justly of your partisans. *Th.* I have broken it. *Ba.* Those that do not understand our poetry do not know how to do anything, but to laugh and scoff. *Th.* They are such, that if a man understands them he will be never the wiser; and if he does not, he will know never the less.

Ba. There is no need of a great many words, the thing proves itself. *Th.* The thing prove itself! I should be glad to see that. *Ba.* I mean those persons which the knowledge of things has rendered famous. *Th.* Is there any one such person? *Ba.* Yes, without number. *Th.* That is well said, as if nobody could number them; for nobody can number that which is but one, and not that neither. However you may begin, though you should not be able to go through with it. *Ba.* In the first and chief place, Florista, that took his name from flowers. *Th.* But not sweet-smelling ones. *Ba.* Then here is Papias. *Th.* A very learned man, indeed! you ought to have named him first. *Ba.* Then here is Huguitio. *Th.* A very famous man! *Ba.* And Michael Modista. *Th.* An excellent one! *Ba.* Then here is James Glosarius. *Th.* A wonderful man! *Ba.* And him that I esteem above them all, John de Garlandia, who excels in such an elegancy of words, and such a majesty of style, that there are but very few that can understand him. *Th.* Nay, nobody at all, unless they are barbarians as well as he; for how can anybody easily understand him who did not well understand himself?

Ba. There is no end in talking with you; you outdo me in words, but I do not think victory consists in them. If you have a mind to it, let us each of us try what we can do. Do you make verses with me. Come, do not stand shivering and shaking, nor shilly-shally; I am ready for you; then it will appear whether of us gets the better. *Th.* I like it very well. Come on, let us try. But, Mistress Poetess, do you begin first. *Ba.* These are verses that I have often repeated in the presence of very learned men, and not without the great admiration of all of them. *Th.* I believe so; now begin.

Ba. Zwollenses tales, quod eorum Theutonicales
Nomen per partes ubicunque probantur et artes,
Et quasi per mundum totum sunt nota rotundum,
Zwollensique solo proferre latinica solo
Discunt clericuli nimium bene verba novelli.

These verses are a demonstration how elegant a poet I am. *Th.* Ha, ha, ha; they contain as many barbarisms as words. This, to be sure, is certainly your father's speech, I mean Chiron's; a poem excellently composed; I will not defer giving it its just due.

Tale sonant insulsa mihi tua carmina, vates,
Quale sonat sylvis vox irrudentis onagri;
Quale boat torvus pecora inter agrestia taurus;
Quale testiculis gallus genitalibus orbus
Concinit haud vocem humanam, sed dico ferinam.
Hanc celebres laudate viri, et doctissime florum
Auctor ades; gratos in serta nitentia flores
Colligito, meritæque coronam nectito divæ:

Urticæ viridi graveolentem junge cicutam ;
Talia nam tali debentur præmia vati.
Annue, Barbaries, tuque hanc sine cornua circum
Inter candidulas laurum tibi nectier aures.

Ba. This makes me ready to spue ; I cannot bear to hear such silly stuff. Do I loiter away my time here, and do not go to Zwoll to see what my friends are doing there ? *Th.* Make haste, and let a blockhead visit the blockheads; your coming to them will be very acceptable : I see I spend my breath upon you in vain : you will never be a changeling. I very aptly applied to you that verse of Virgil,

Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores.
"We do but endeavour to wash a blackamoor white."

Me. At the beginning of this contention, as soon as ever we espied this monster, we all grew sick at the stomach. *Th.* I believe so truly. *Ca.* Mistress, let us leave this beastly creature, and betake ourselves to the airy top of Parnassus hill, and the Heliconian fountain. *Th.* Let us do so.

FINIS.

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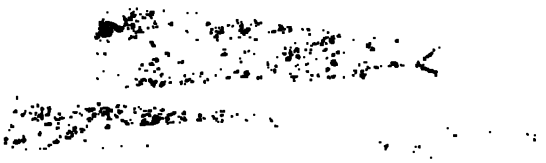

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